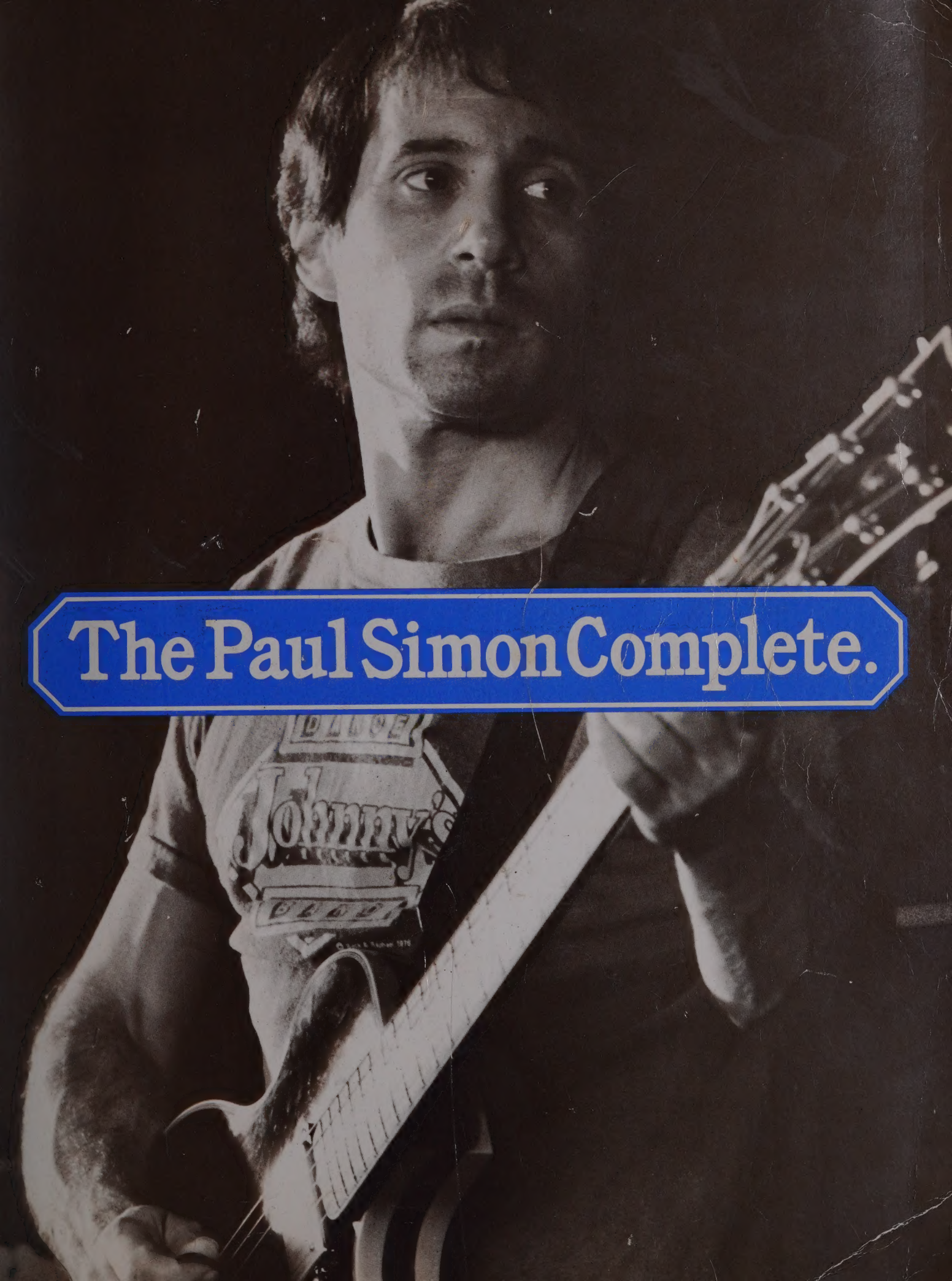

The Paul Simon Complete.

The Paul Simon Complete.

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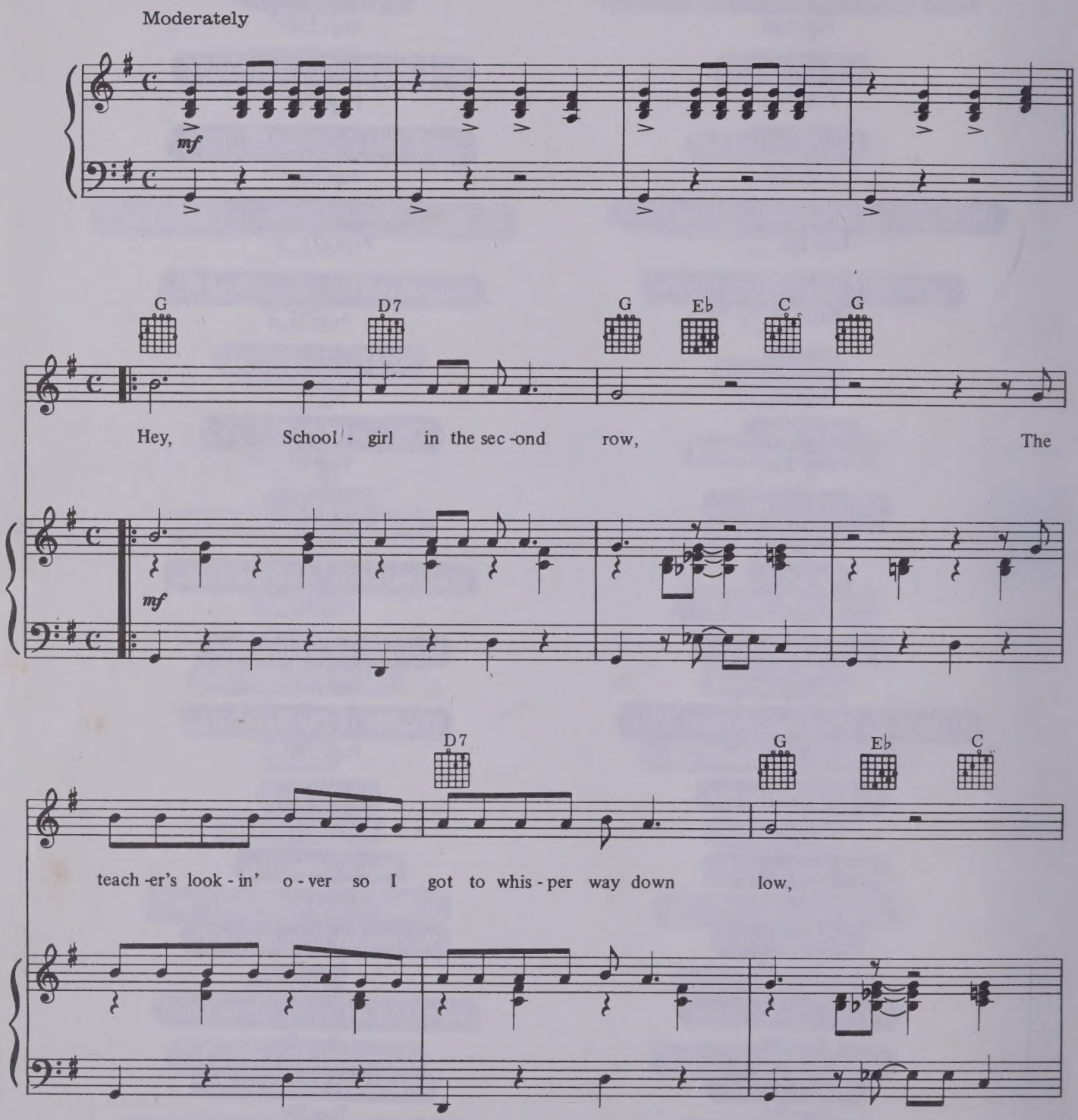
Hey Schoolgirl.

Words and music by Paul Simon and Art Garfunkel



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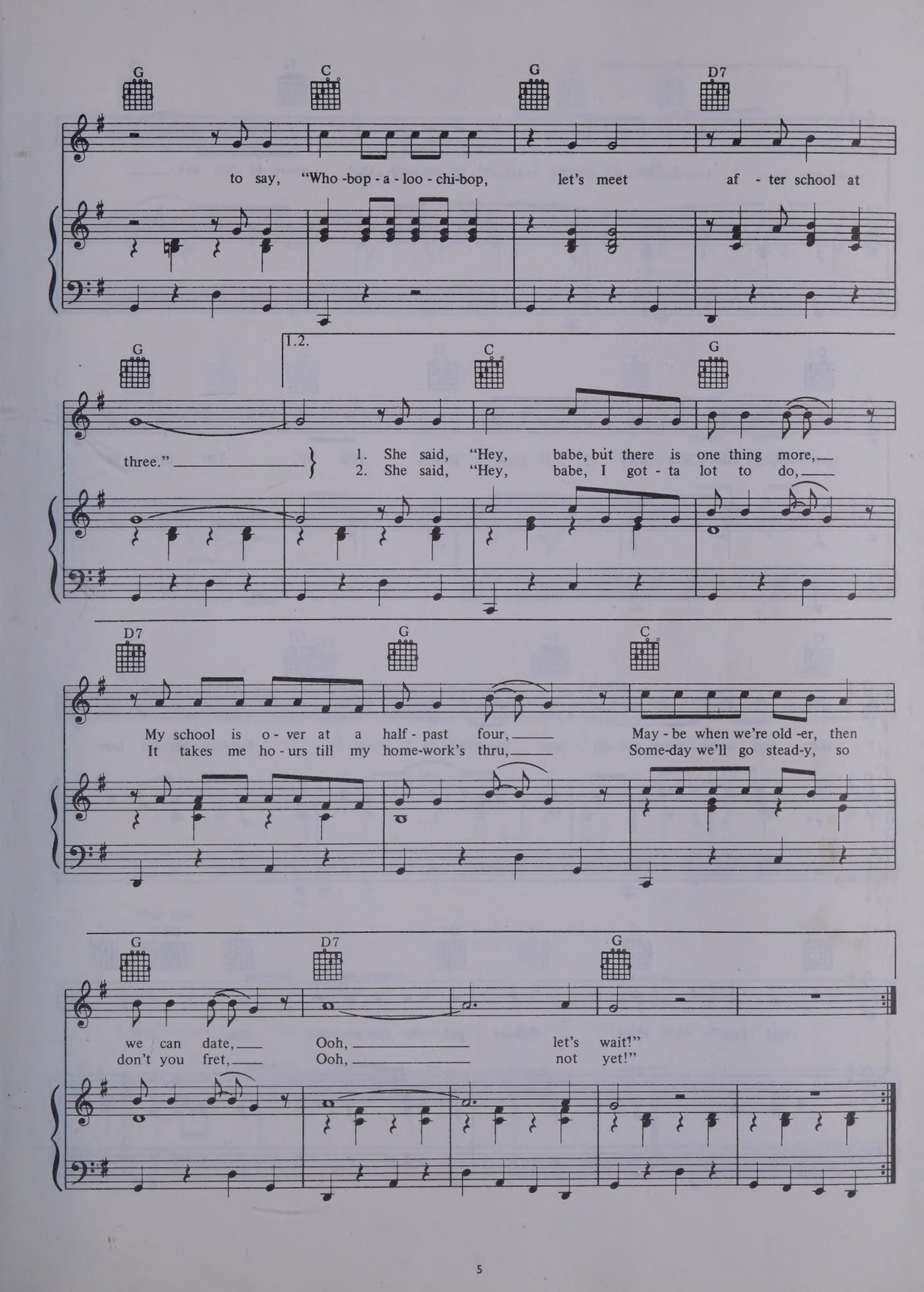
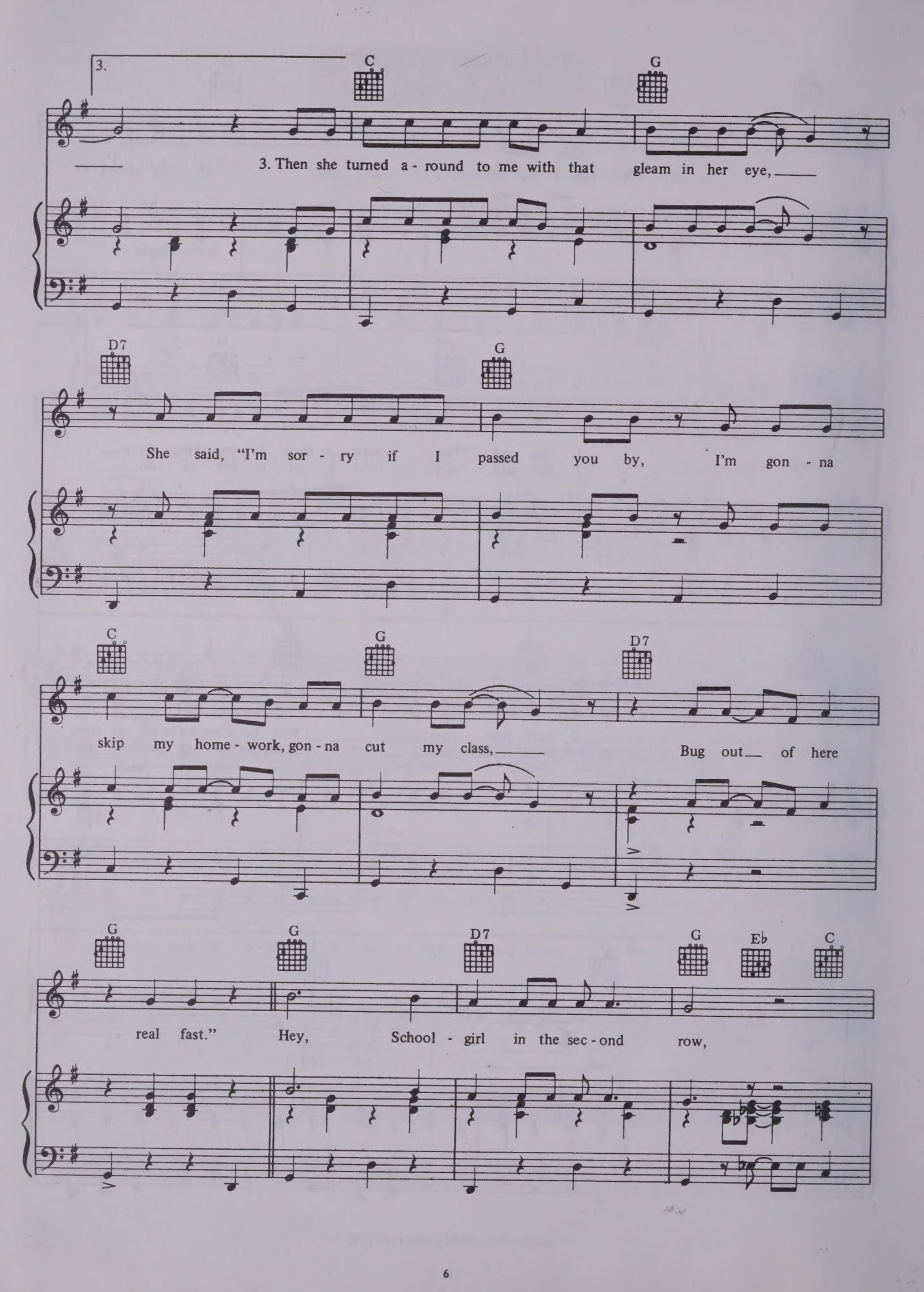
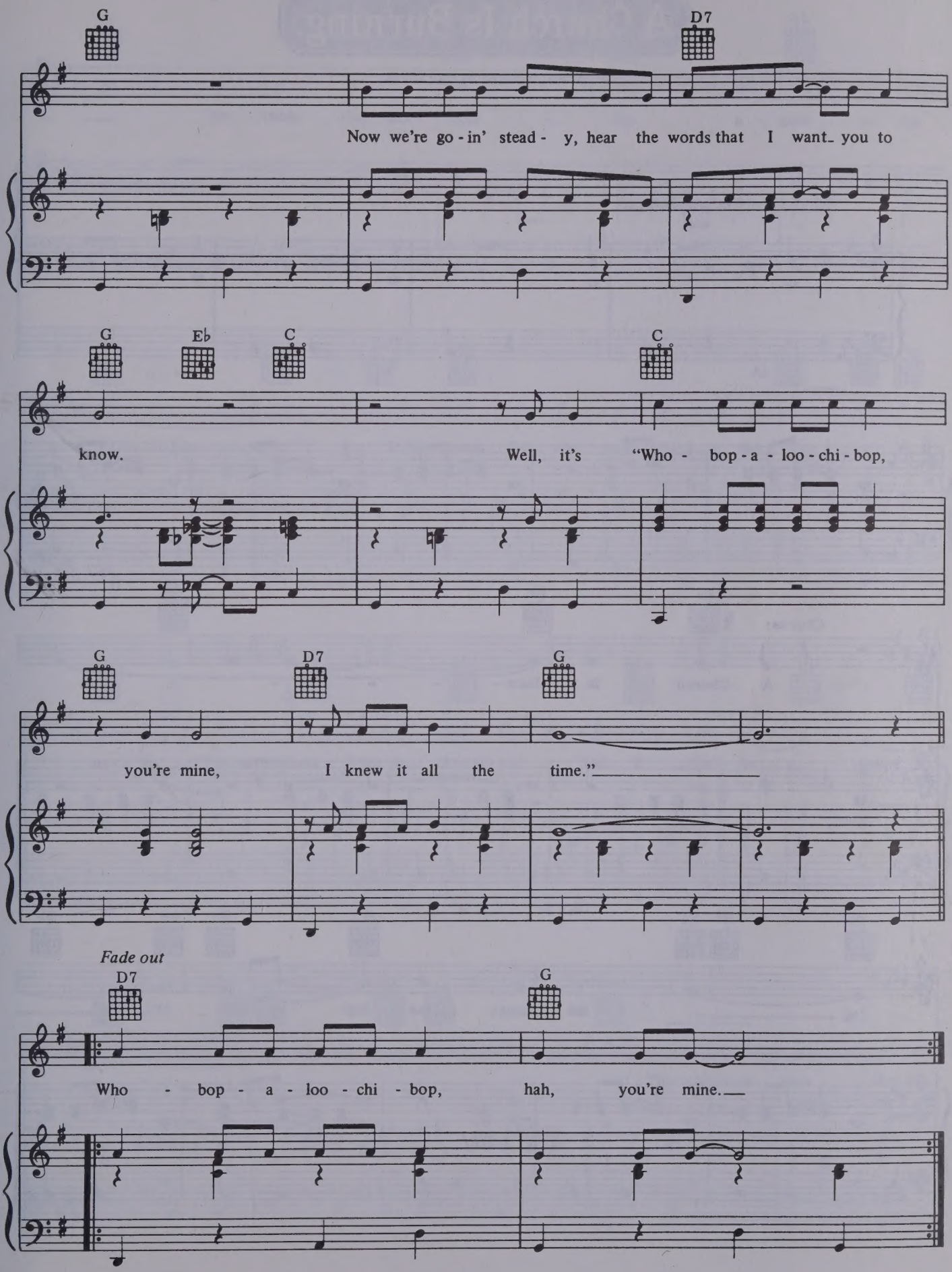
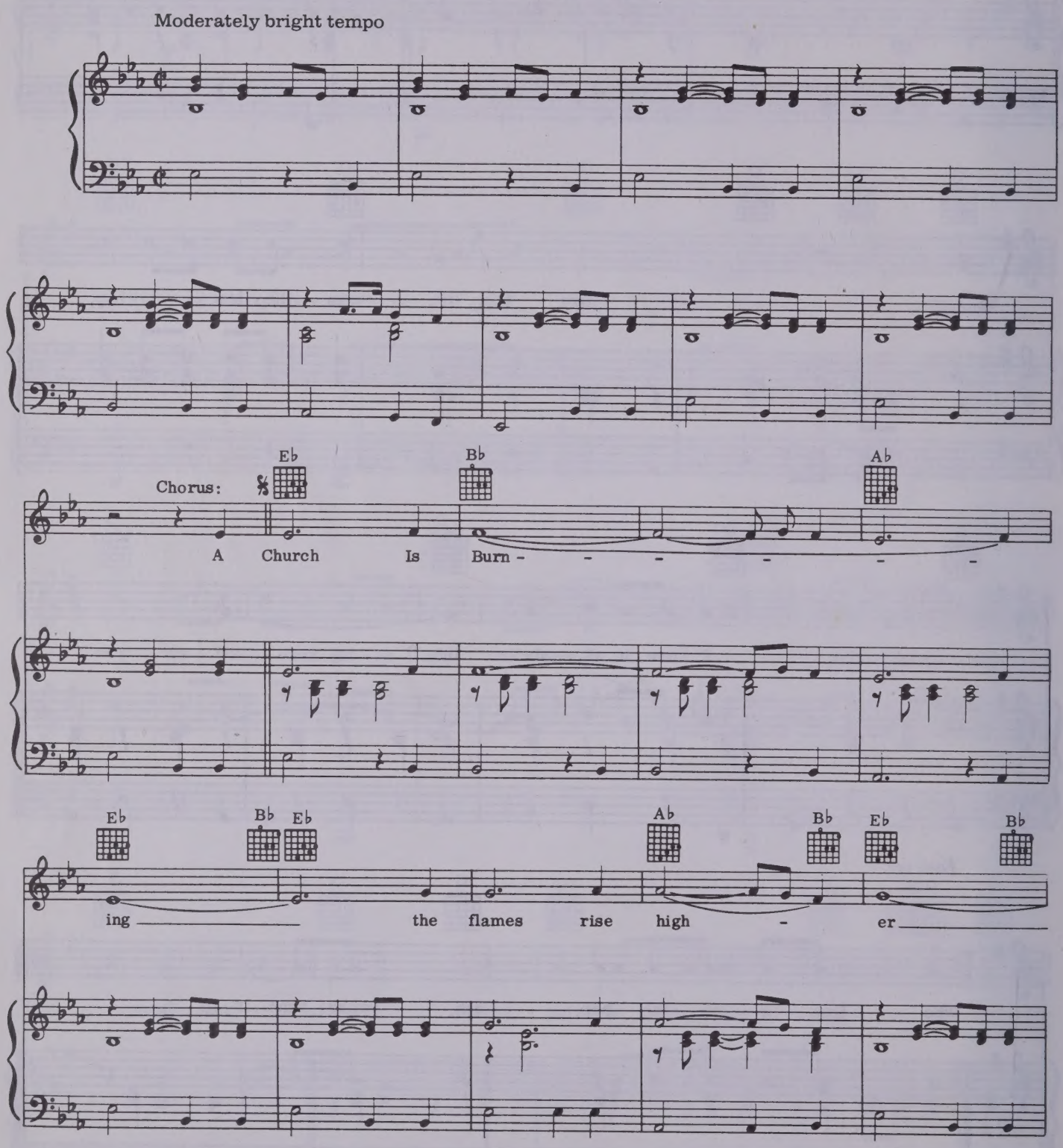

G C G D7
to say, "Who -bop - a - loo - chi-bop, let's meet af - ter school at
G 1.2. C G
three." 1. She said, "Hey, babe, but there is one thing more,
2. She said, "Hey, babe, I got - ta lot to do,
D7 G C
My school is o - ver at a half - past four, May - be when we're old -er, then
It takes me ho - urs till my home-work's thru, Some-day we'll go stead-y, so
G D7 G
we can date, Ooh, let's wait!"
don't you fret, Ooh, not yet!"


3.
C
G
3. Then she turned a - round to me with that gleam in her eye,
D7
G
She said, "I'm sor - ry if I passed you by, I'm gon - na
C
G
D7
skip my home - work, gon - na cut my class, Bug out of here
G
G
D7
G
Eb
C
real fast." Hey, School - girl in the sec - ond row,


G
D7
Now we're go - in' stead - y, hear the words that I want_ you to
G
E♭
C
C
know.
Well, it's "Who - bop - a - loo - chi - bop,
G
D7
G
you're mine,
I knew it all the time."
Fade out
D7
G
Who - bop - a - loo - chi - bop,
hah, you're mine.

A Church Is Burning.

Words and music by Paul Simon.



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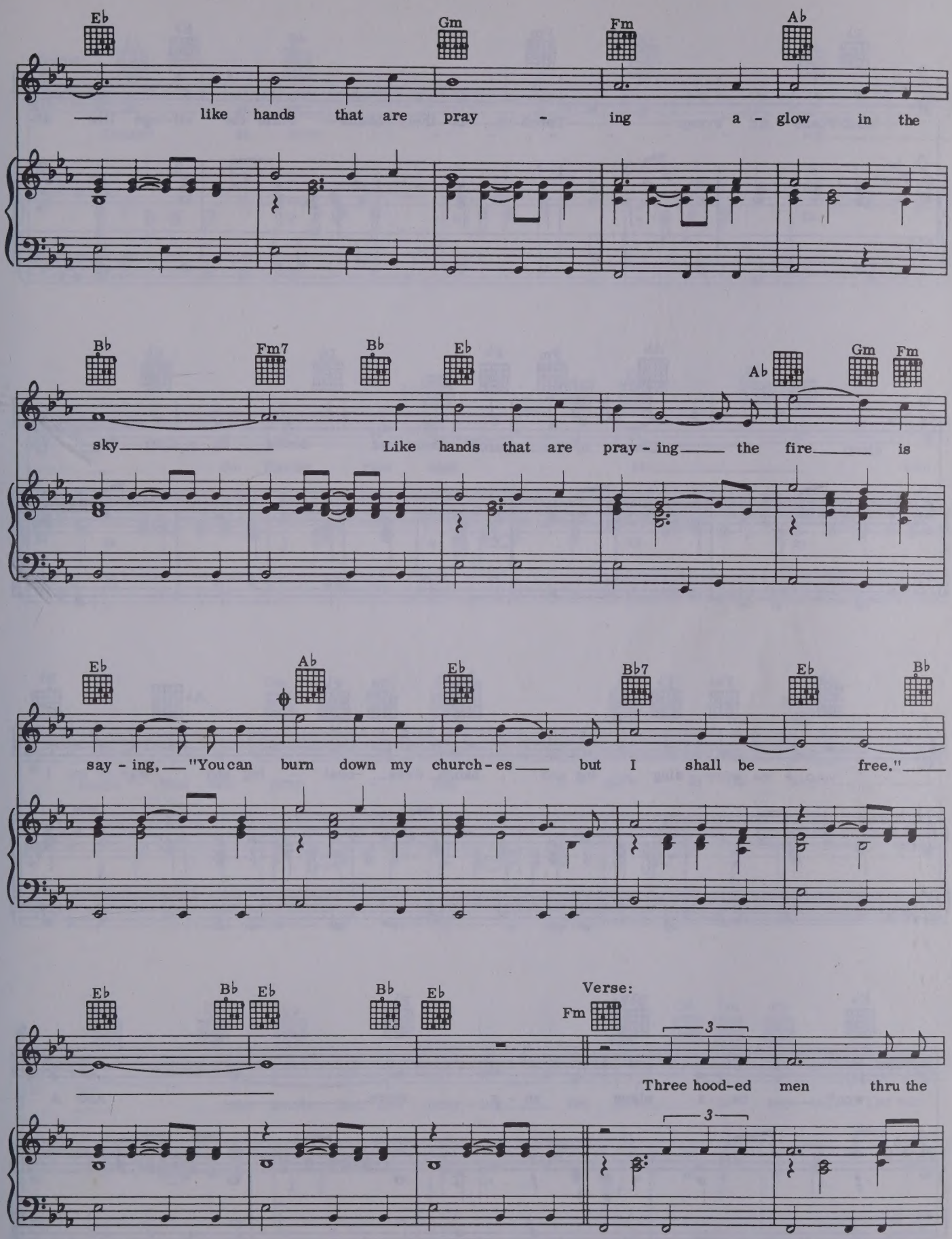
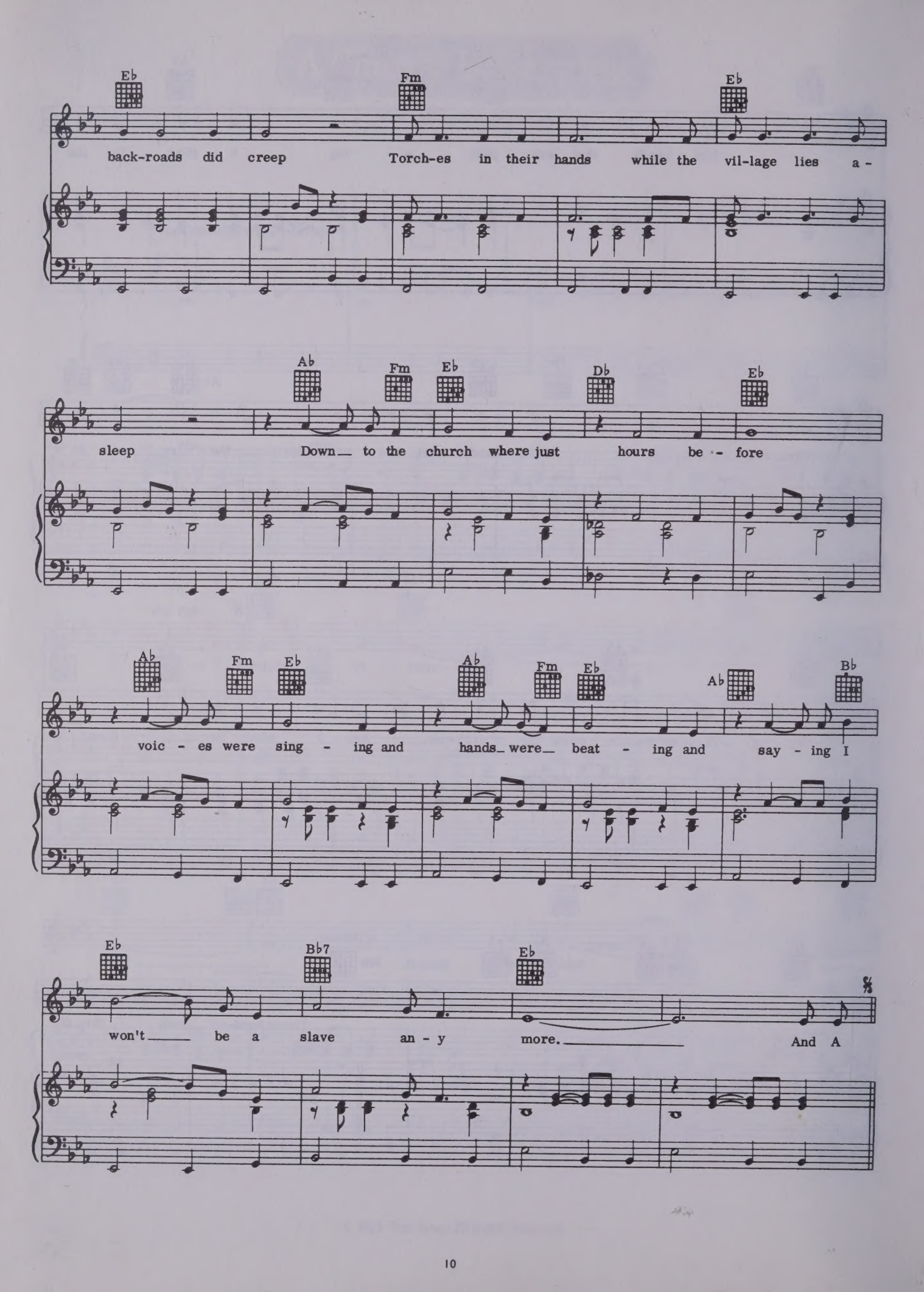
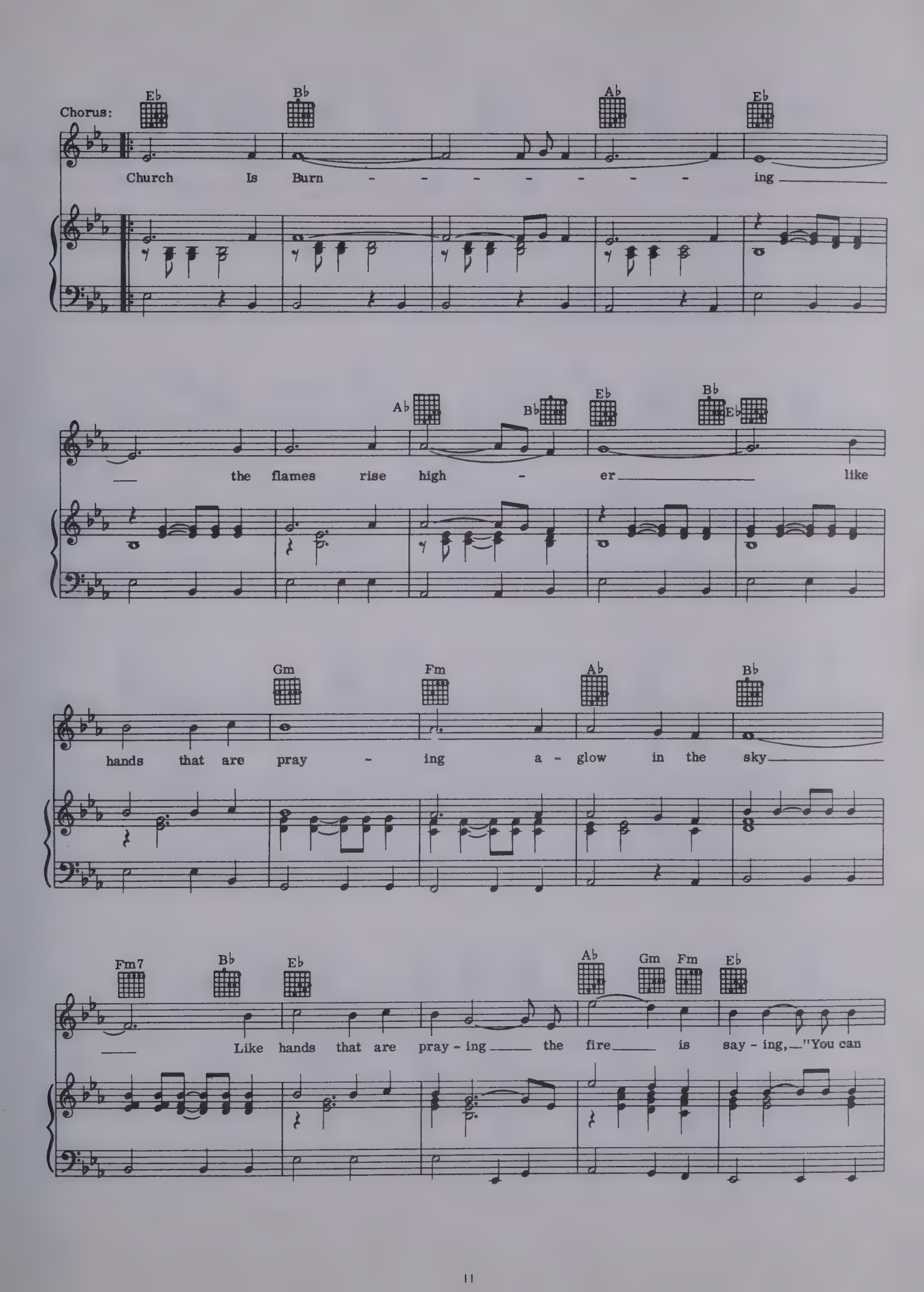
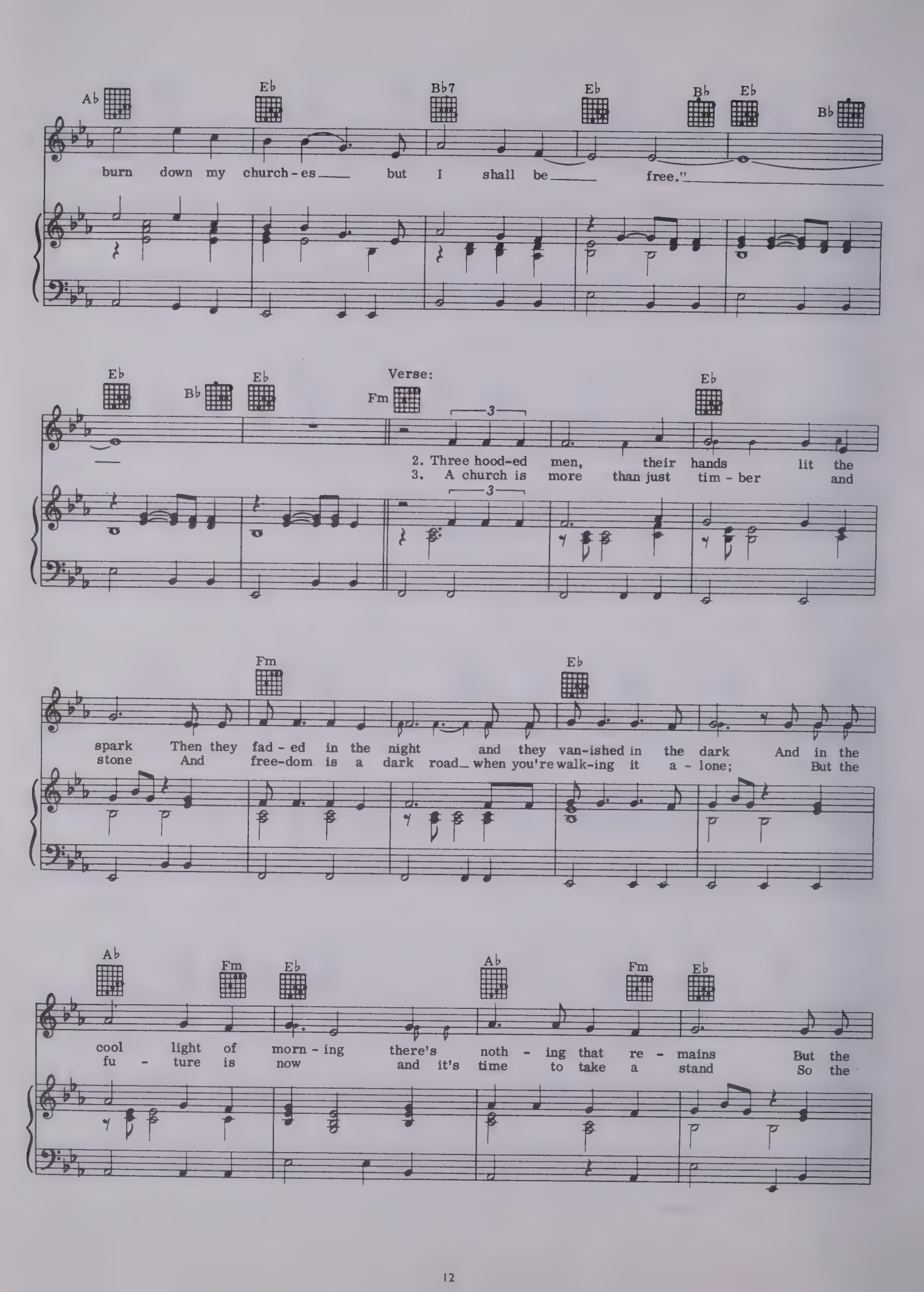
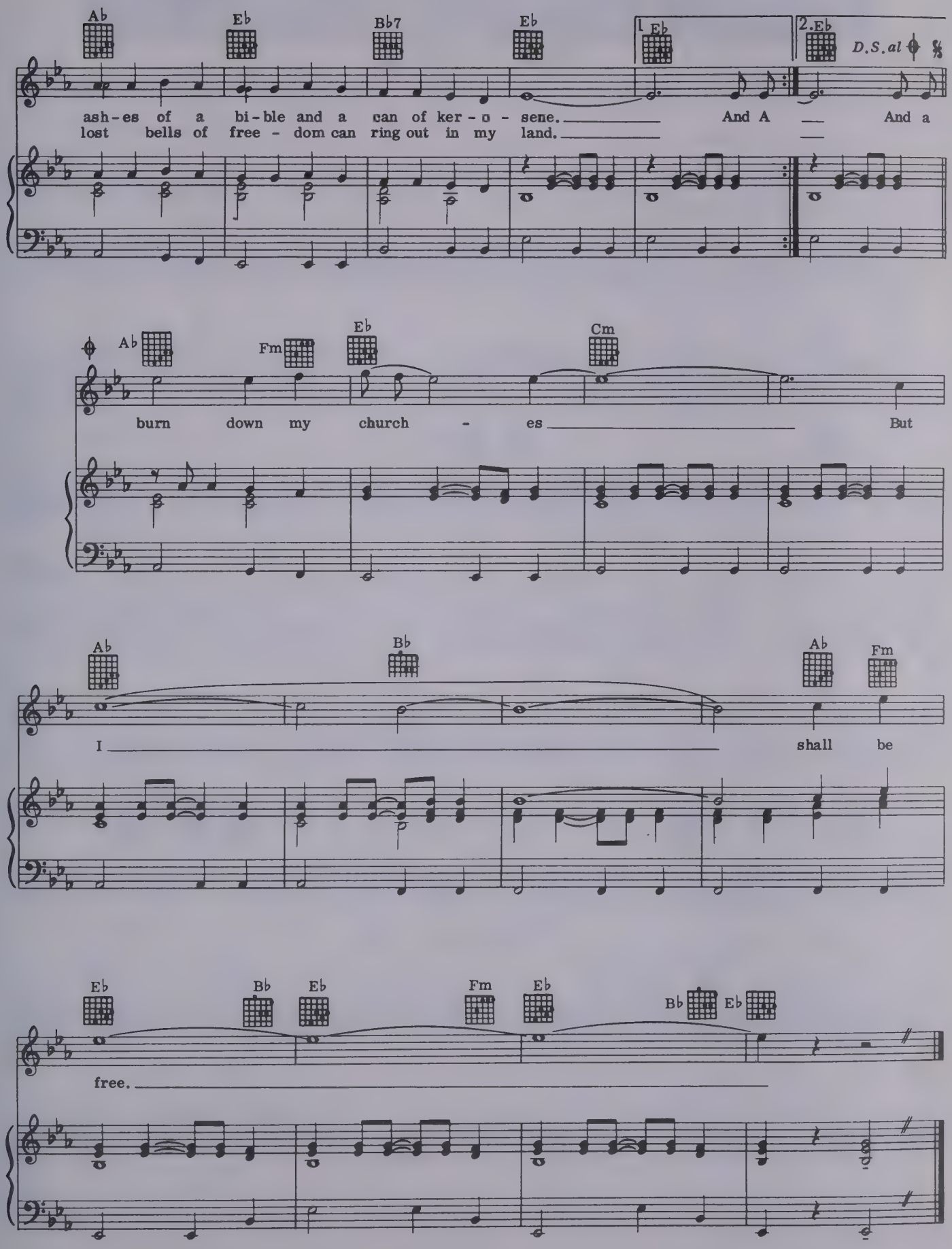

Eb Gm Fm Ab
like hands that are pray - ing a - glow in the
Bb Fm7 Bb Eb Ab Gm Fm
sky Like hands that are pray - ing the fire is
Eb Ab Eb Bb7 Eb Bb
say - ing, "You can burn down my church - es but I shall be free."
Eb Bb Eb Bb Eb Verse: Fm
Three hood-ed men thru the


Eb
Fm
Eb
back-roads did creep Torch-es in their hands while the vil-lage lies a-
Ab
Fm
Eb
Db
Eb
sleep Down to the church where just hours be - fore
Ab
Fm
Eb
Ab
Fm
Eb
Ab
Bb
voic - es were sing - ing and hands were beat - ing and say - ing I
Eb
Bb7
Eb
won't be a slave an - y more. And A


Chorus:
Eb Bb Ab Eb
Church Is Burn - - - - - - - ing
Ab Bb Eb Bb Eb
the flames rise high - er like
Gm Fm Ab Bb
hands that are pray - ing a - glow in the sky
Fm7 Bb Eb Ab Gm Fm Eb
Like hands that are pray - ing the fire is say - ing, "You can


Ab Eb Bb7 Eb Bb Eb Bb
burn down my church-es but I shall be free."
Eb Bb Eb Verse: Fm Eb
2. Three hood-ed men, their hands lit the
3. A church is more than just tim-ber and
Fm Eb
spark Then they fad-ed in the night and they van-ished in the dark And in the
stone And free-dom is a dark road when you're walk-ing it a-lone; But the
Ab Fm Eb Ab Fm Eb
cool light of morn-ing there's noth-ing that re-mains But the
fu-ture is now and it's time to take a stand So the


Ab
Eb
Bb7
Eb
1 Eb
2. Eb
D.S. al
ash-es of a bi-ble and a can of ker-o-sene. And A And a
lost bells of free-dom can ring out in my land.
Ab
Fm
Eb
Cm
burn down my church-es But
Ab
Bb
Ab
Fm
I shall be
Eb
Bb
Eb
Fm
Eb
Bb
Eb
free.

You Don't Know Where Your Interest Lies.

Words and music by Paul Simon.

With a moving beat

Cm Bb Cm

You don't know that you love me, You don't know but I know

mf

Bb Cm Bb Cm Ab

that you do. You may think you're a - bove me, yeah.

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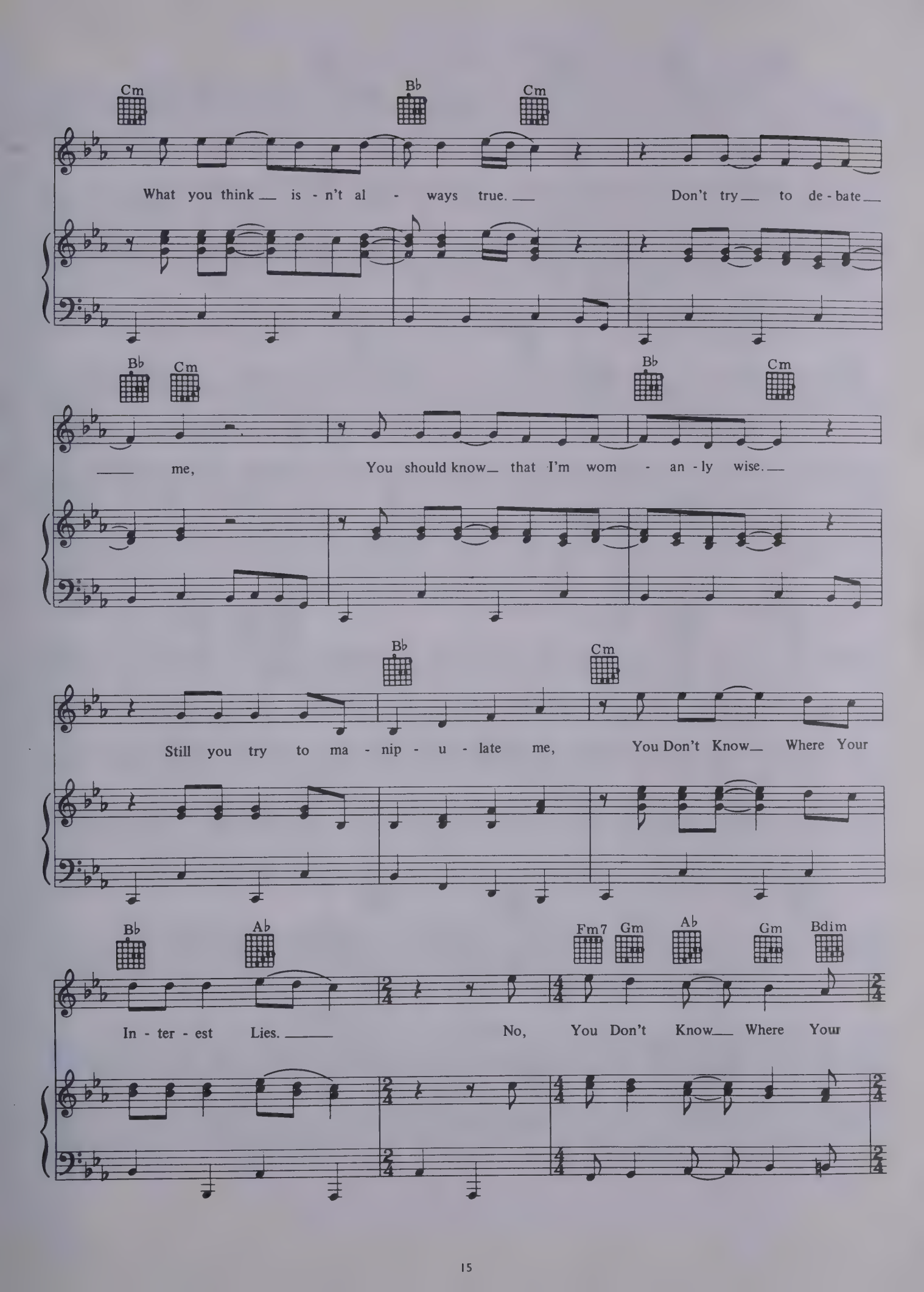
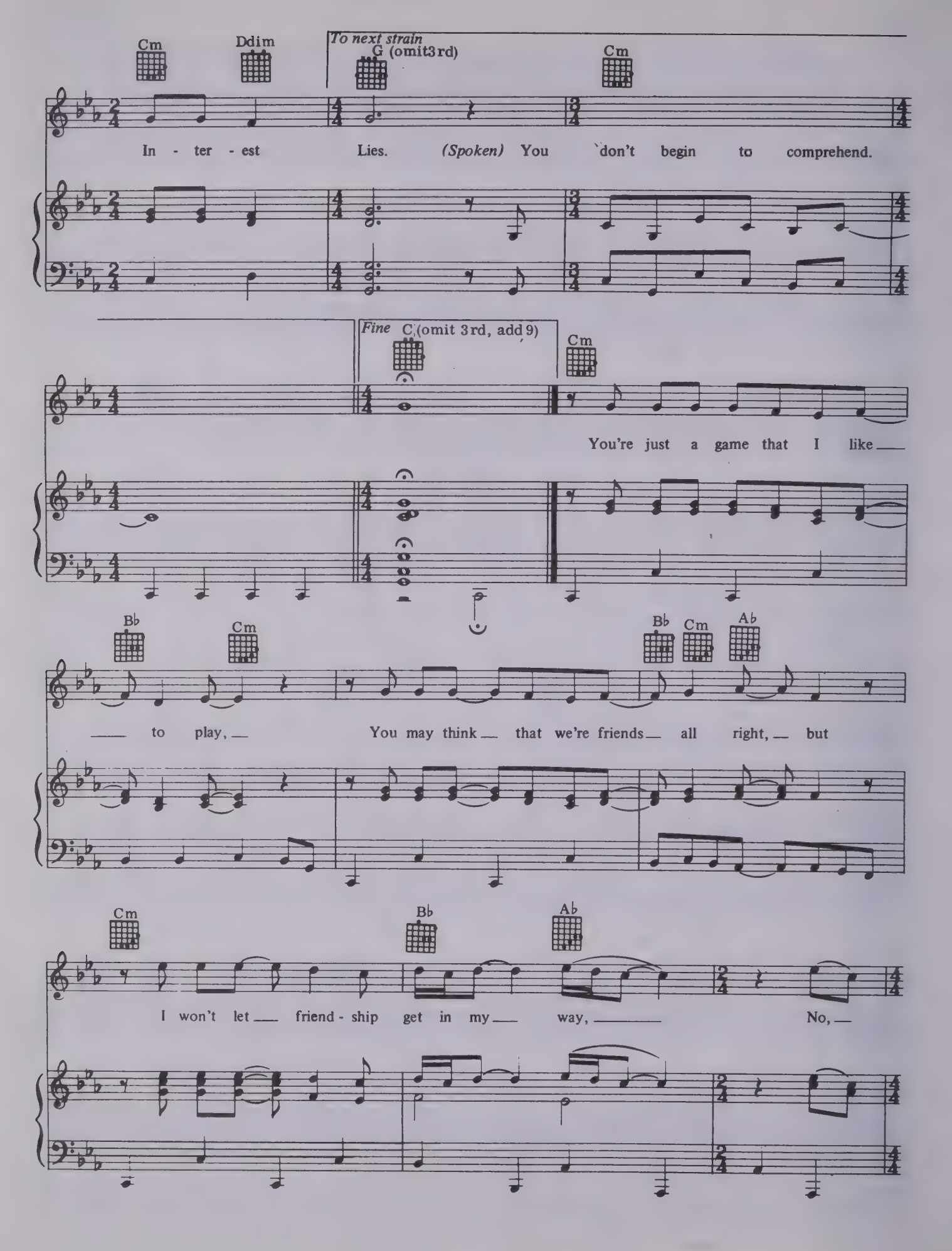
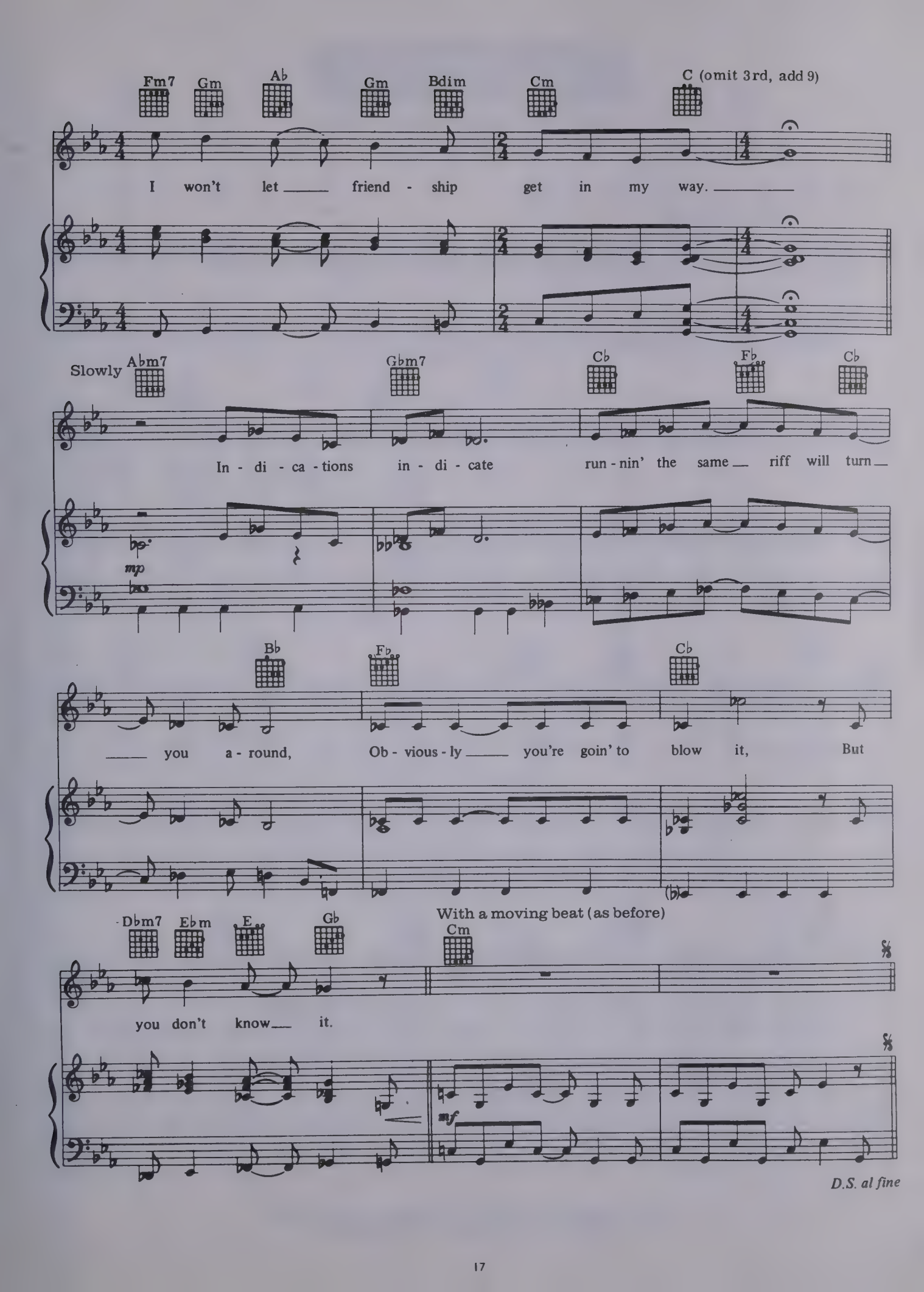
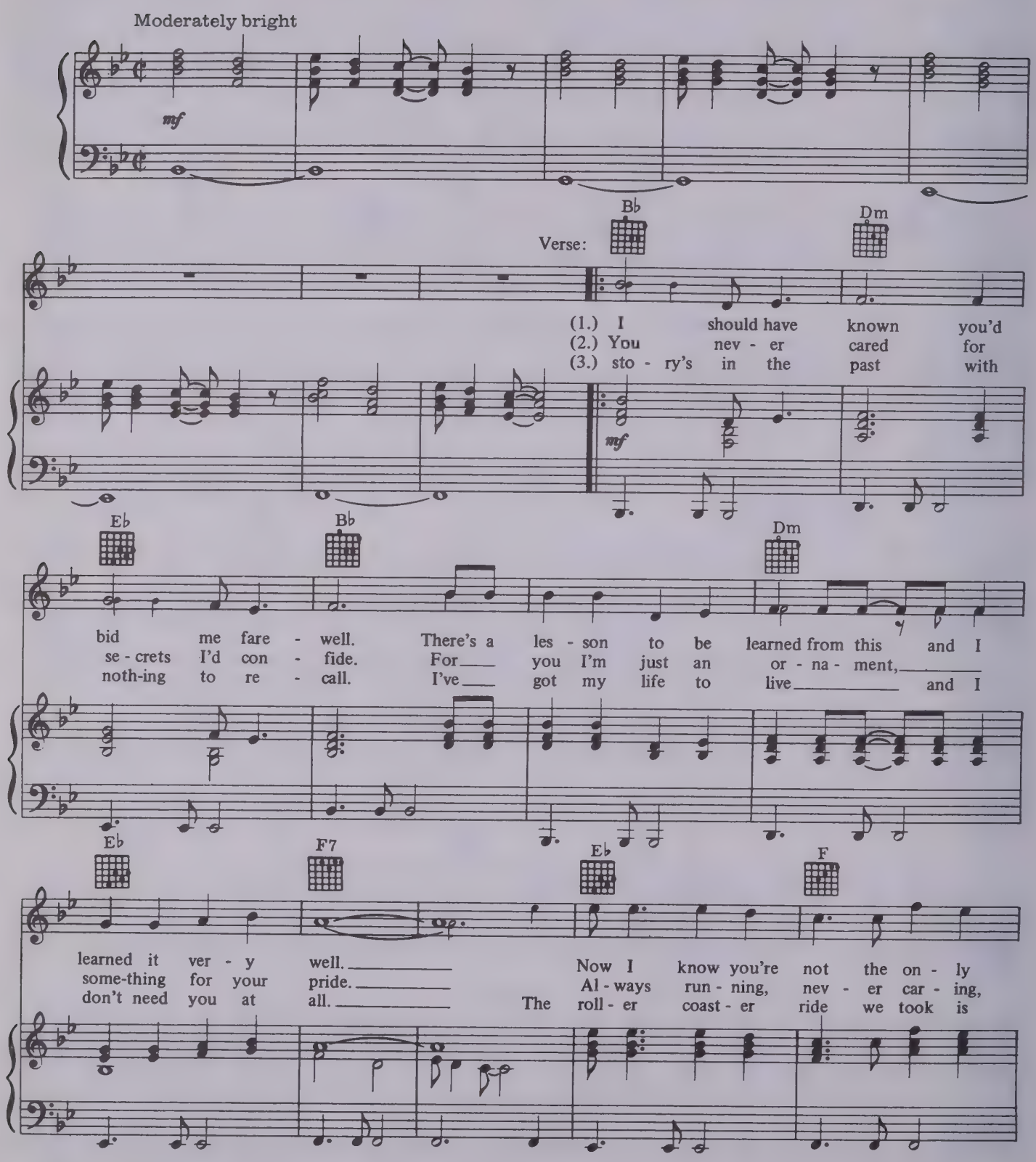

Cm
Bb
Cm
What you think is - n't al - ways true.
Don't try to de - bate
Bb
Cm
Bb
Cm
me,
You should know that I'm wom - an - ly wise.
Bb
Cm
Still you try to ma - nip - u - late me,
You Don't Know Where Your
Bb
Ab
Fm7
Gm
Ab
Gm
Bdim
In - ter - est Lies.
No, You Don't Know Where Your


Cm
Ddim
To next strain
G (omit3rd)
Cm
In - ter - est Lies. (Spoken) You don't begin to comprehend.
Fine
C (omit 3rd, add 9)
Cm
You're just a game that I like
Bb
Cm
Bb
Cm
Ab
to play, You may think that we're friends all right, but
Cm
Bb
Ab
I won't let friend - ship get in my way, No,


Fm7
Gm
Ab
Gm
Bdim
Cm
C (omit 3rd, add 9)
I won't let friend - ship get in my way.
Slowly
Abm7
Gbm7
Cb
Fb
Cb
In - di - ca - tions in - di - cate run - nin' the same riff will turn
mp
Bb
Fb
Cb
you a - round, Ob - vious - ly you're goin' to blow it, But
Dbm7
Ebm
E
Gb
With a moving beat (as before)
Cm
you don't know it.
mf
D.S. al fine

Red Rubber Ball.

Words and music by Paul Simon and Bruce Woodley.



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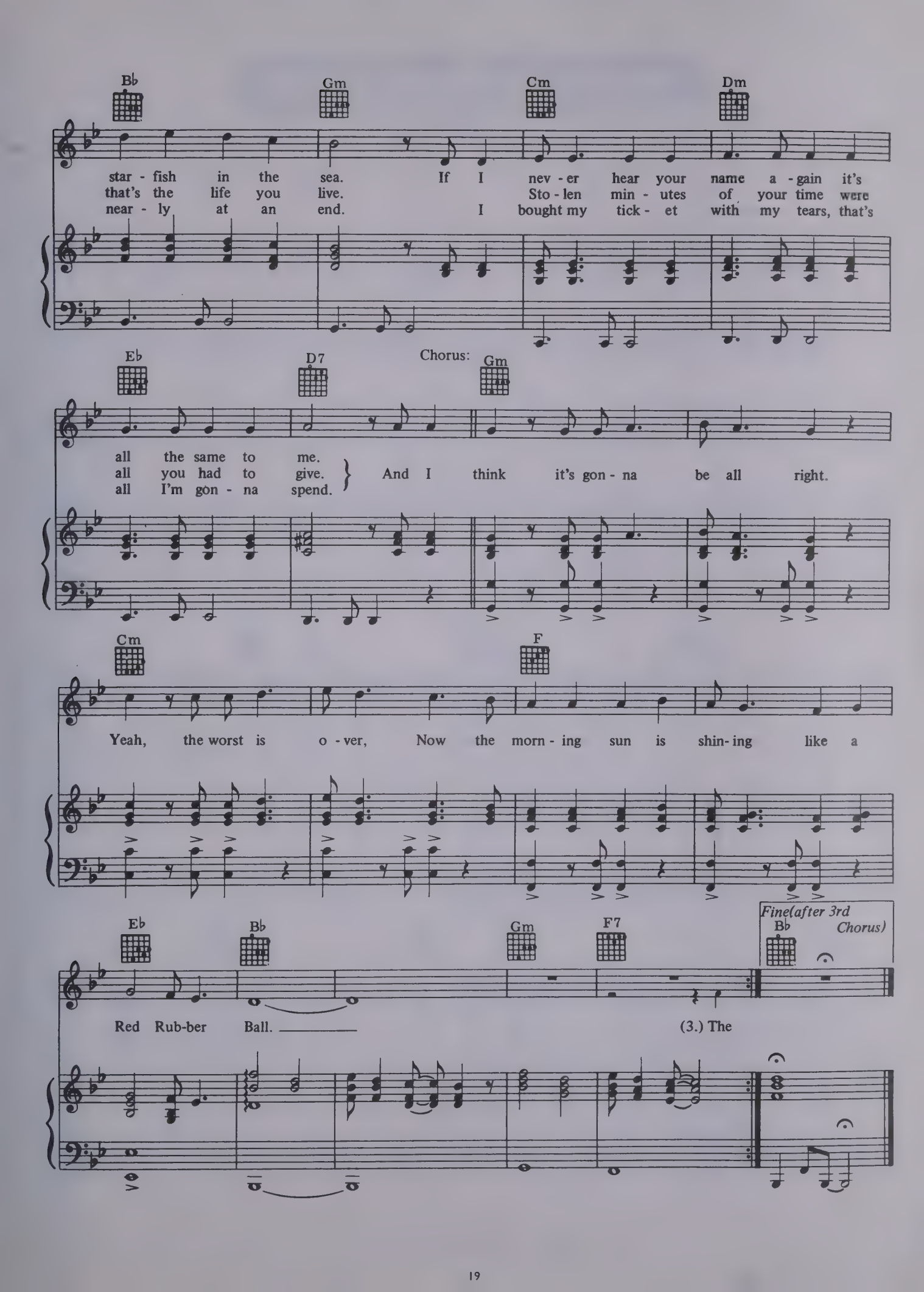
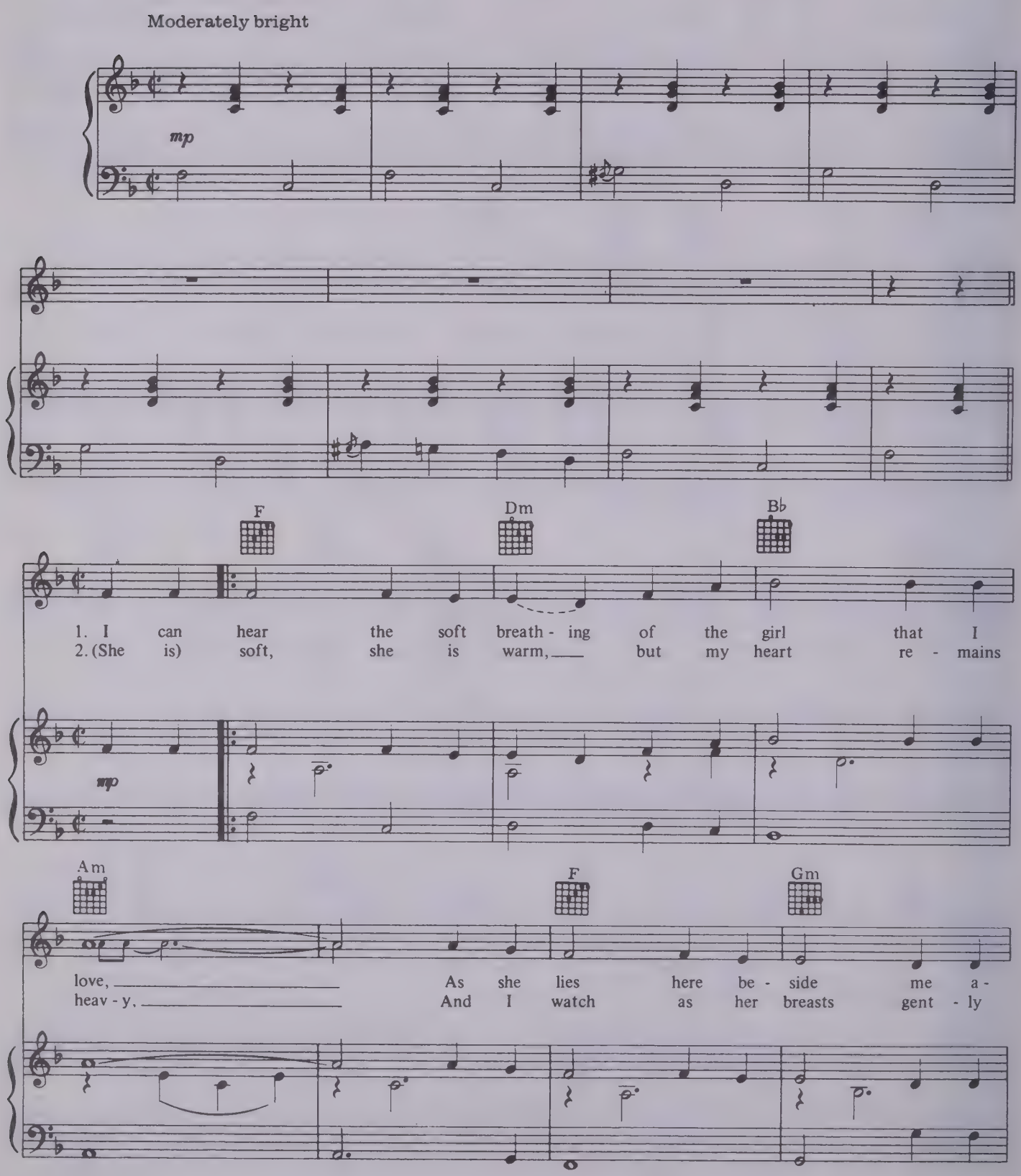

Bb
Gm
Cm
Dm
star - fish in the sea. If I nev - er hear your name a - gain it's
that's the life you live. Sto - len min - utes of your time were
near - ly at an end. I bought my tick - et with my tears, that's
Eb
D7
Chorus:
Gm
all the same to me.
all you had to give.
all I'm gon - na spend.
And I think it's gon - na be all right.
Cm
F
Yeah, the worst is o - ver, Now the morn - ing sun is shin- ing like a
Eb
Bb
Gm
F7
Fine(after 3rd Chorus)
Bb
Red Rub-ber Ball.
(3.) The

Wednesday Morning 3 a.m.

Words and music by Paul Simon.



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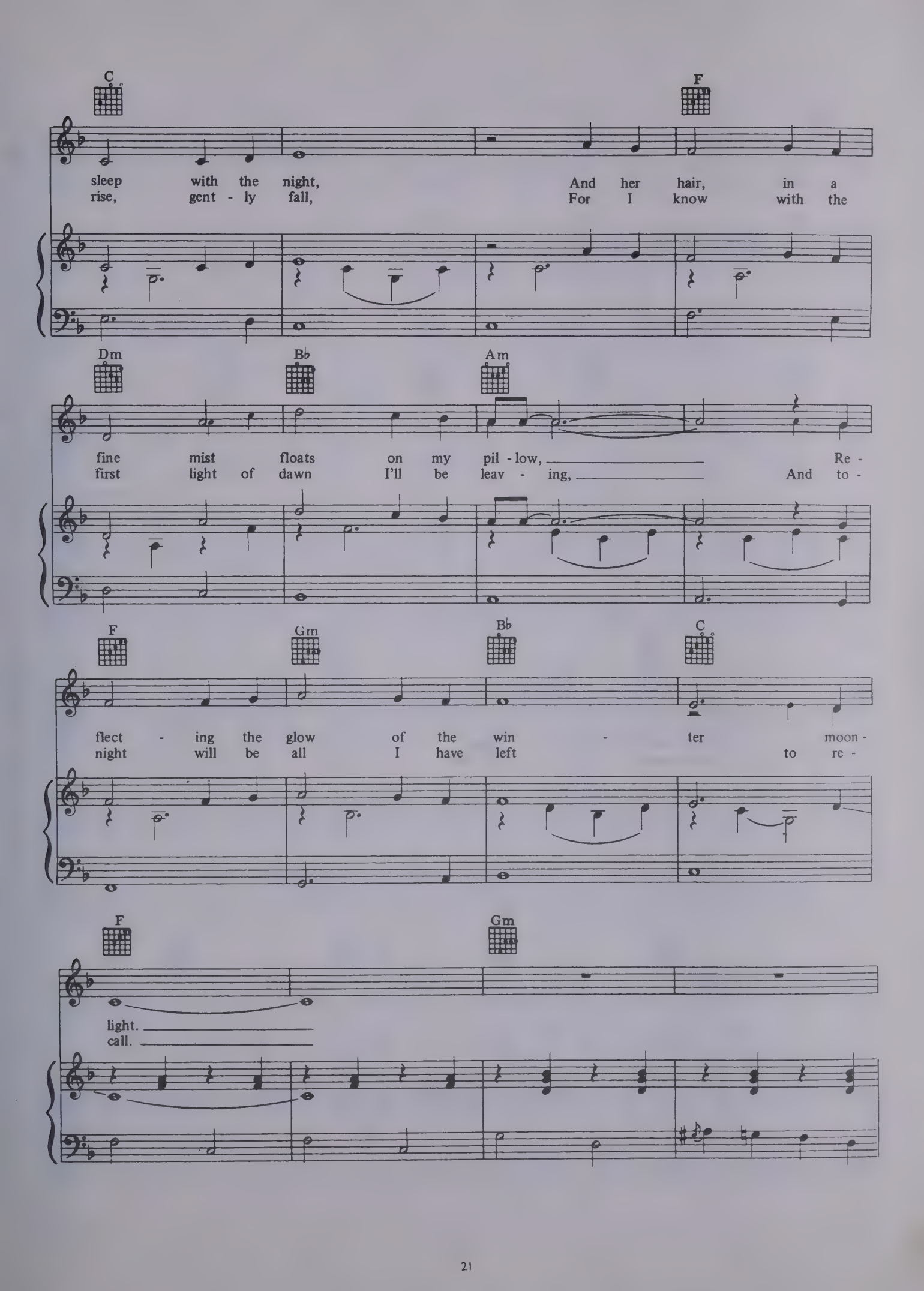
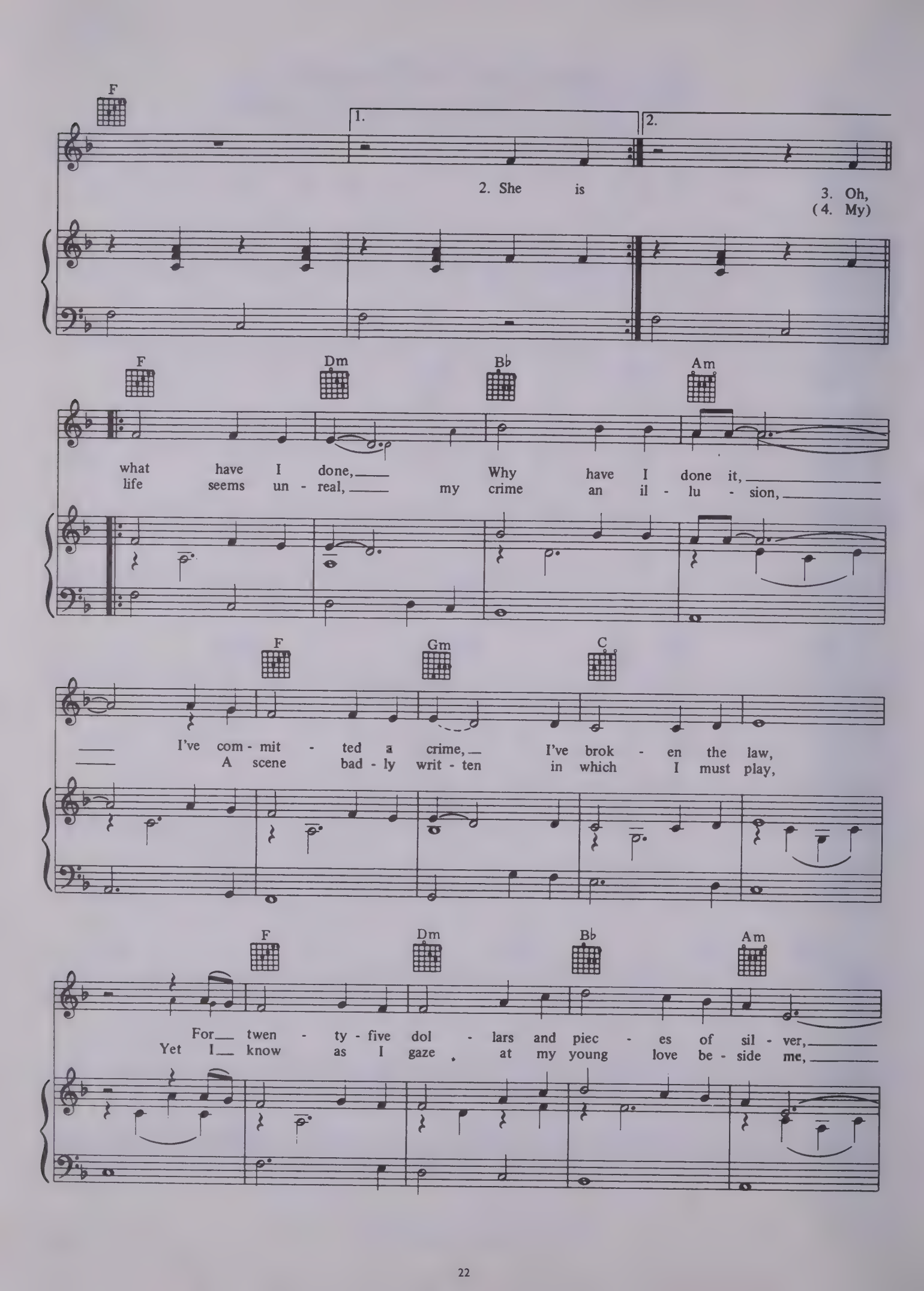
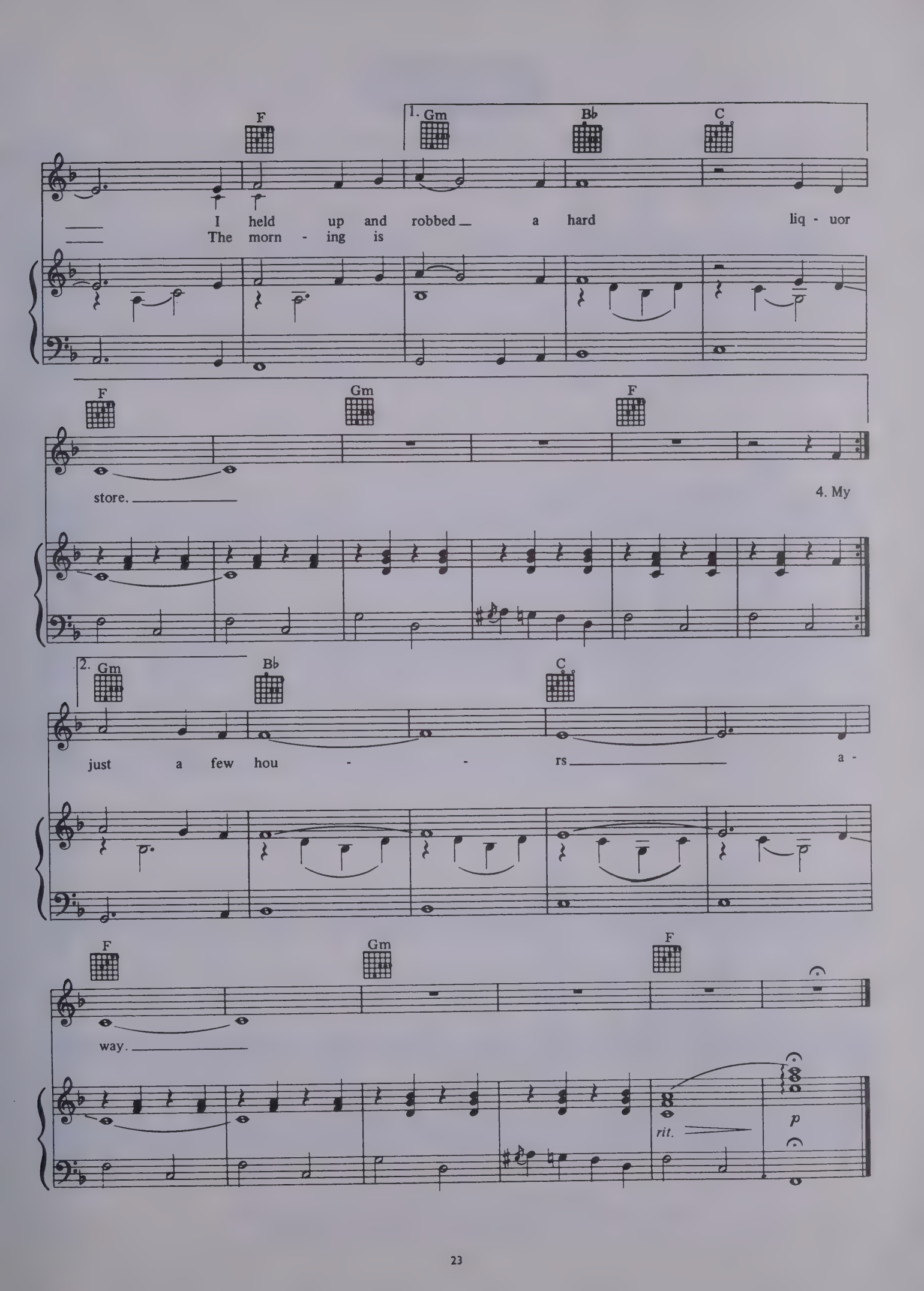
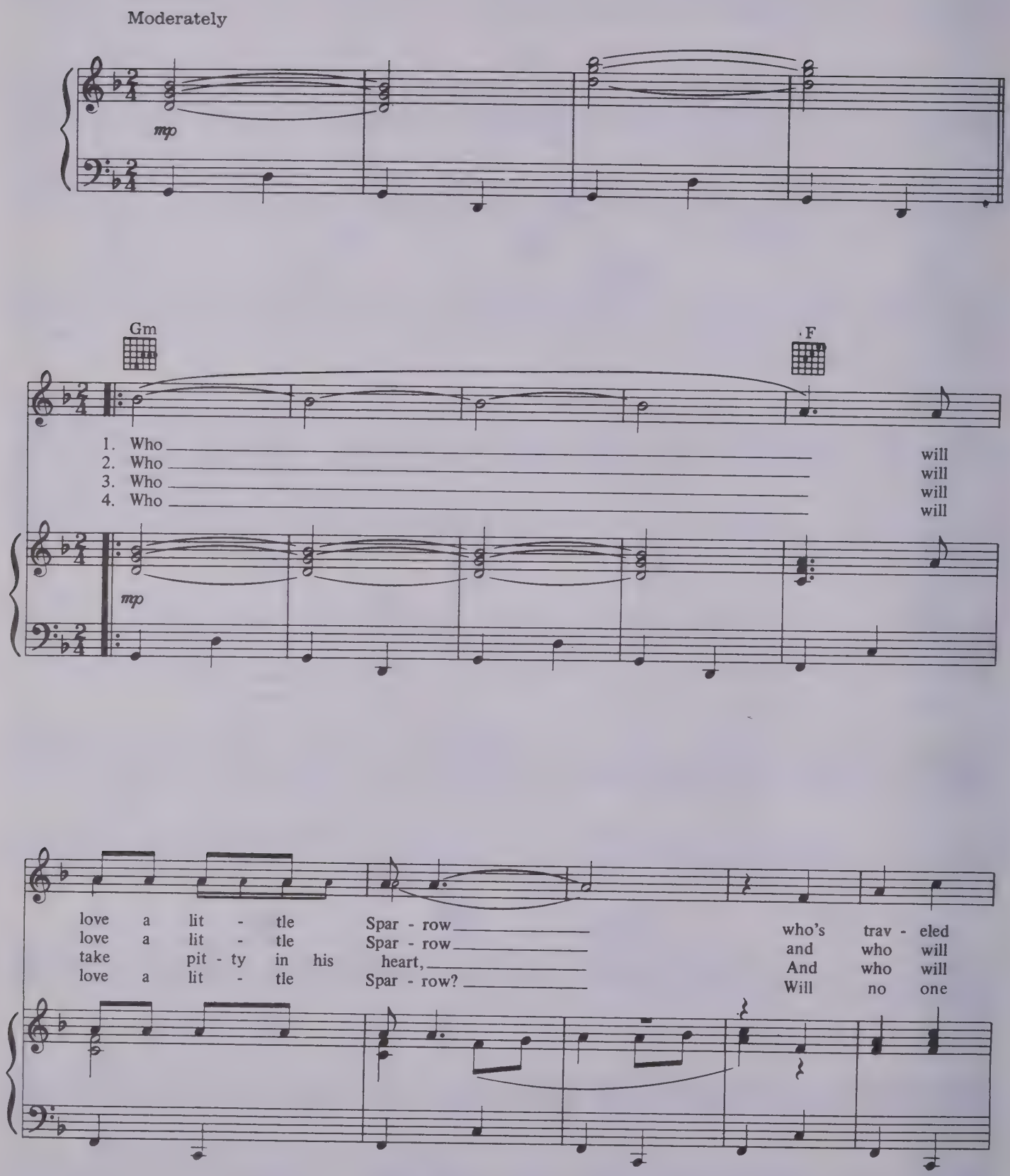

C
F
sleep with the night, And her hair, in a
rise, gent - ly fall, For I know with the
Dm
B♭
Am
fine mist floats on my pil - low, Re -
first light of dawn I'll be leav - ing, And to -
F
Gm
B♭
C
flect - ing the glow of the win - ter moon -
night will be all I have left to re -
F
Gm
light.
call.


F
1.
2.
2. She is
3. Oh,
(4. My)
F
Dm
Bb
Am
what have I done, Why have I done it,
life seems un - real, my crime an il - lu - sion,
F
Gm
C
I've com - mit - ted a crime, I've brok - en the law,
A scene bad - ly writ - ten in which I must play,
F
Dm
Bb
Am
For twen - ty - five dol - lars and piec - es of sil - ver,
Yet I know as I gaze at my young love be - side me,


F
1. Gm
B♭
C
I held up and robbed a hard liq - uor
The morn - ing is
F
Gm
F
store.
4. My
2. Gm
B♭
C
just a few hou - - rs a -
F
Gm
F
way.
rit.
p

Sparrow.

Words and music by Paul Simon.



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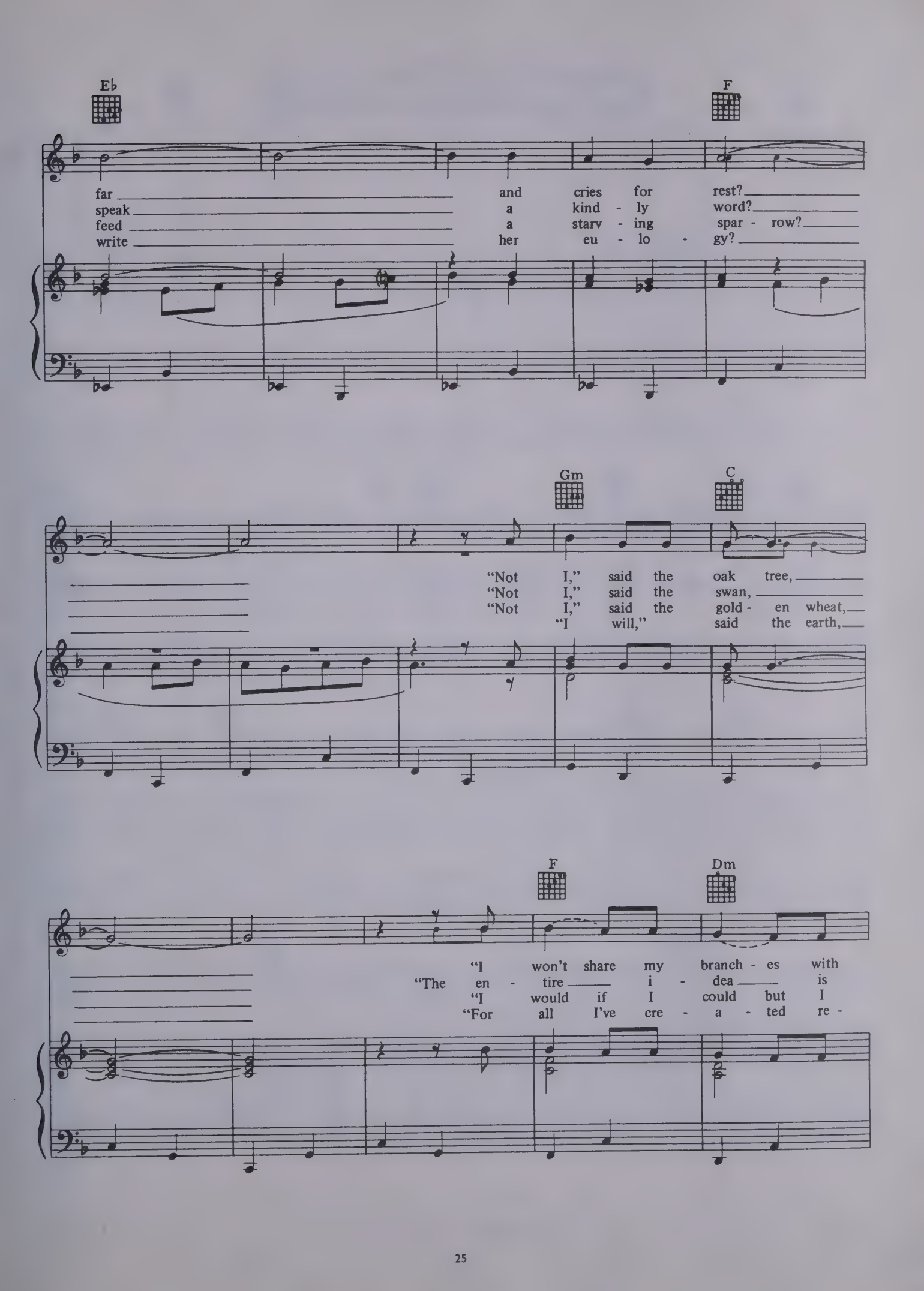
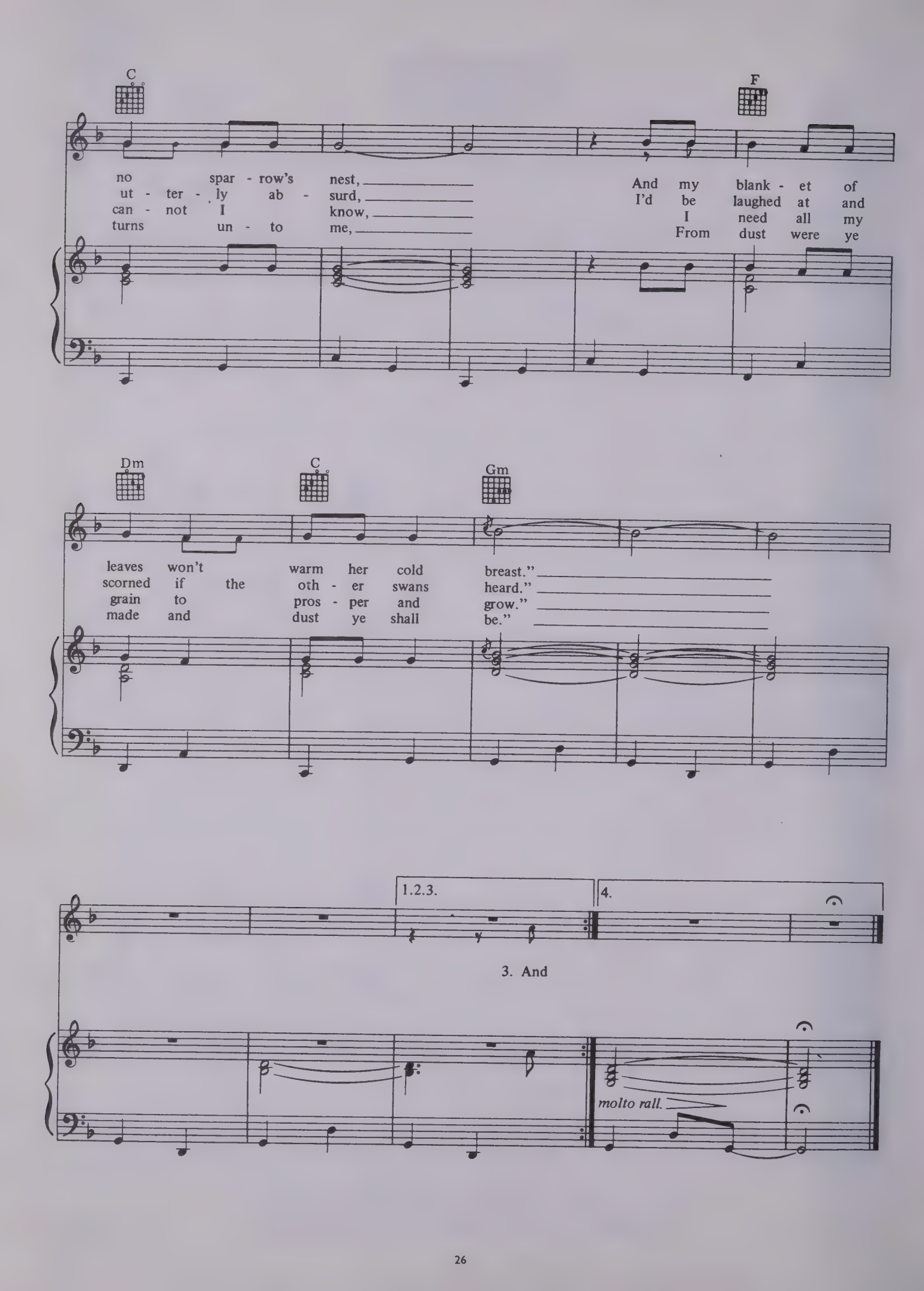
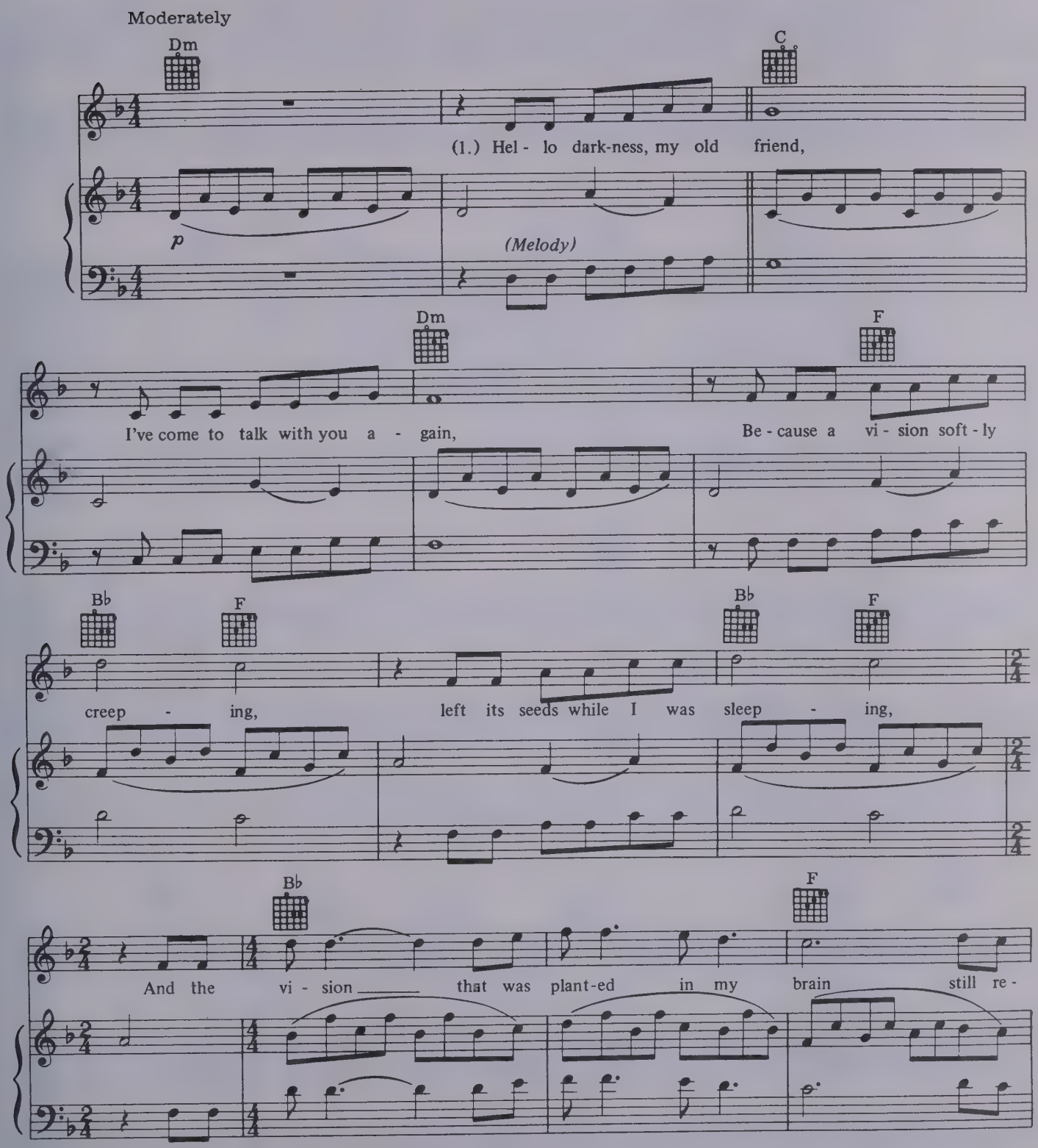

Eb
F
far and cries for rest?
speak a kind - ly word?
feed a starv - ing spar - row?
write her eu - lo - gy?
Gm
C
"Not I," said the oak tree,
"Not I," said the swan,
"Not I," said the gold - en wheat,
"I will," said the earth,
F
Dm
"I won't share my branch - es with
"The en - tire i - dea is
"I would if I could but I
"For all I've cre - a - ted re -


C
F
no spar - row's nest,
ut - ter - ly ab - surd,
can - not I know,
turns un - to me,
And my blank - et of
I'd be laughed at and
I need all my
From dust were ye
Dm
C
Gm
leaves won't warm her cold breast."
scorned if the oth - er swans heard."
grain to pros - per and grow."
made and dust ye shall be."
1.2.3.
4.
3. And
molto rall.

The Sound Of Silence.

Words and music by Paul Simon.



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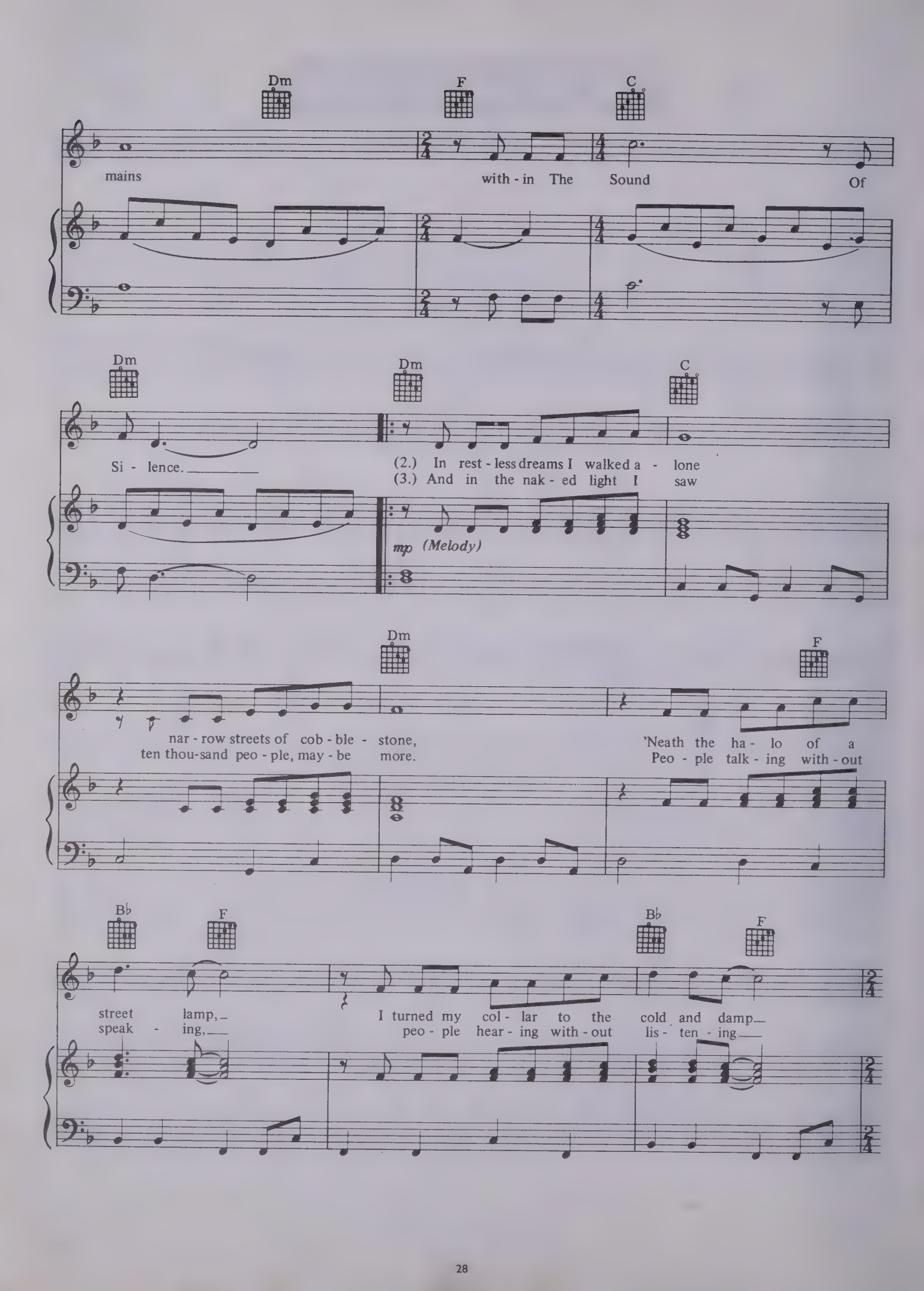
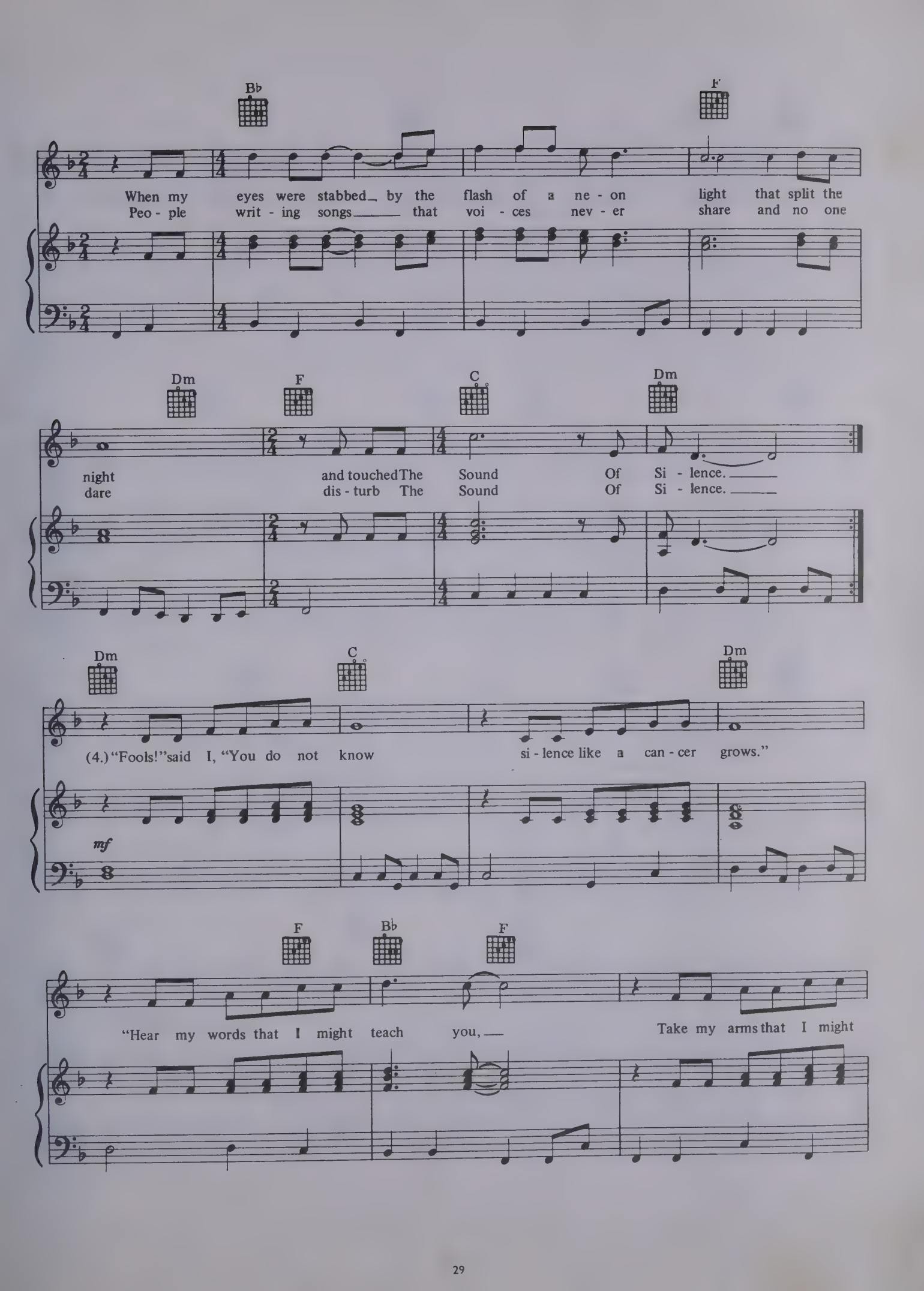
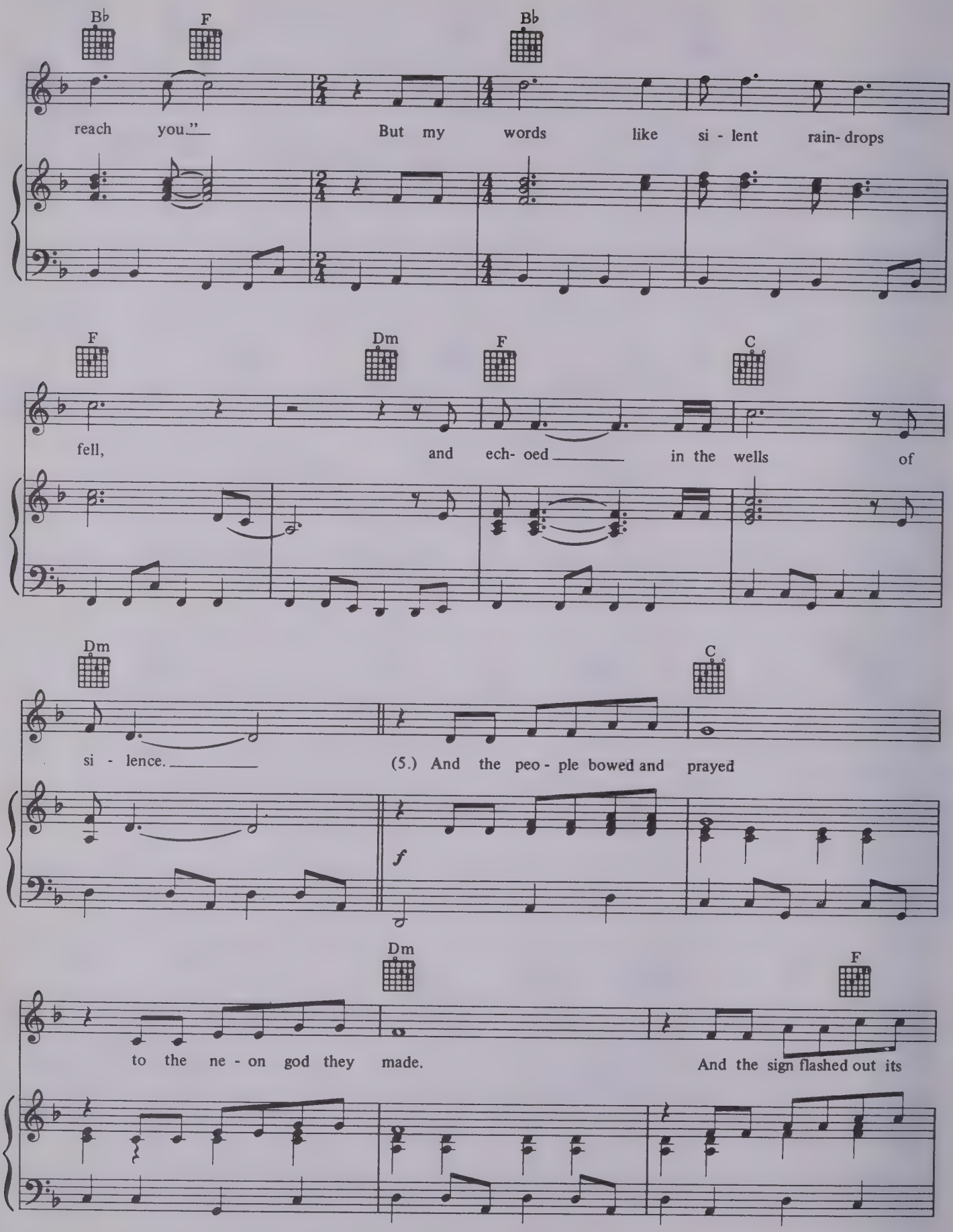
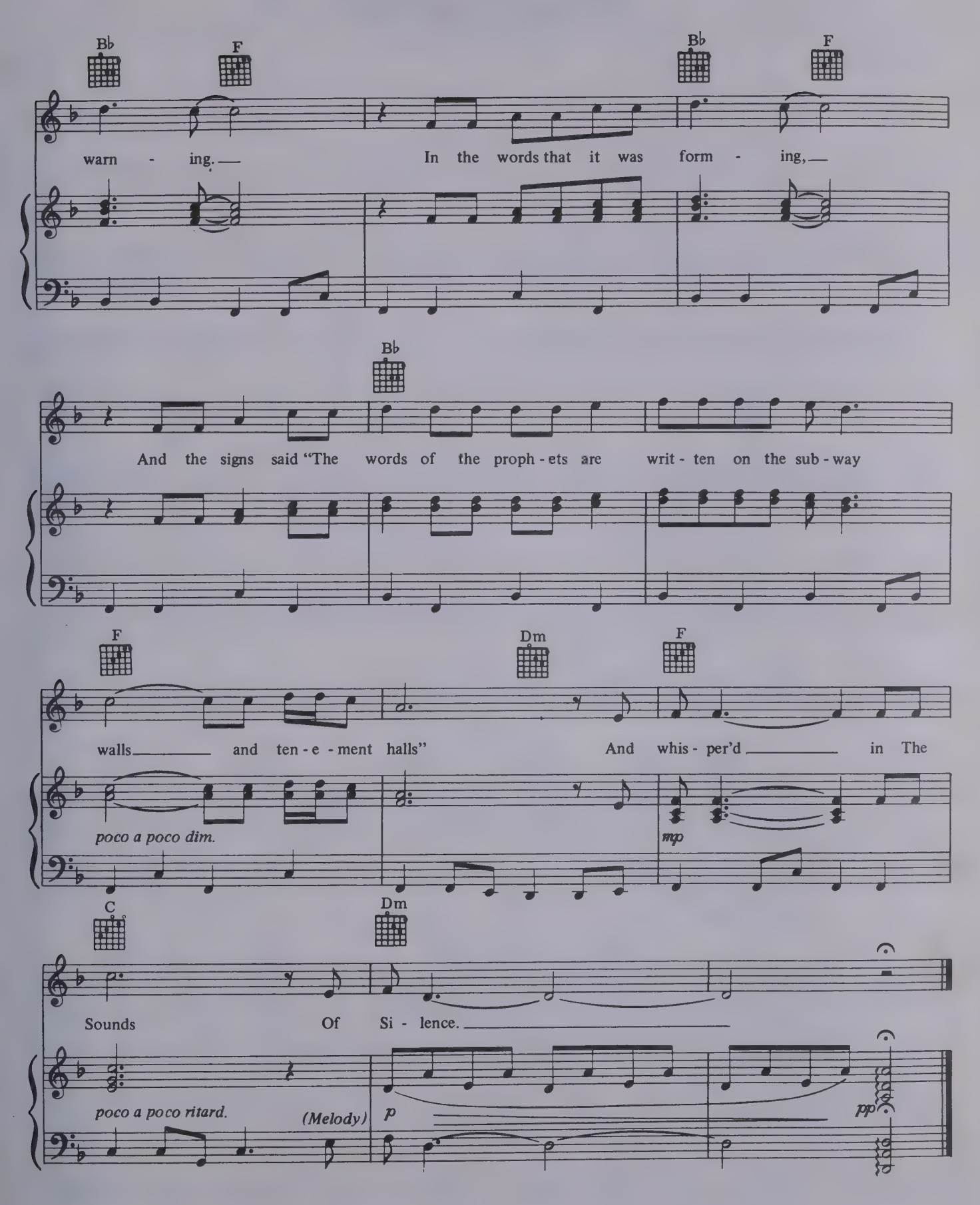

Dm
F
C
mains
with - in The Sound Of
Dm
Dm
C
Si - lence.
(2.) In rest - less dreams I walked a - lone
(3.) And in the nak - ed light I saw
mp (Melody)
Dm
F
nar - row streets of cob - ble - stone,
ten thou-sand peo - ple, may - be more.
'Neath the ha - lo of a
Peo - ple talk - ing with - out
Bb
F
Bb
F
street lamp,
speak - ing,
I turned my col - lar to the cold and damp
peo - ple hear - ing with - out lis - ten - ing


Bb
F
When my eyes were stabbed by the flash of a ne - on light that split the
Peo - ple writ - ing songs that voi - ces nev - er share and no one
Dm
F
C
Dm
night and touched The Sound Of Si - lence.
dare dis - turb The Sound Of Si - lence.
Dm
C
Dm
(4.) "Fools!" said I, "You do not know si - lence like a can - cer grows."
mf
F
Bb
F
"Hear my words that I might teach you, Take my arms that I might


B♭
F
B♭
reach you." But my words like si - lent rain- drops
F
Dm
F
C
fell, and ech- oed in the wells of
Dm
C
si - lence. (5.) And the peo - ple bowed and prayed
f
Dm
F
to the ne - on god they made. And the sign flashed out its


Bb
F
Bb
F
warn - ing. In the words that it was form - ing,
Bb
And the signs said "The words of the proph - ets are writ - ten on the sub - way
F
Dm
F
walls and ten - e - ment halls" And whis - per'd in The
poco a poco dim.
mp
C
Dm
Sounds Of Si - lence.
poco a poco ritard.
(Melody)
p
pp

I Am A Rock.

Words and music by Paul Simon.

Slowly

mp

C F C

1. A win-ter's day In a deep and dark De - cem-ber;
2. walls, A fort - ress deep and might-y,
3. love; But I've heard the word be - fore;
4. books And my po - e - try to pro - tect me;

mf

Dm G7 F C Dm7 Em7

I am a - lone, Gaz - ing from my win - dow
That none may pen - e - trate. I have no need of friend-ship,
It's sleep - ing in my mem-o - ry. I won't dis - turb the slum - ber of
I am shield - ed in my ar - mour, Hid - ing in my room,

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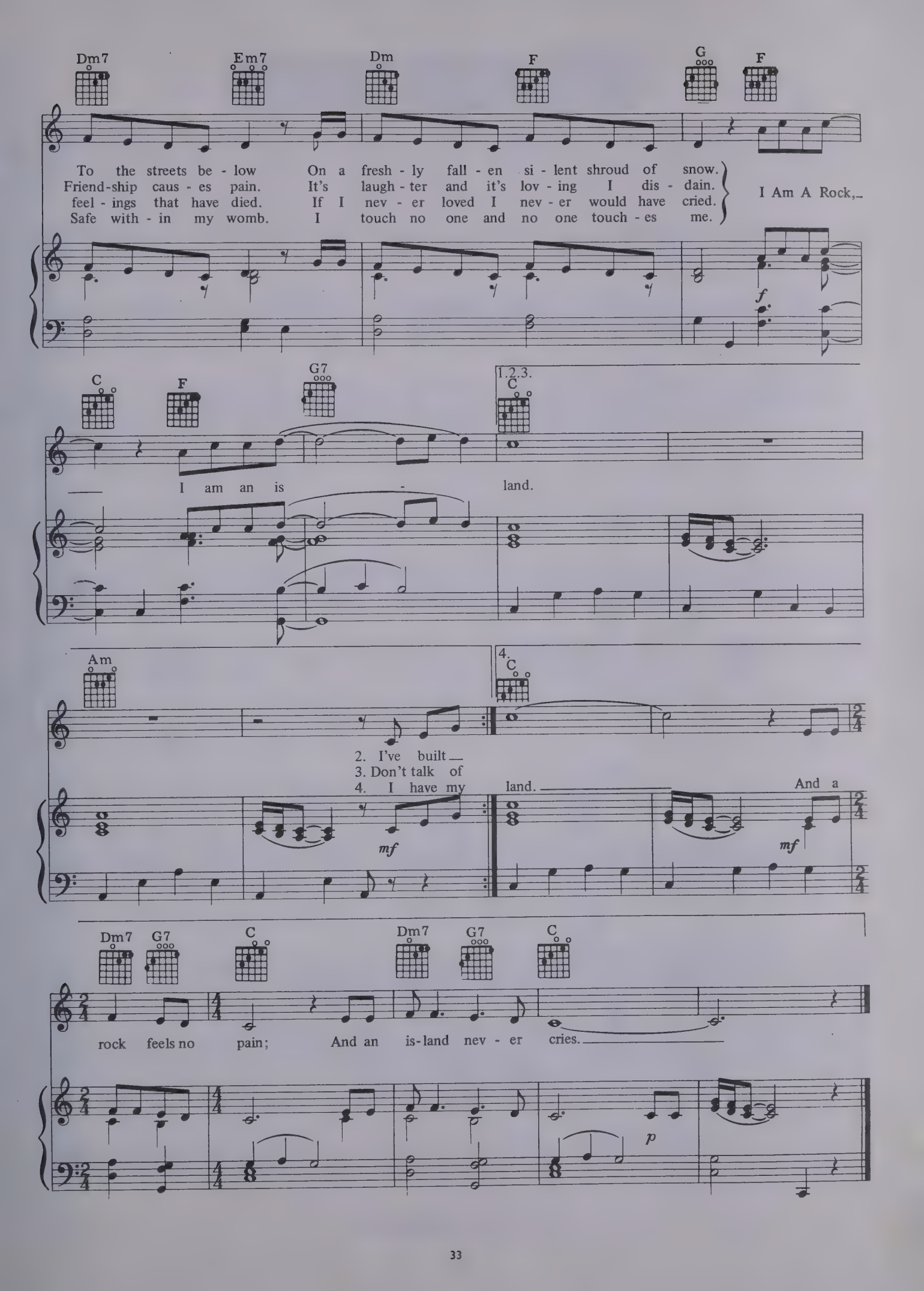
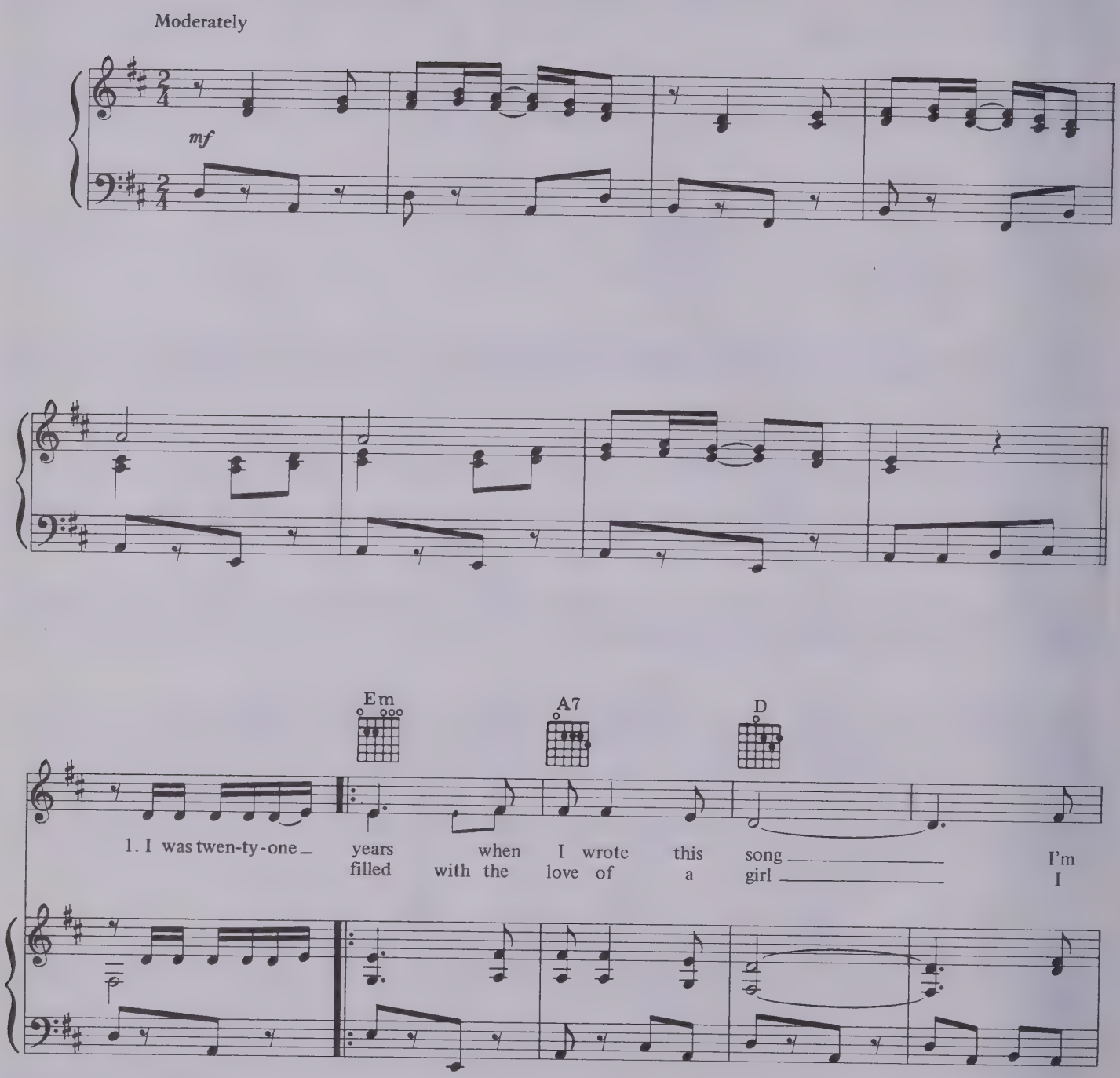

Dm7
Em7
Dm
F
G
F
To the streets be - low On a fresh - ly fall - en si - lent shroud of snow.
Friend-ship caus - es pain. It's laugh - ter and it's lov - ing I dis - dain.
feel - ings that have died. If I nev - er loved I nev - er would have cried.
Safe with - in my womb. I touch no one and no one touch - es me.
I Am A Rock,
f
C
F
G7
1.2.3.
C
I am an is - land.
Am
4.
C
2. I've built
3. Don't talk of
4. I have my land.
And a
mf
mf
Dm7
G7
C
Dm7
G7
C
rock feels no pain; And an is-land nev - er cries.
p

Leaves That Are Green.

Words and music by Paul Simon.



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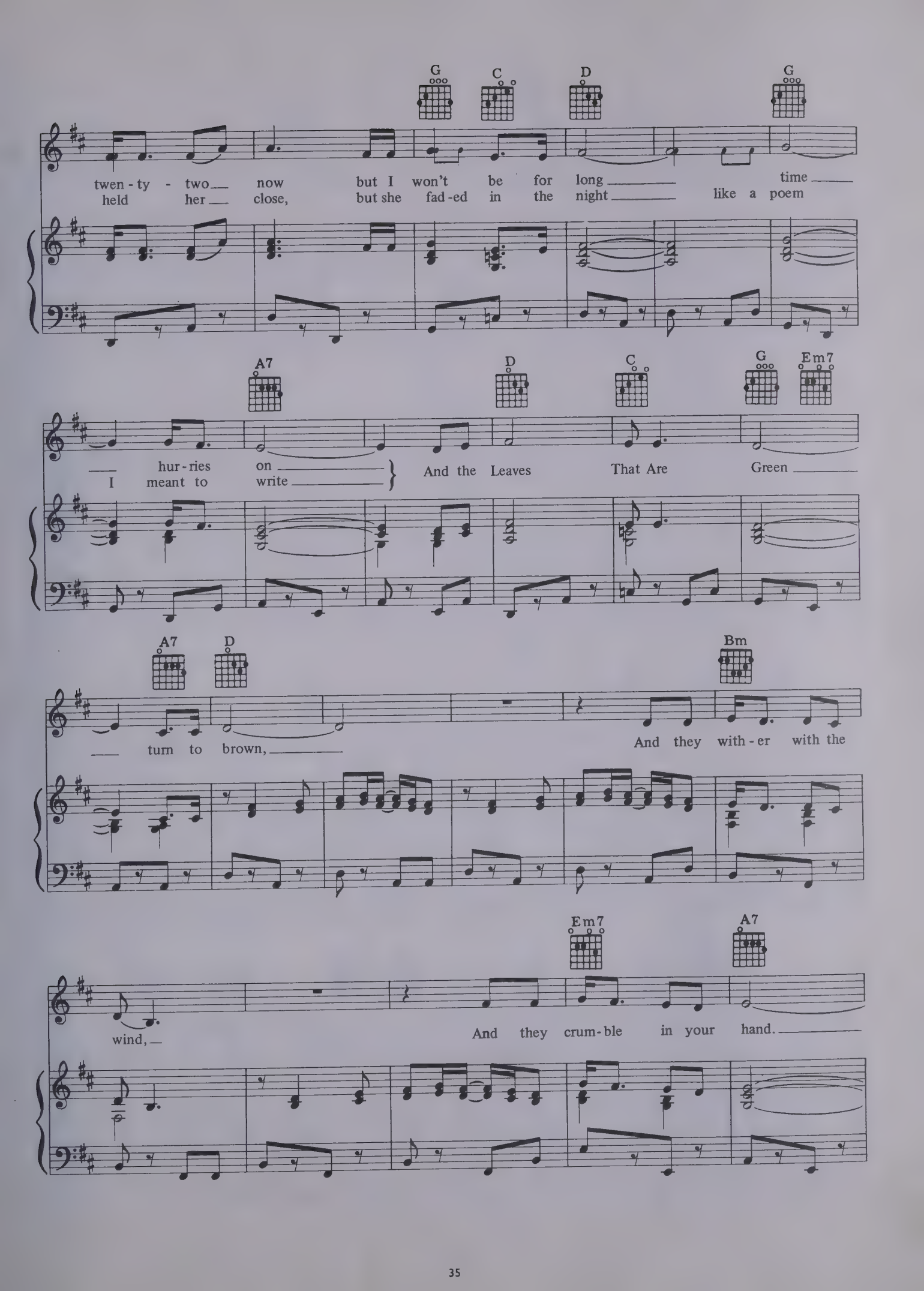
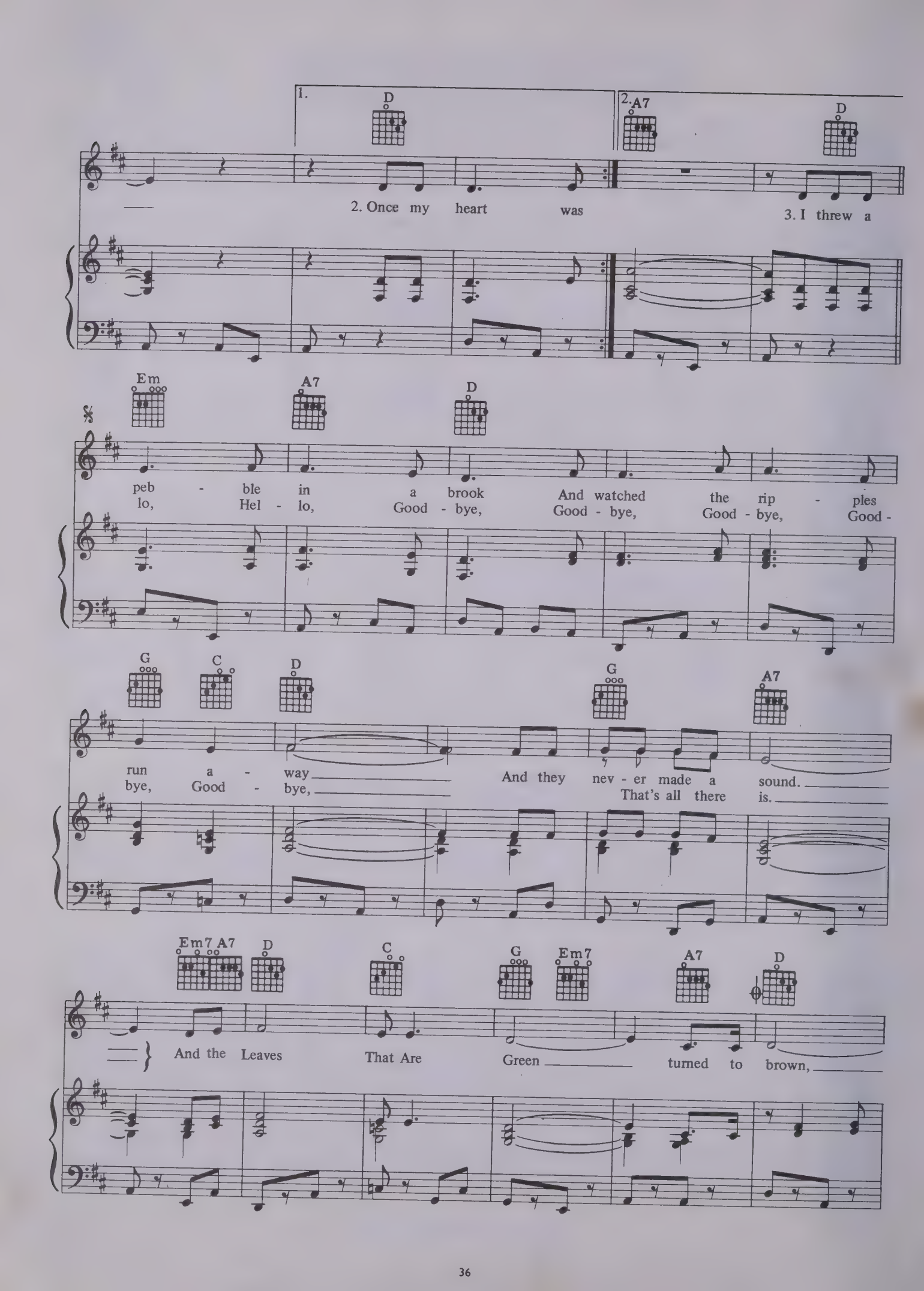
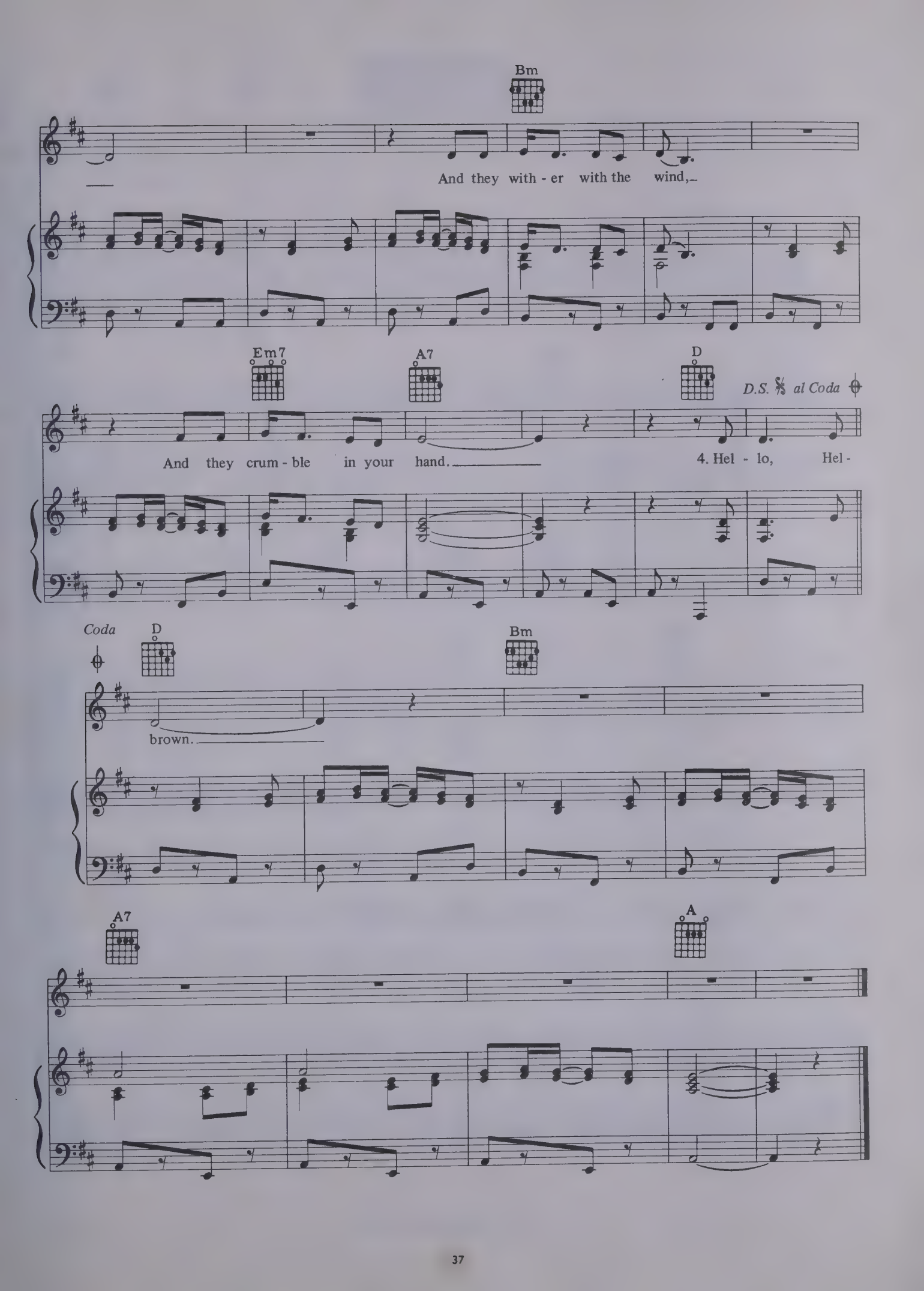
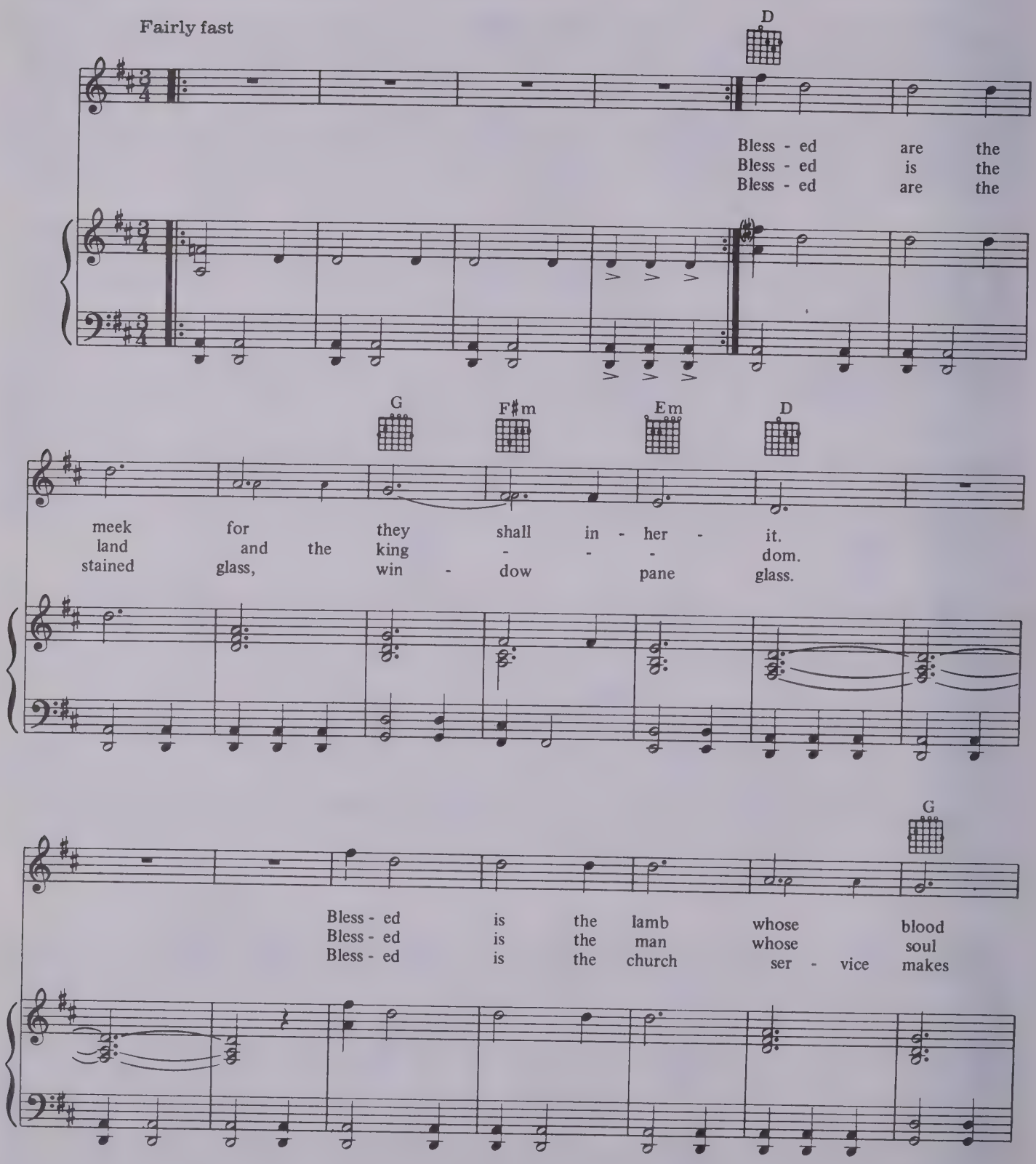

G C D G
twen - ty - two now but I won't be for long time
held her close, but she fad - ed in the night like a poem
A7 D C G Em7
hur - ries on
I meant to write
And the Leaves That Are Green
A7 D Bm
turn to brown,
And they with - er with the
Em7 A7
wind,
And they crum - ble in your hand.


1.
2.
D
A7
D
2. Once my heart was
3. I threw a
Em
A7
D
peb - ble in a brook And watched the rip - ples
lo, Hel - lo, Good - bye, Good - bye, Good - bye, Good -
G
C
D
G
A7
run a - way And they nev - er made a sound.
bye, Good - bye, That's all there is.
Em7 A7
D
C
G
Em7
A7
D
And the Leaves That Are Green turned to brown,


Bm
And they with - er with the wind,
Em7
A7
D
D.S. 𝄋 al Coda
And they crum - ble in your hand.
4. Hel - lo, Hel -
Coda
D
Bm
brown.
A7
A

Blessed.

Words and music by Paul Simon.



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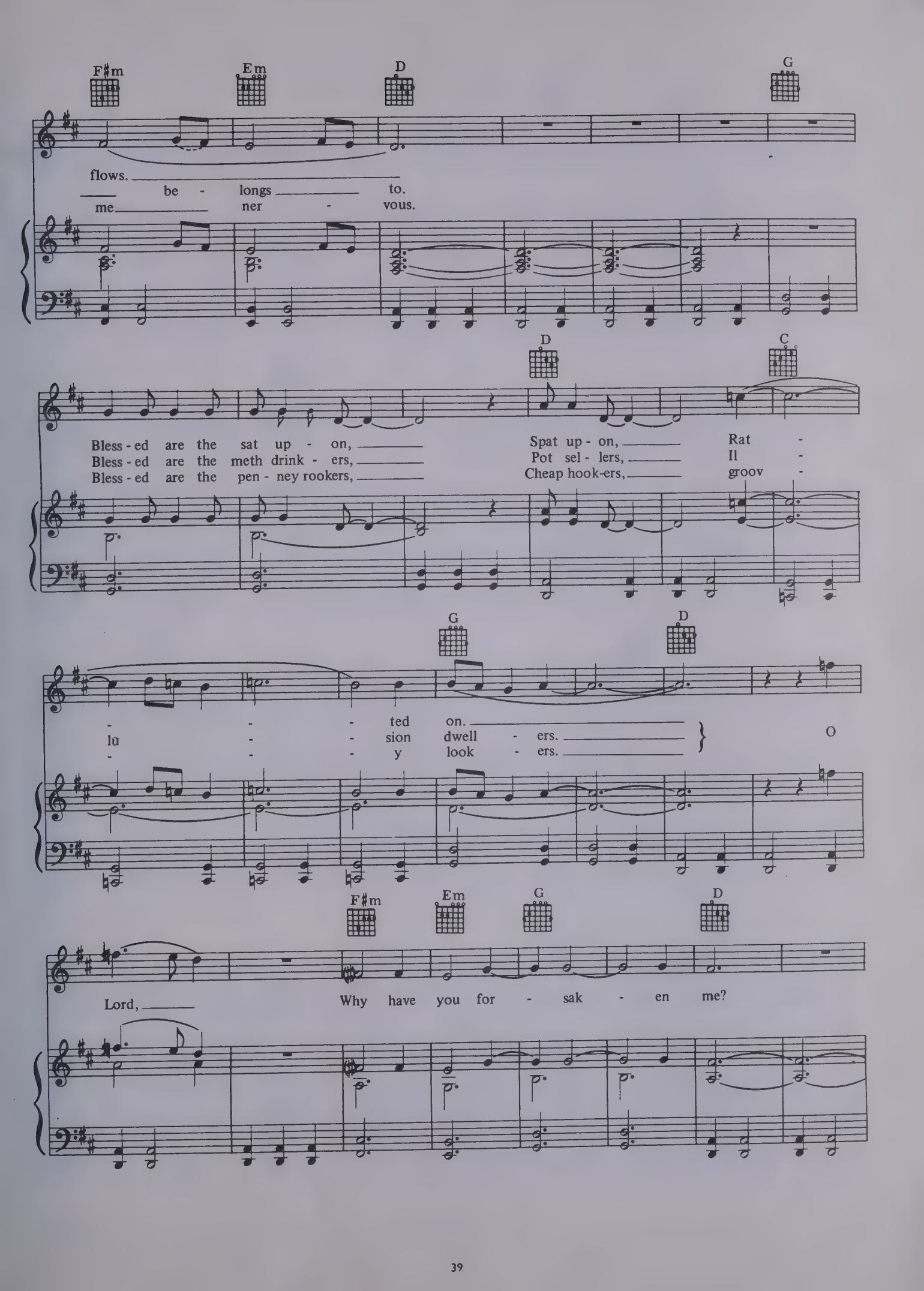
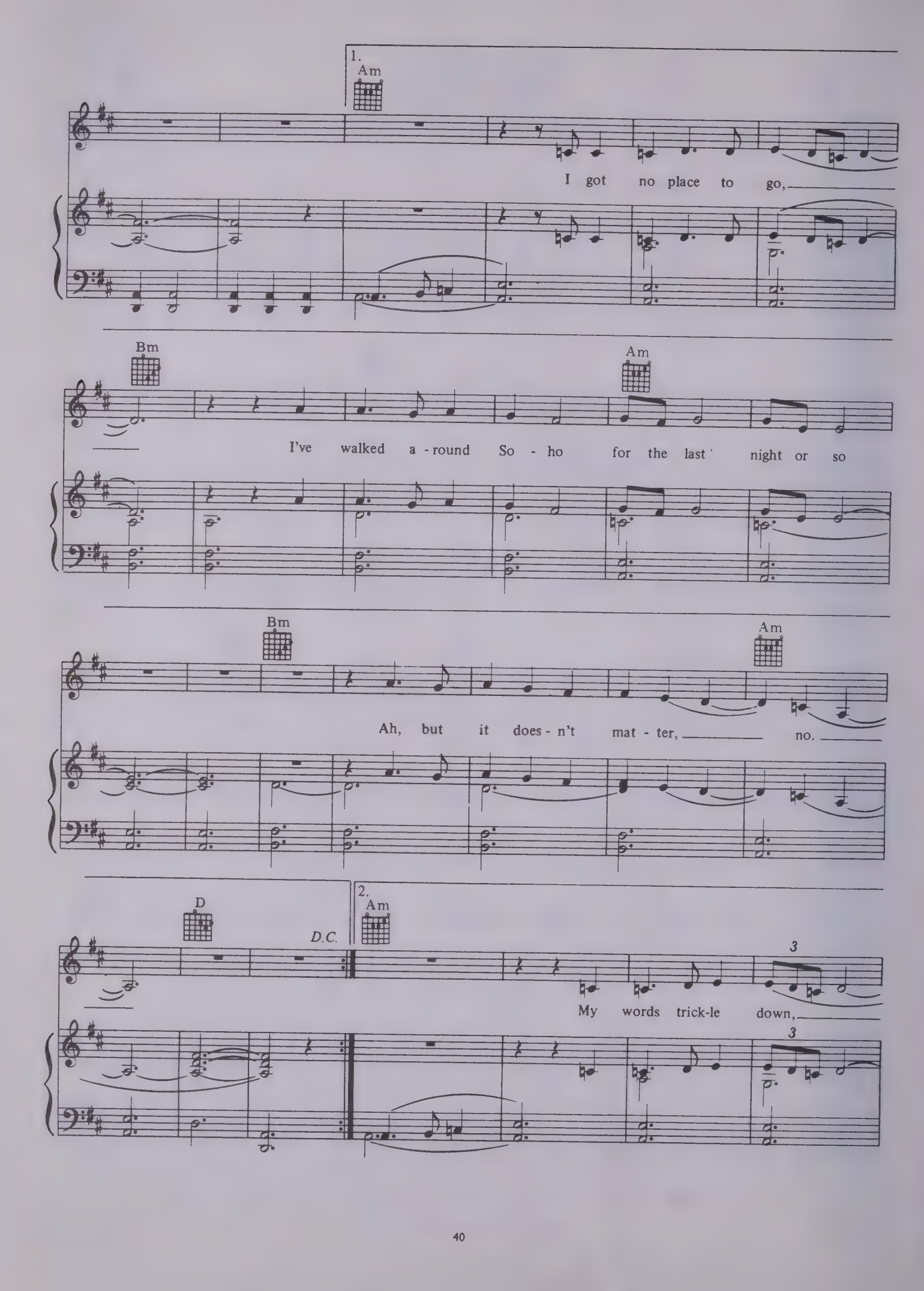
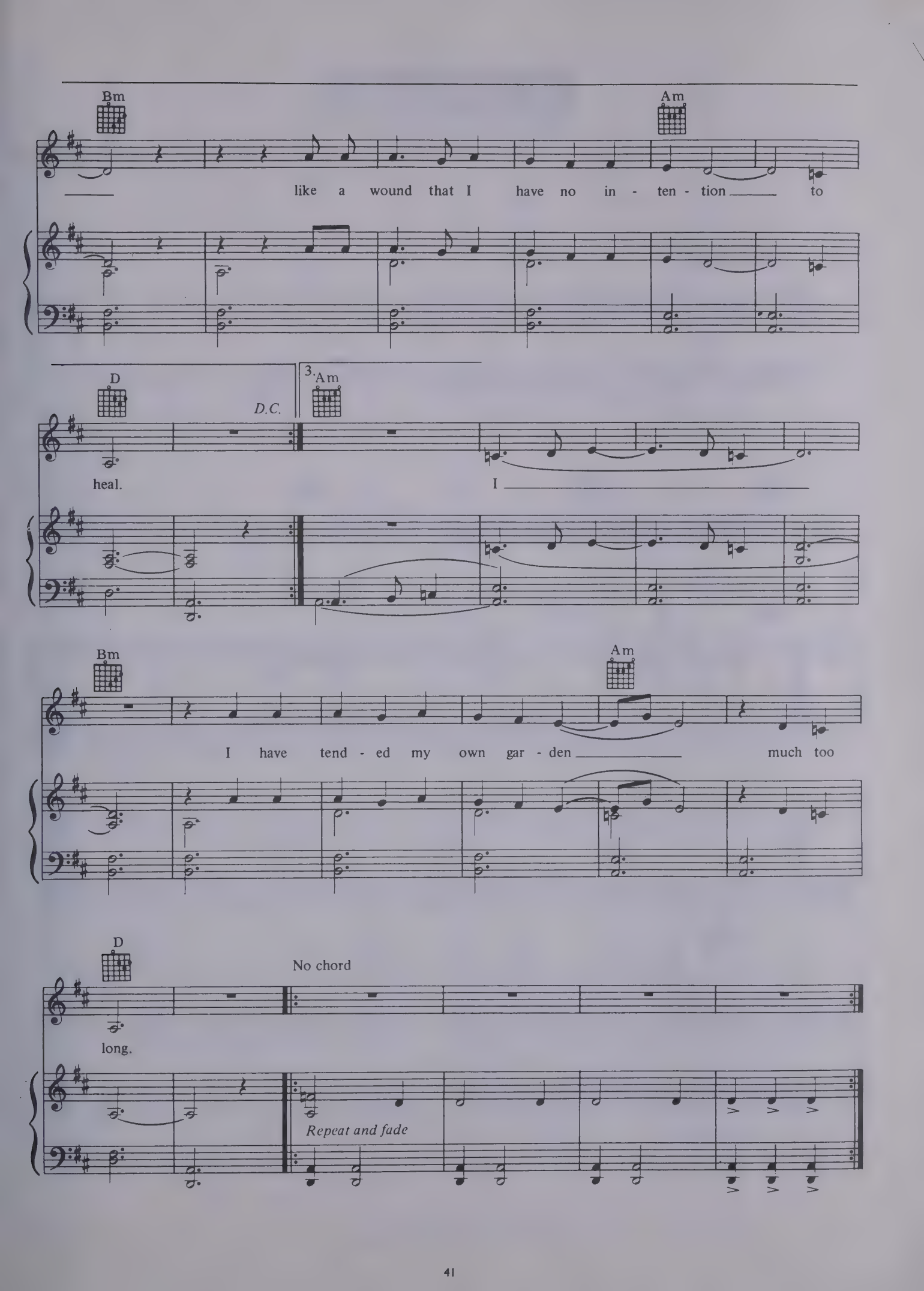
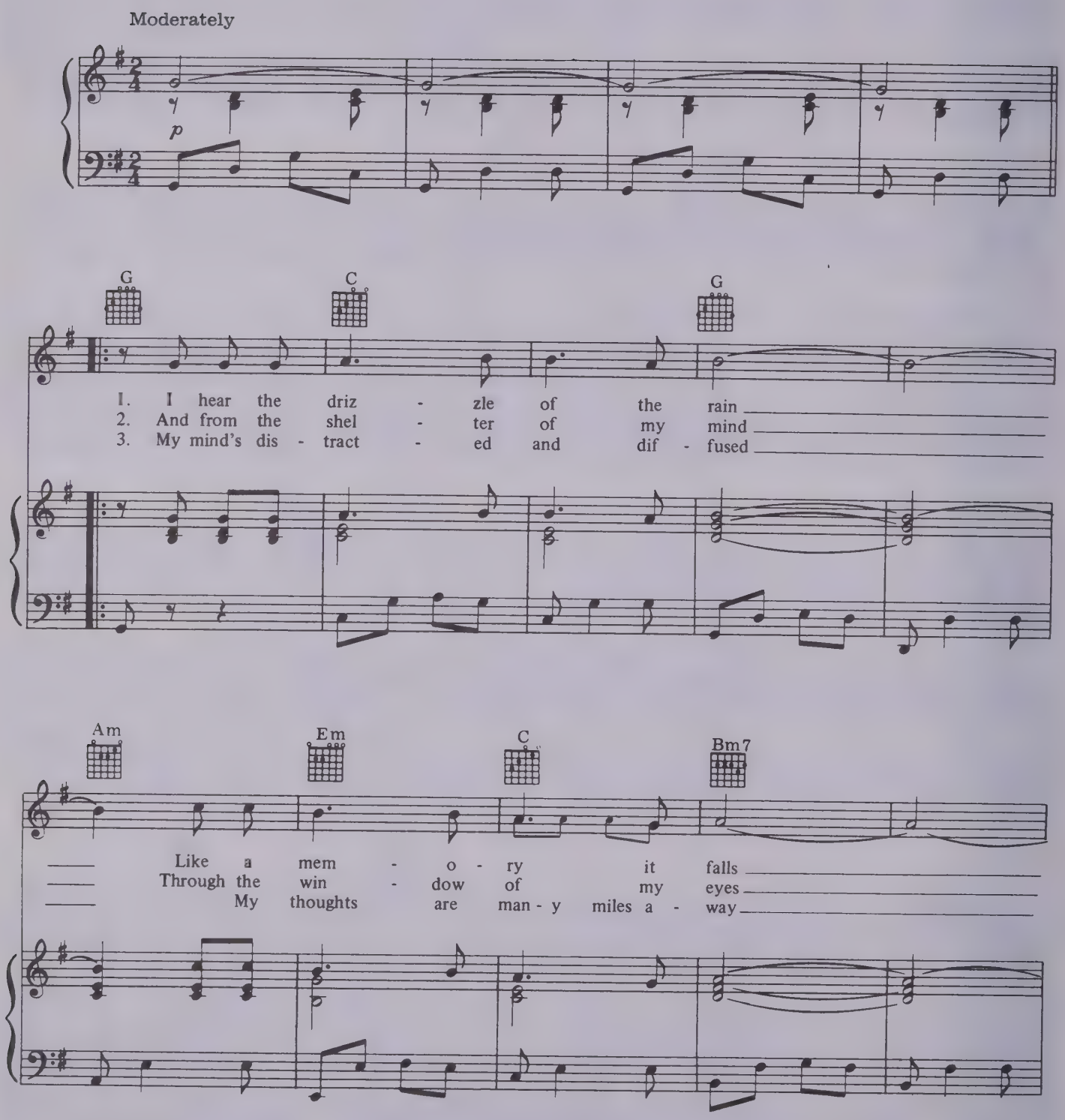

F#m
Em
D
G
flows.
be - longs to.
me ner - vous.
D
C
Bless - ed are the sat up - on,
Bless - ed are the meth drink - ers,
Bless - ed are the pen - ney rookers,
Spat up - on,
Pot sel - lers,
Cheap hook-ers,
Rat -
Il -
groov -
G
D
- - - ted on.
lu - - sion dwell - ers.
- - - y look - ers.
O
F#m
Em
G
D
Lord,
Why have you for - sak - en me?


1.
Am
I got no place to go,
Bm
Am
I've walked a - round So - ho for the last night or so
Bm
Am
Ah, but it does - n't mat - ter, no.
D
D.C.
2.
Am
My words trick-le down,
3
3


Bm
Am
like a wound that I have no in - ten - tion to
D
D.C.
3. Am
heal.
I
Bm
Am
I have tend - ed my own gar - den much too
D
No chord
long.
Repeat and fade

Kathy's Song.

Words and music by Paul Simon.



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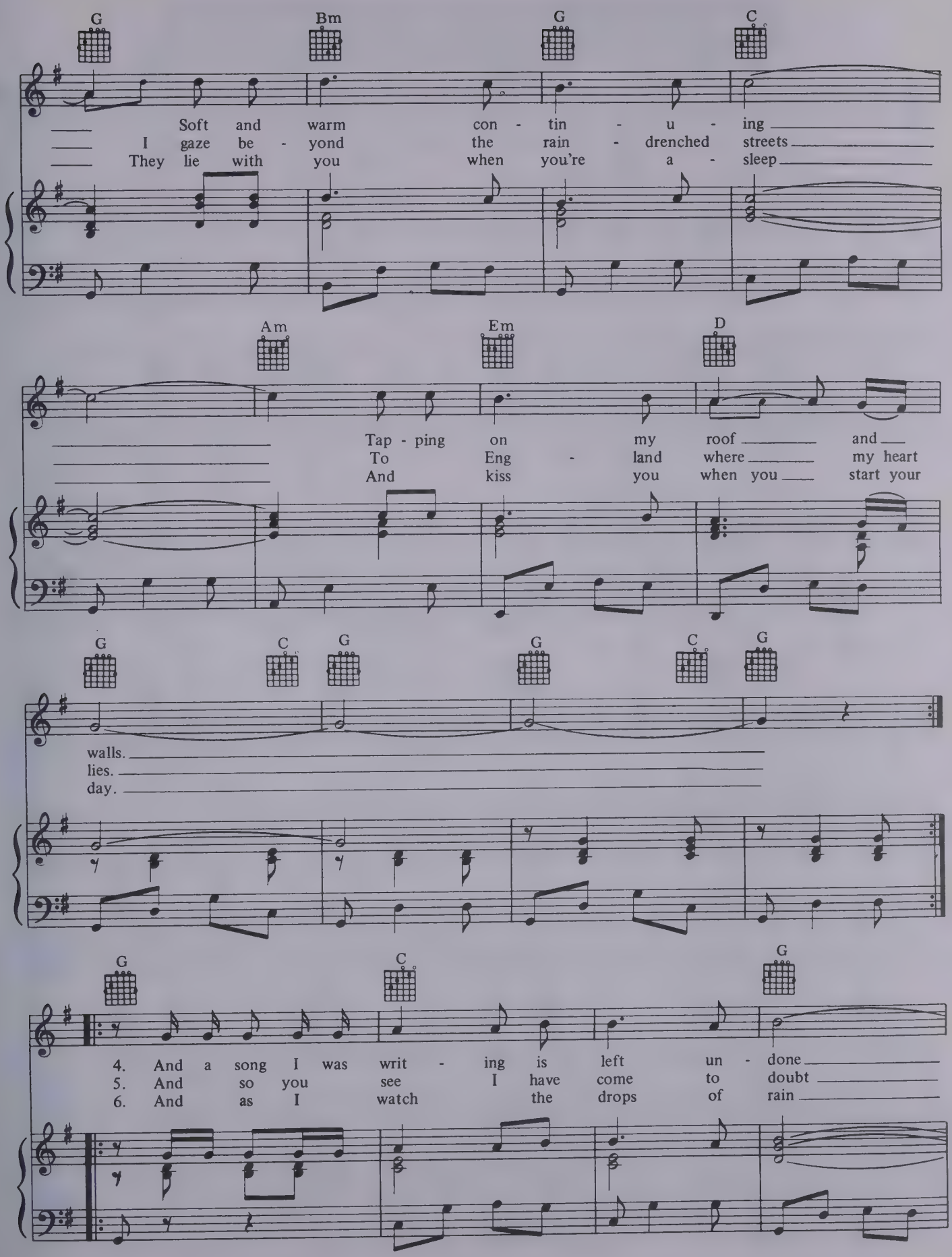
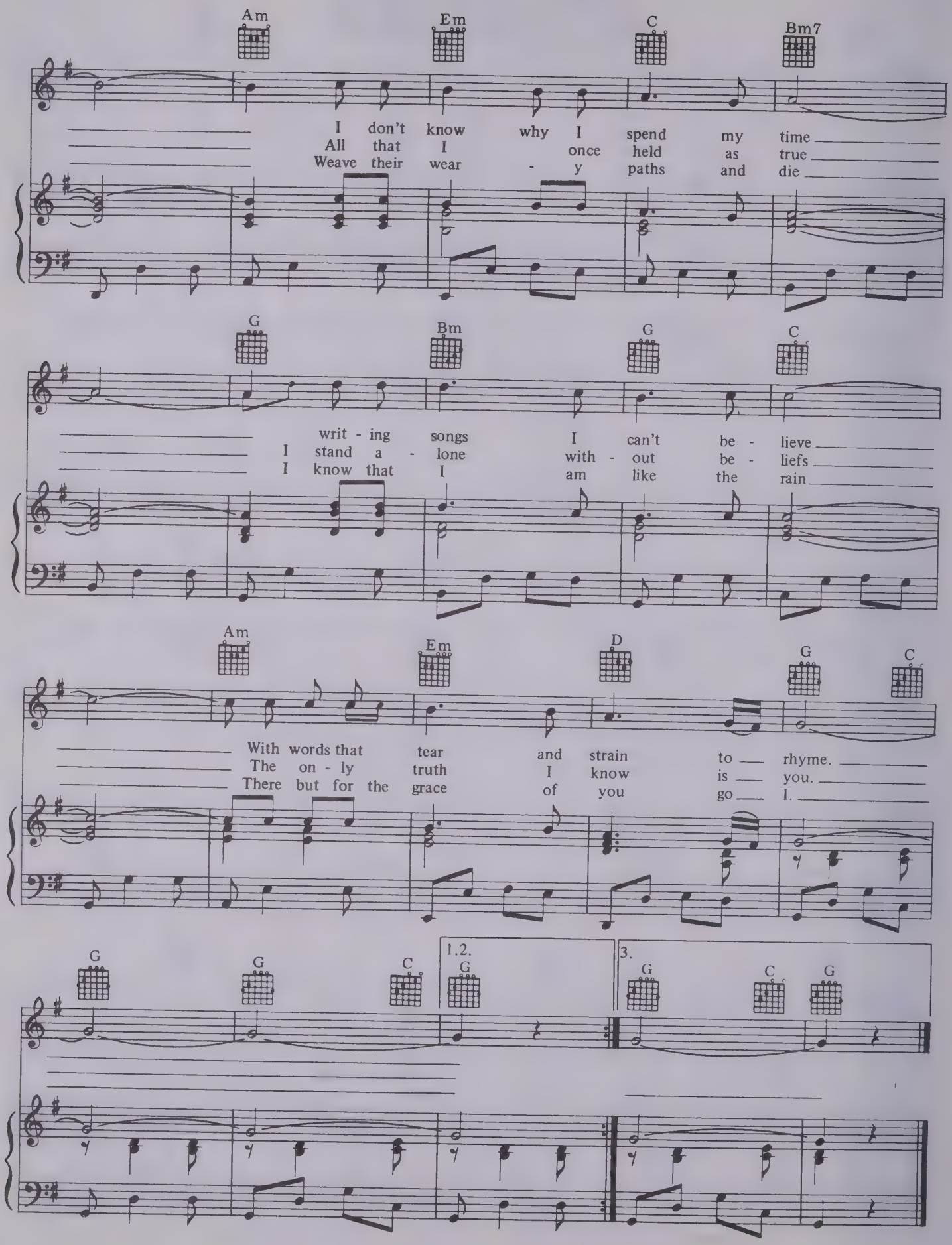
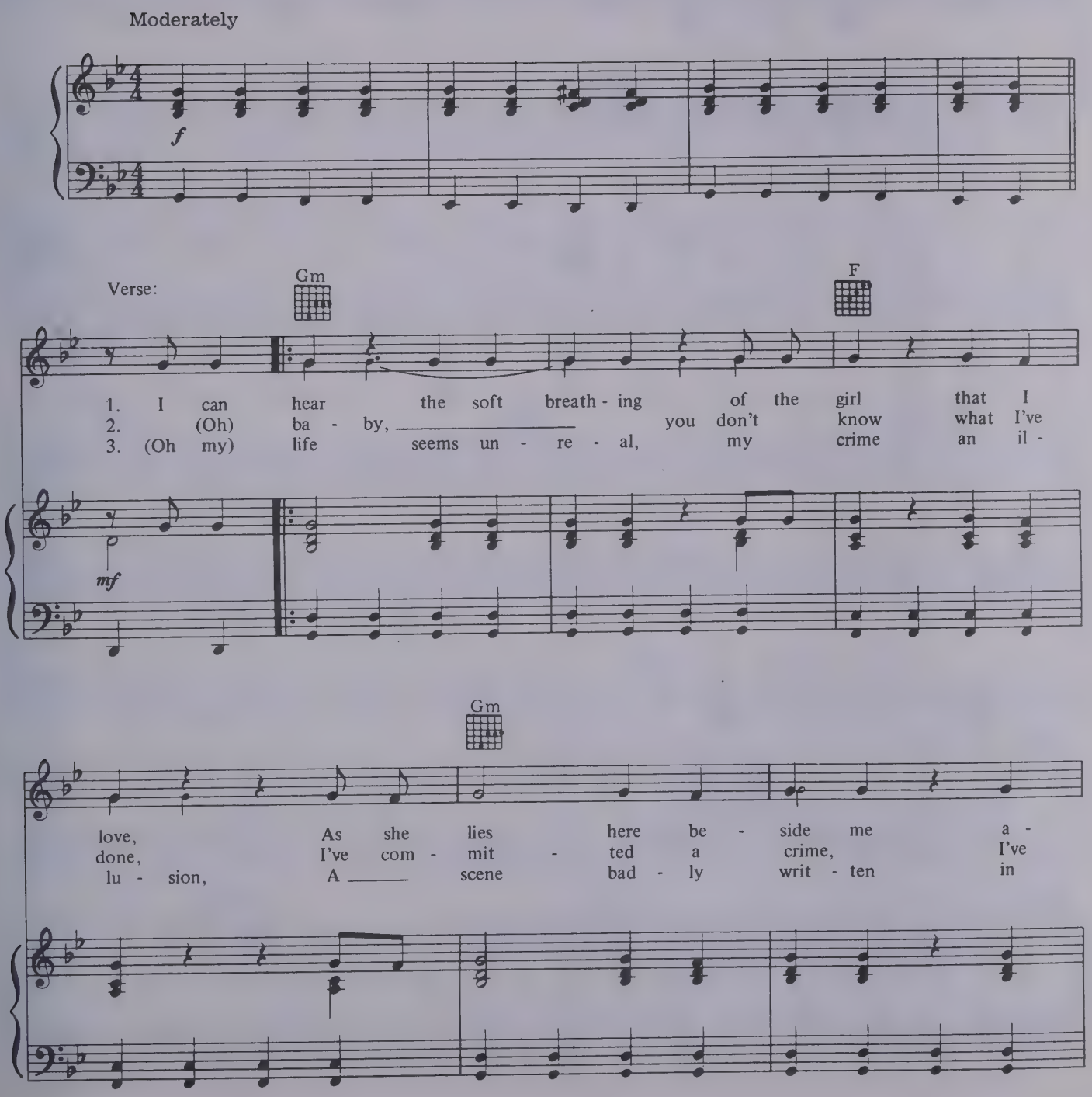

G Bm G C
Soft and warm con - tin - u - ing
I gaze be - yond the rain - drenched streets
They lie with you when you're a - sleep
Am Em D
Tap - ping on my roof and
To Eng - land where my heart
And kiss you when you start your
G C G G C G
walls.
lies.
day.
G C G
4. And a song I was writ - ing is left un - done
5. And so you see I have come to doubt
6. And as I watch the drops of rain


Am Em C Bm7
I don't know why I spend my time
All that I once held as true
Weave their wear - y paths and die
G Bm G C
writ - ing songs I can't be - lieve
I stand a - lone with - out be - liefs
I know that I am like the rain
Am Em D G C
With words that tear and strain to rhyme.
The on - ly truth I know is you.
There but for the grace of you go I.
G G C 1.2. G 3. G C G

Somewhere They Can't Find Me.

Words and music by Paul Simon.



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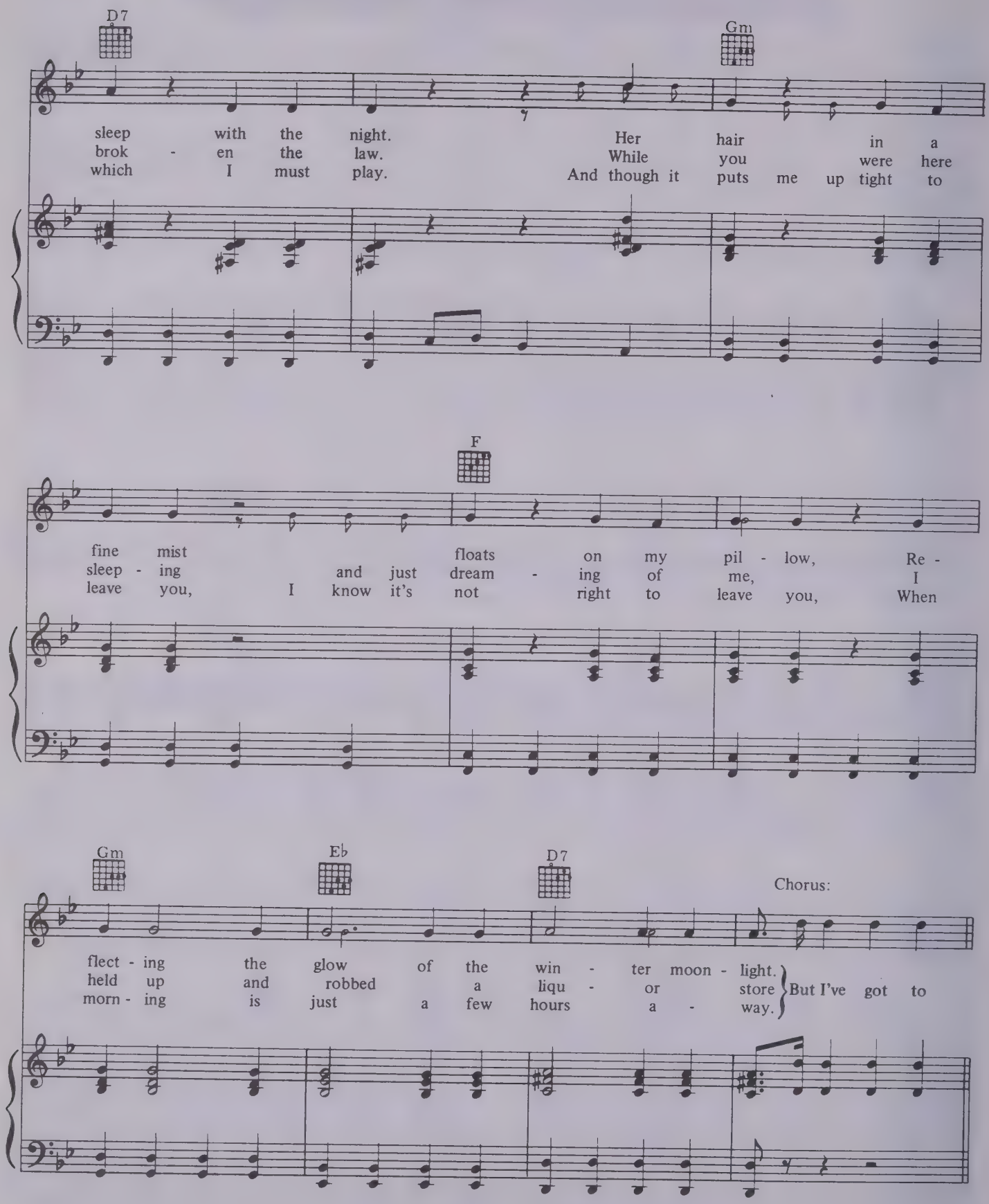
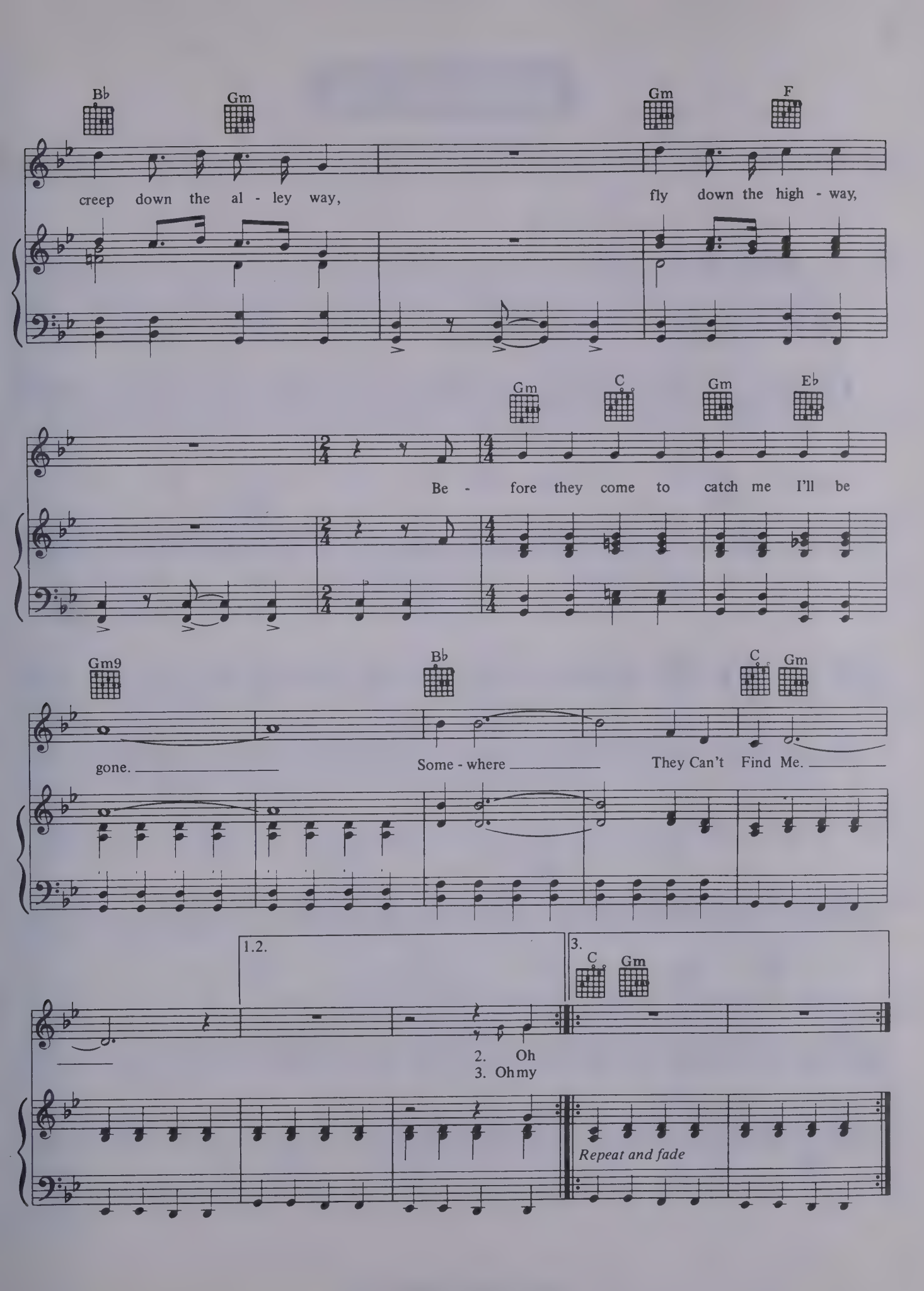
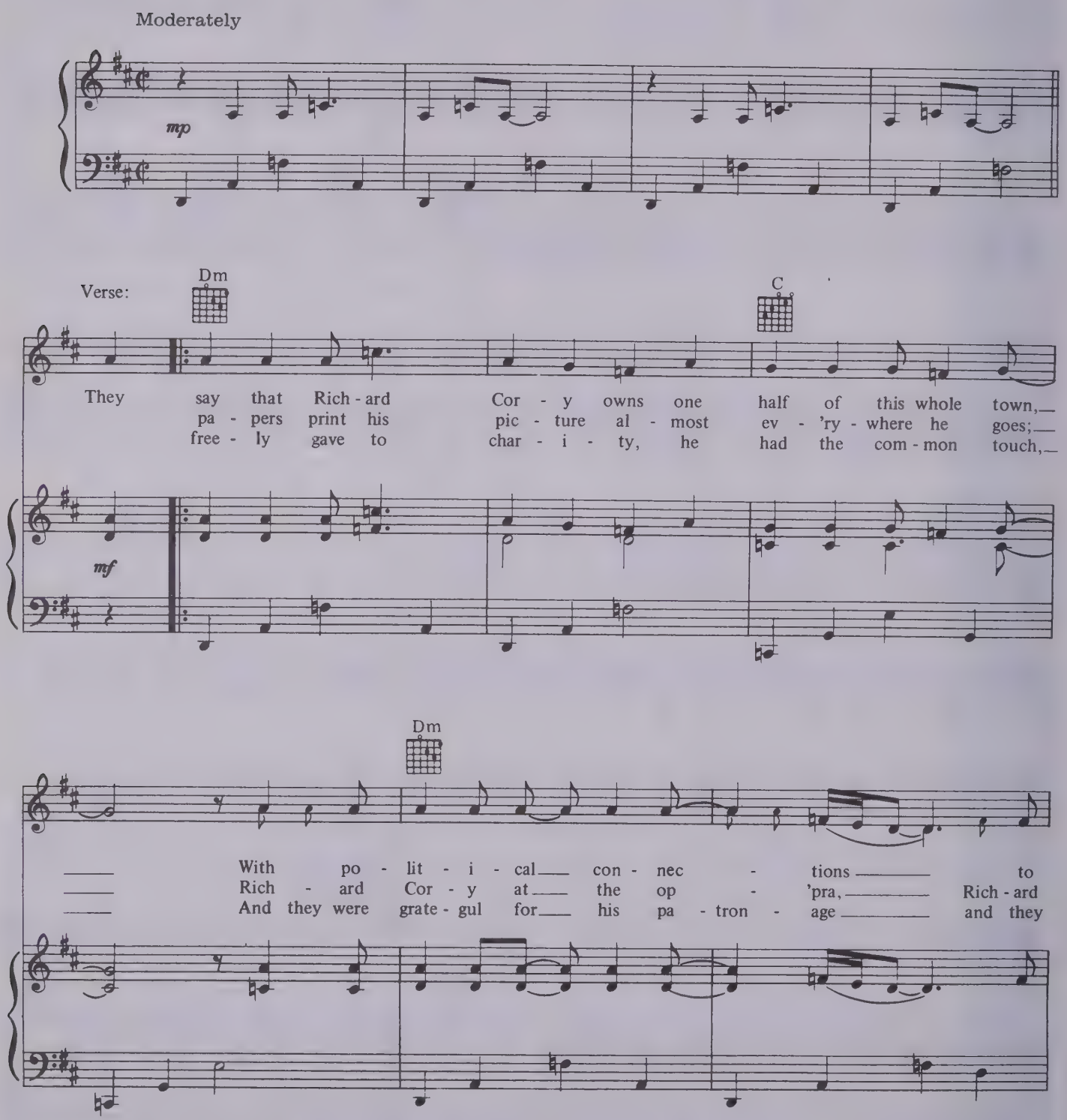

D7
Gm
sleep with the night. Her hair in a
brok - en the law. While you were here
which I must play. And though it puts me up tight to
F
fine mist floats on my pil - low, Re -
sleep - ing and just dream - ing of me, I
leave you, I know it's not right to leave you, When
Gm
Eb
D7
Chorus:
flect - ing the glow of the win - ter moon - light.
held up and robbed a liqu - or store
morn - ing is just a few hours a - way.
But I've got to


Bb
Gm
Gm
F
creep down the al - ley way,
fly down the high - way,
Gm
C
Gm
Eb
Be - fore they come to catch me I'll be
Gm9
Bb
C
Gm
gone.
Some - where
They Can't Find Me.
1.2.
3.
C
Gm
2. Oh
3. Oh my
Repeat and fade

Richard Cory.

Words and music by Paul Simon.



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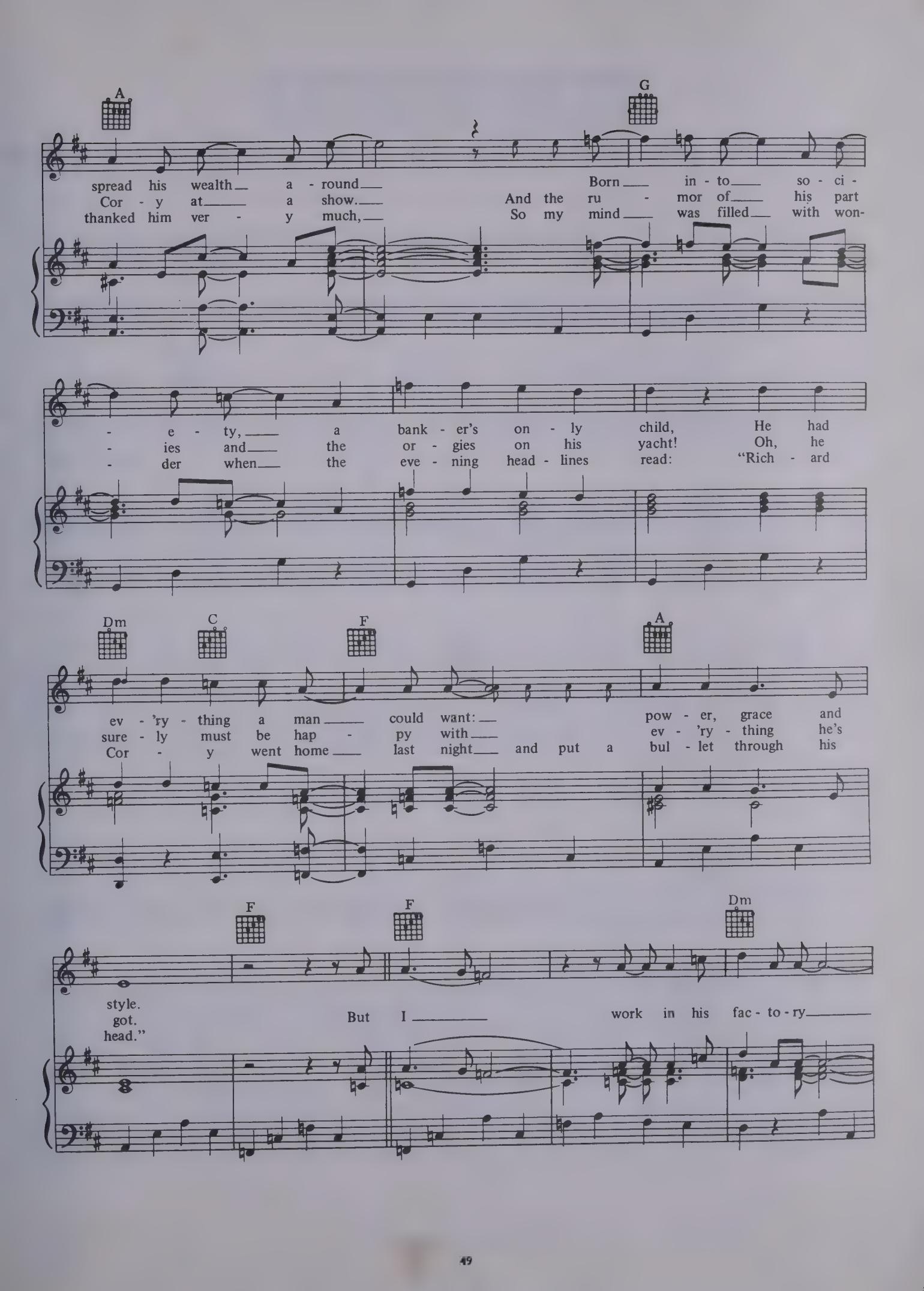
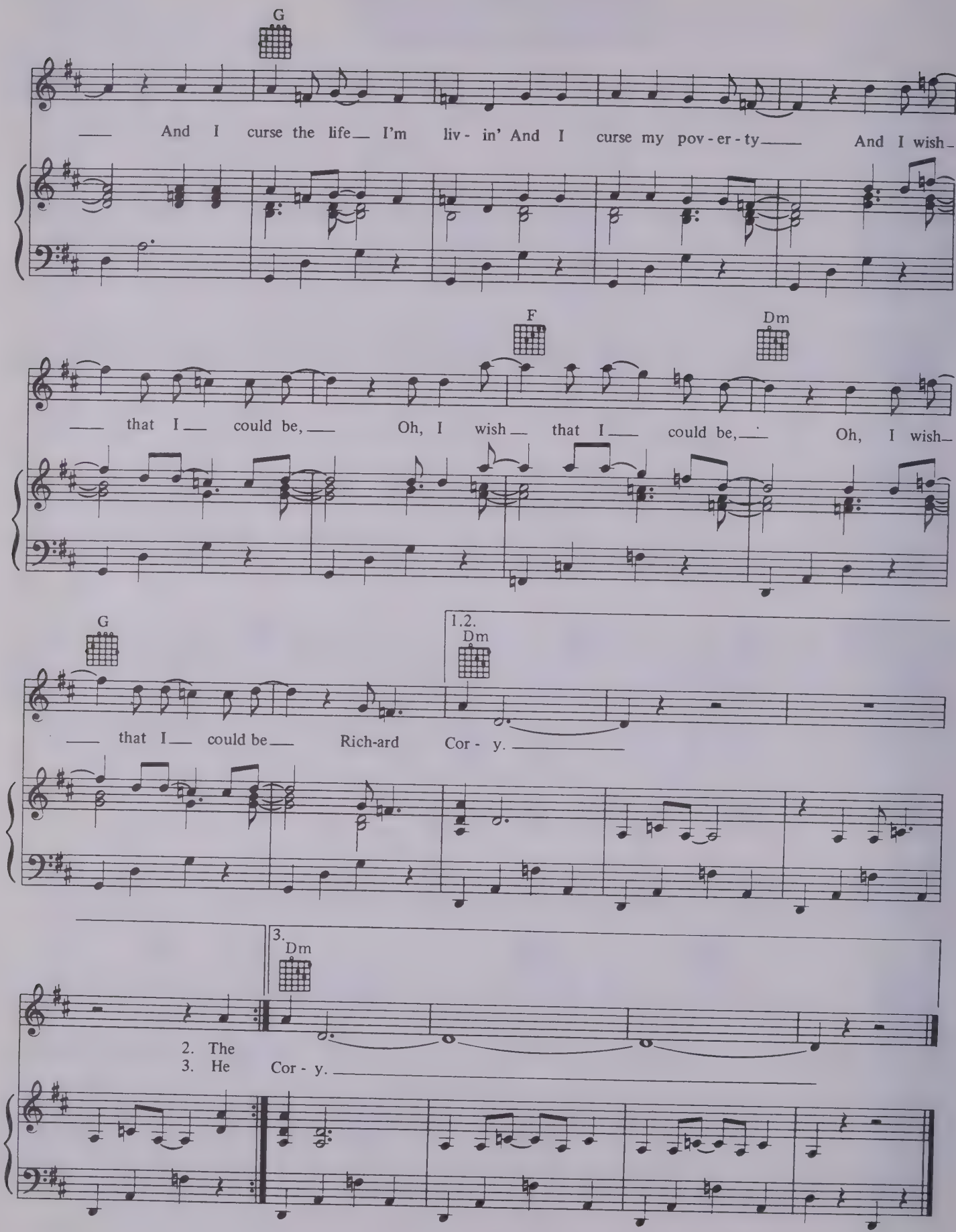
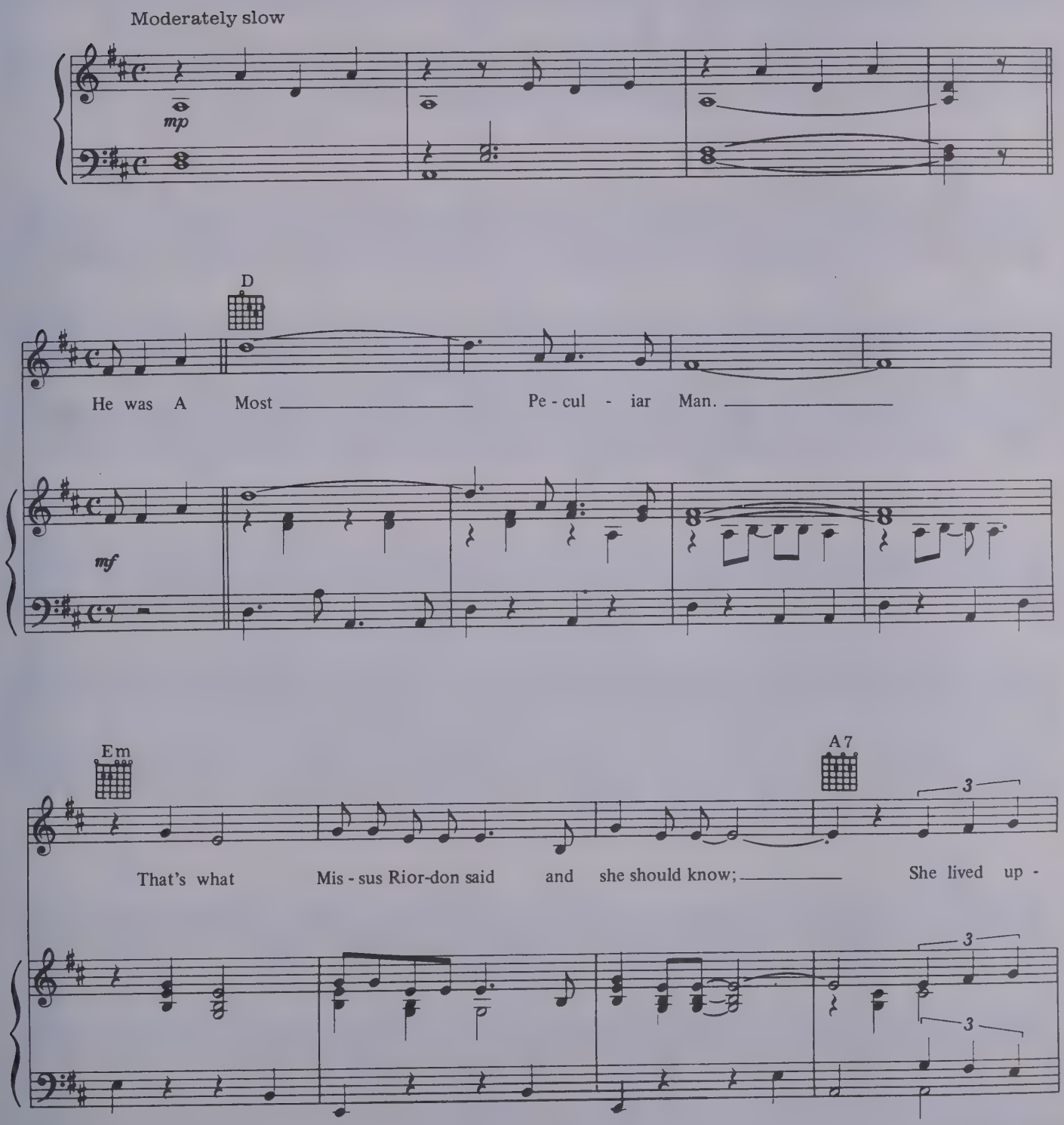

A
G
spread his wealth a - round Born in - to so - ci -
Cor - y at a show. And the ru - mor of his part
thanked him ver - y much, So my mind was filled with won-
- e - ty, a bank - er's on - ly child, He had
- ies and the or - gies on his yacht! Oh, he
- der when the eve - ning head - lines read: "Rich - ard
Dm
C
F
A
ev - 'ry - thing a man could want: pow - er, grace and
sure - ly must be hap - py with ev - 'ry - thing he's
Cor - y went home last night and put a bul - let through his
F
F
Dm
style.
got.
head."
But I work in his fac - to - ry


G
And I curse the life I'm liv - in' And I curse my pov - er - ty And I wish
F
Dm
that I could be, Oh, I wish that I could be, Oh, I wish
G
1.2.
Dm
that I could be Rich-ard Cor - y.
3.
Dm
2. The
3. He Cor - y.

A Most Peculiar Man.

Words and music by Paul Simon.



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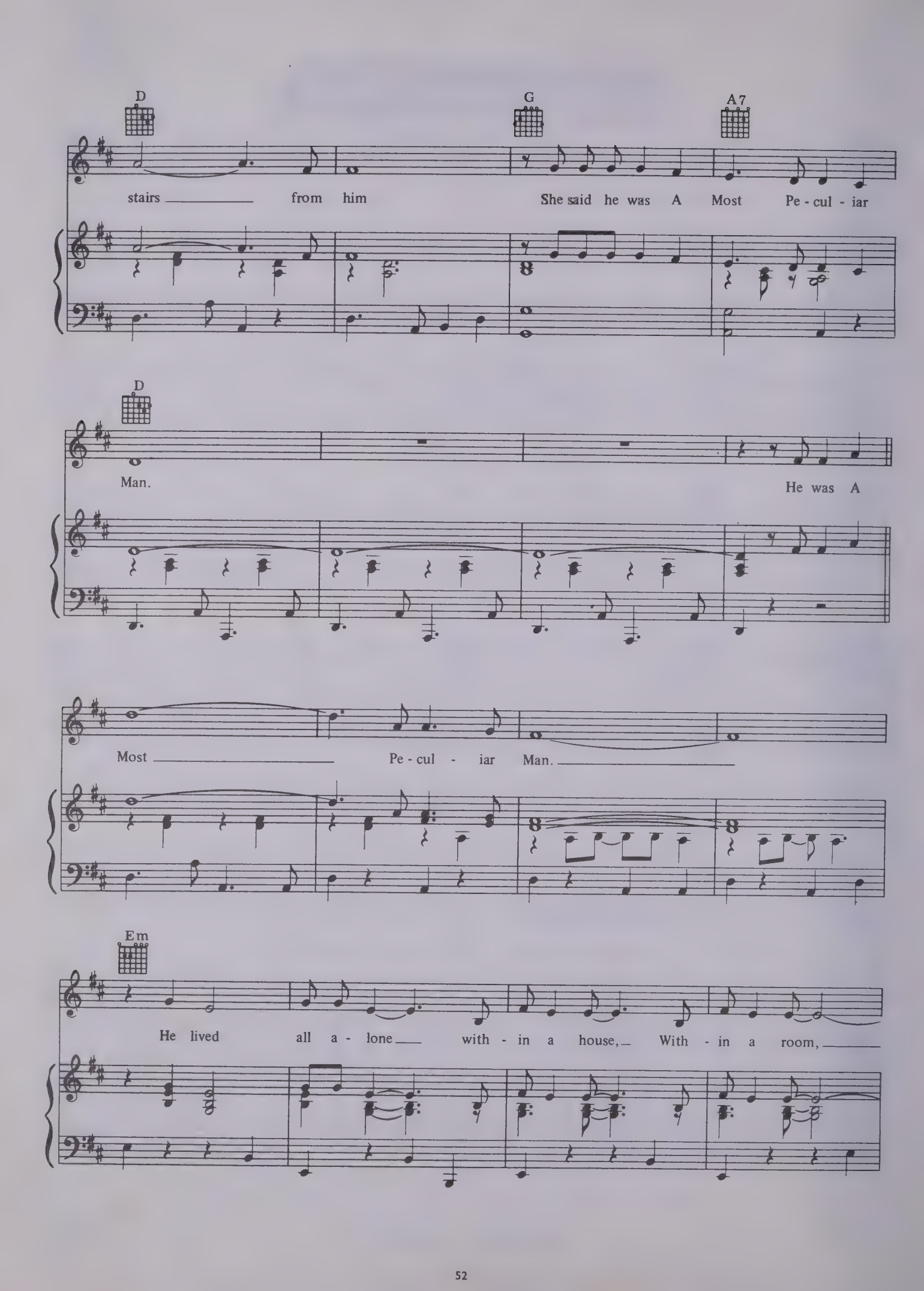
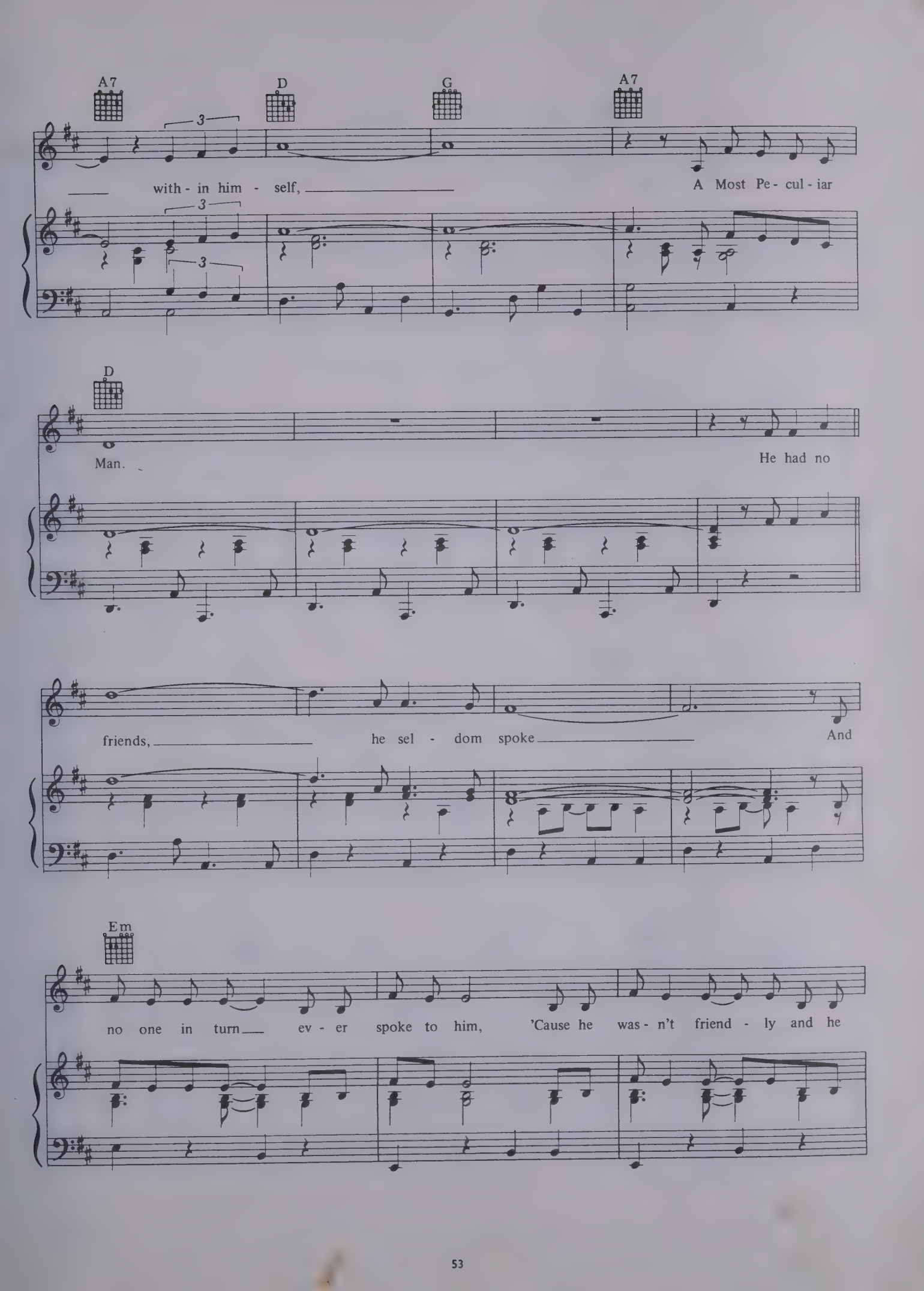
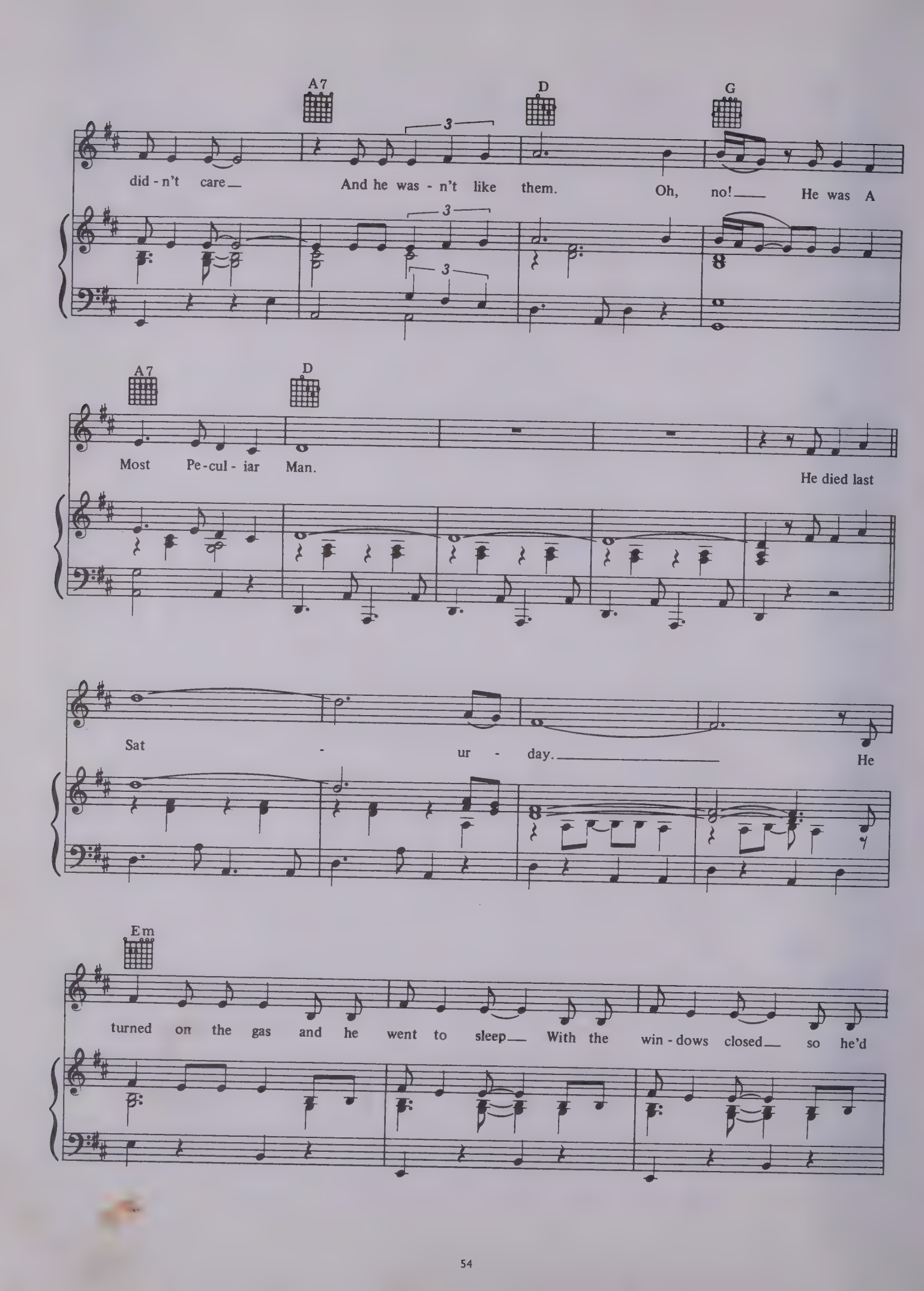
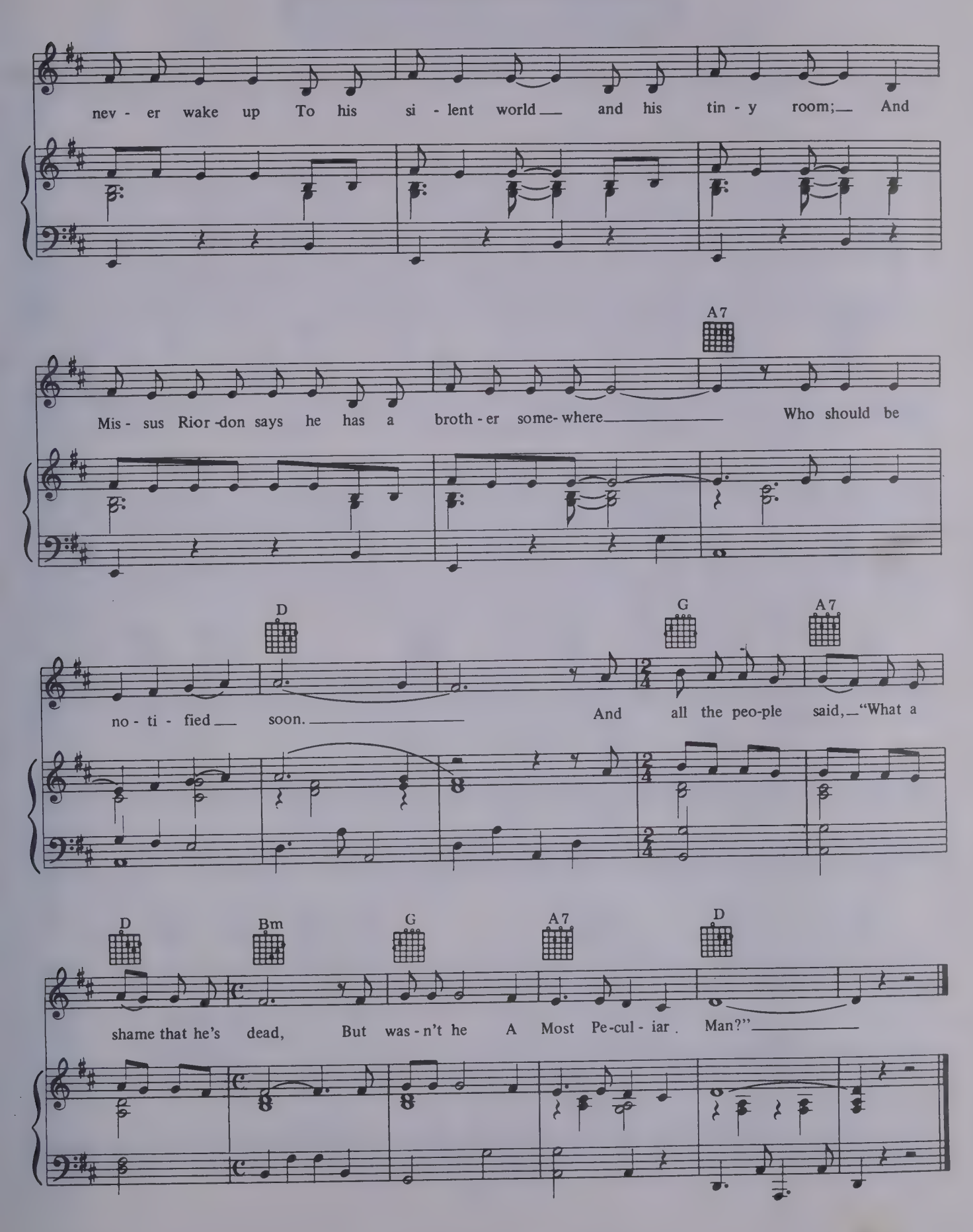

D
G
A7
stairs from him
She said he was A Most Pe - cul - iar
D
Man.
He was A
Most Pe - cul - iar Man.
Em
He lived all a - lone with - in a house, With - in a room,

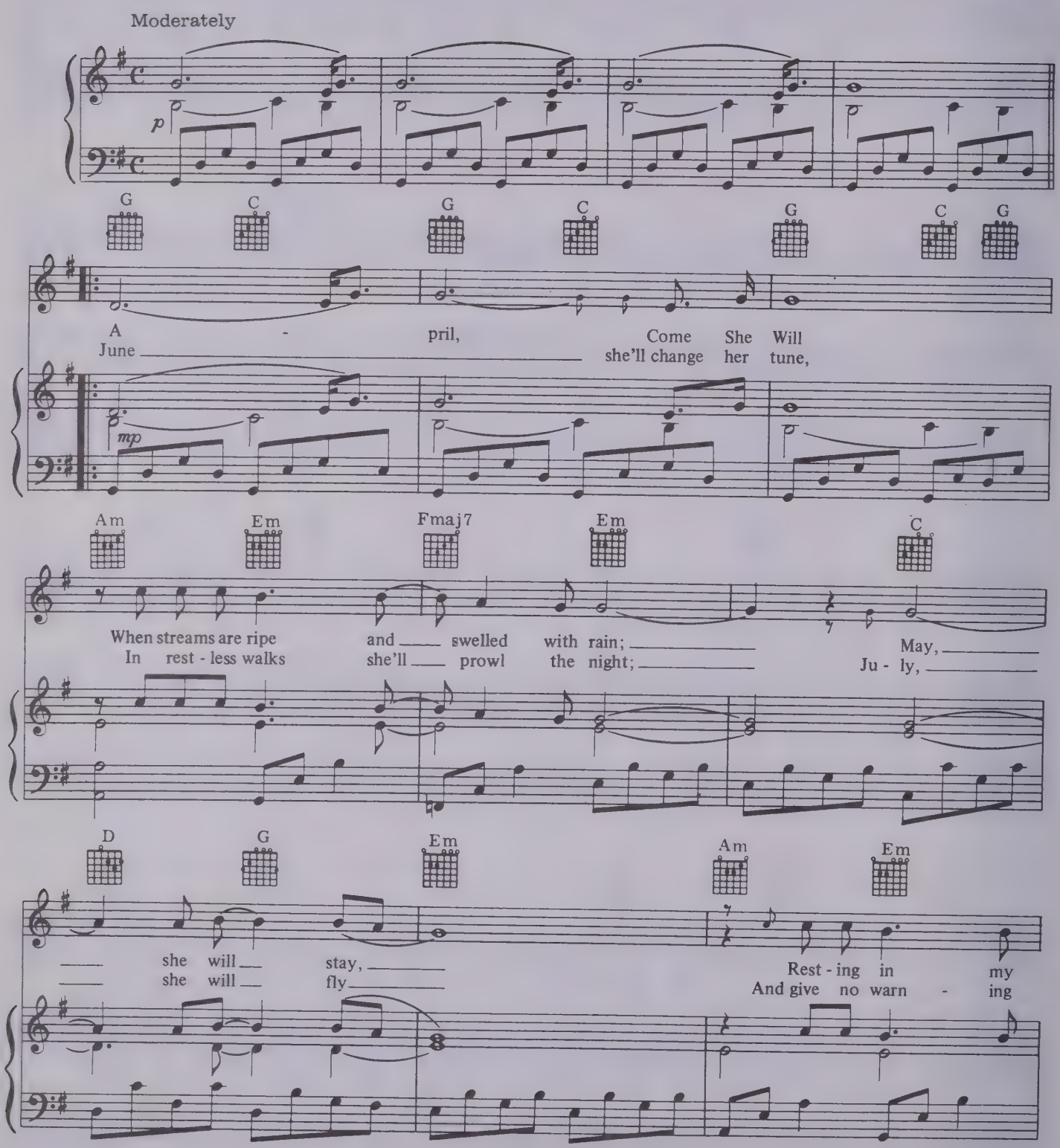

A7
D
G
A7
with - in him - self,
A Most Pe - cul - iar
D
Man.
He had no
friends,
he sel - dom spoke
And
Em
no one in turn ev - er spoke to him, 'Cause he was - n't friend - ly and he


A7
D
G
did - n't care
And he was - n't like them.
Oh, no!
He was A
A7
D
Most Pe - cul - iar Man.
He died last
Sat - ur - day.
He
Em
turned on the gas and he went to sleep
With the win - dows closed
so he'd


nev - er wake up To his si - lent world and his tin - y room; And
A7
Mis - sus Rior -don says he has a broth - er some- where Who should be
D
G
A7
no - ti - fied soon. And all the peo-ple said, "What a
D
Bm
G
A7
D
shame that he's dead, But was - n't he A Most Pe-cul - iar Man?"

April Come She Will.

Words and music by Paul Simon.



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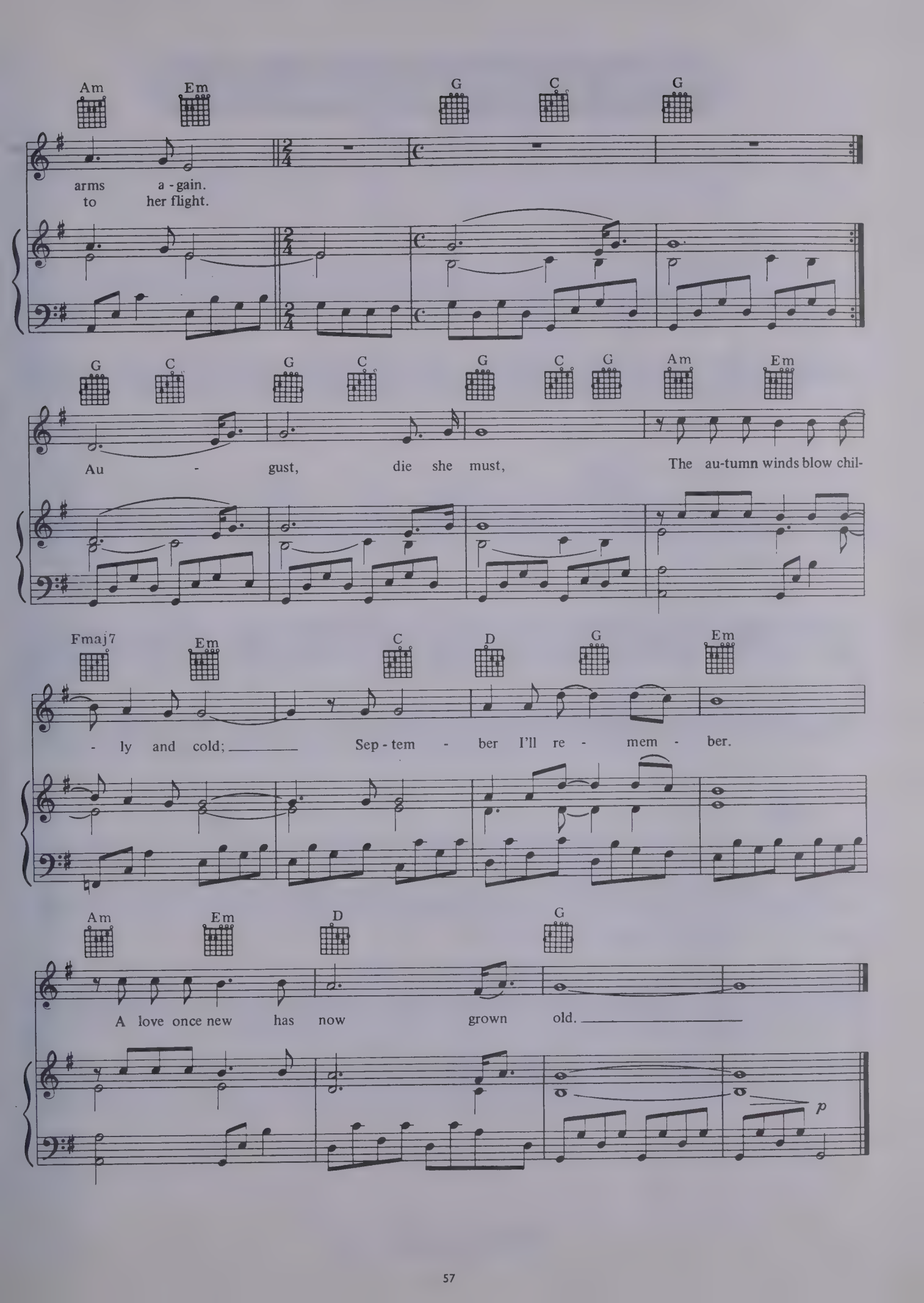
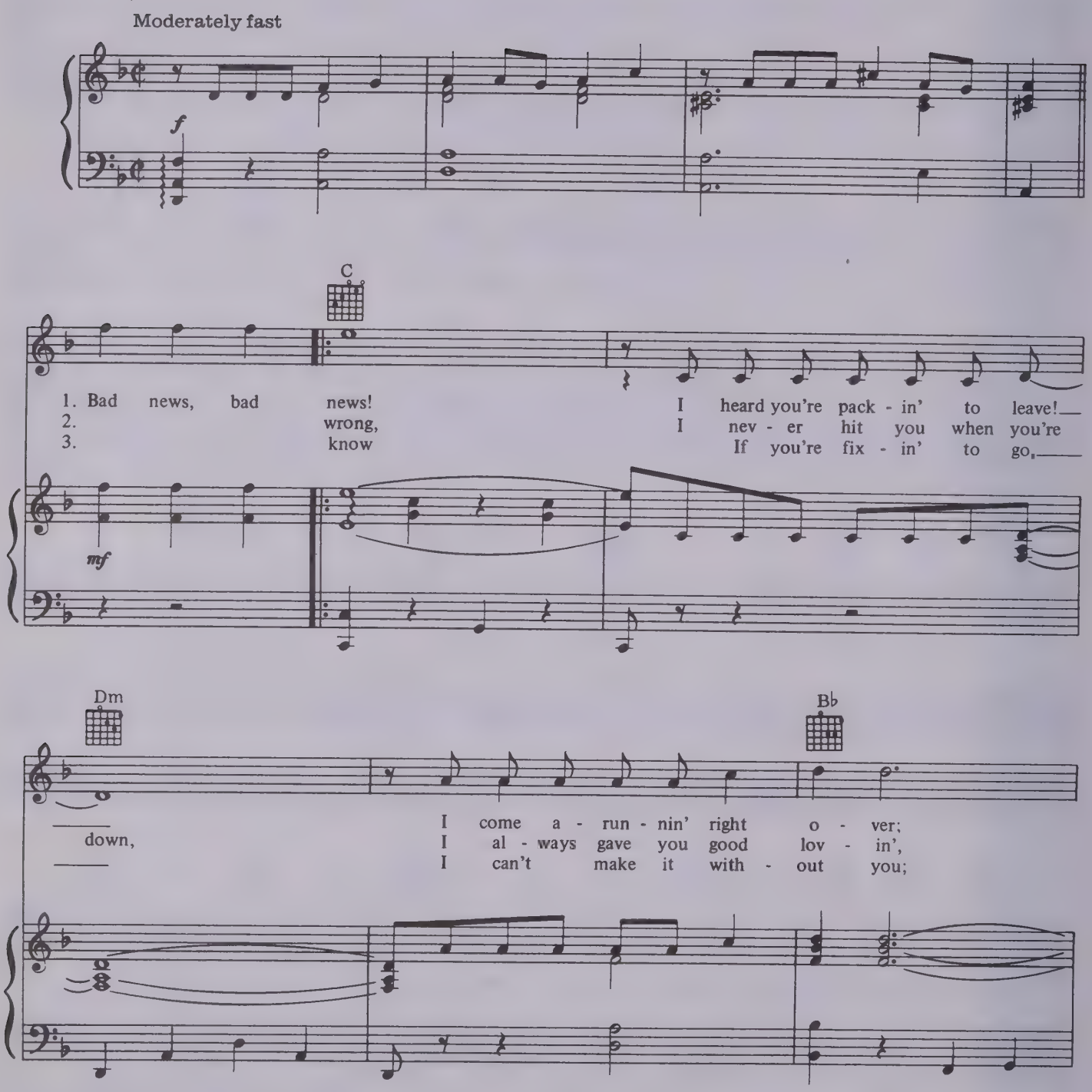

Am Em G C G
arms a - gain.
to her flight.
G C G C G C G Am Em
Au - gust, die she must, The au-tumn winds blow chil-
Fmaj7 Em C D G Em
- ly and cold; Sep - tem - ber I'll re - mem - ber.
Am Em D G
A love once new has now grown old.
p

We've Got A Groovy Thing Goin'.

Words and music by Paul Simon.



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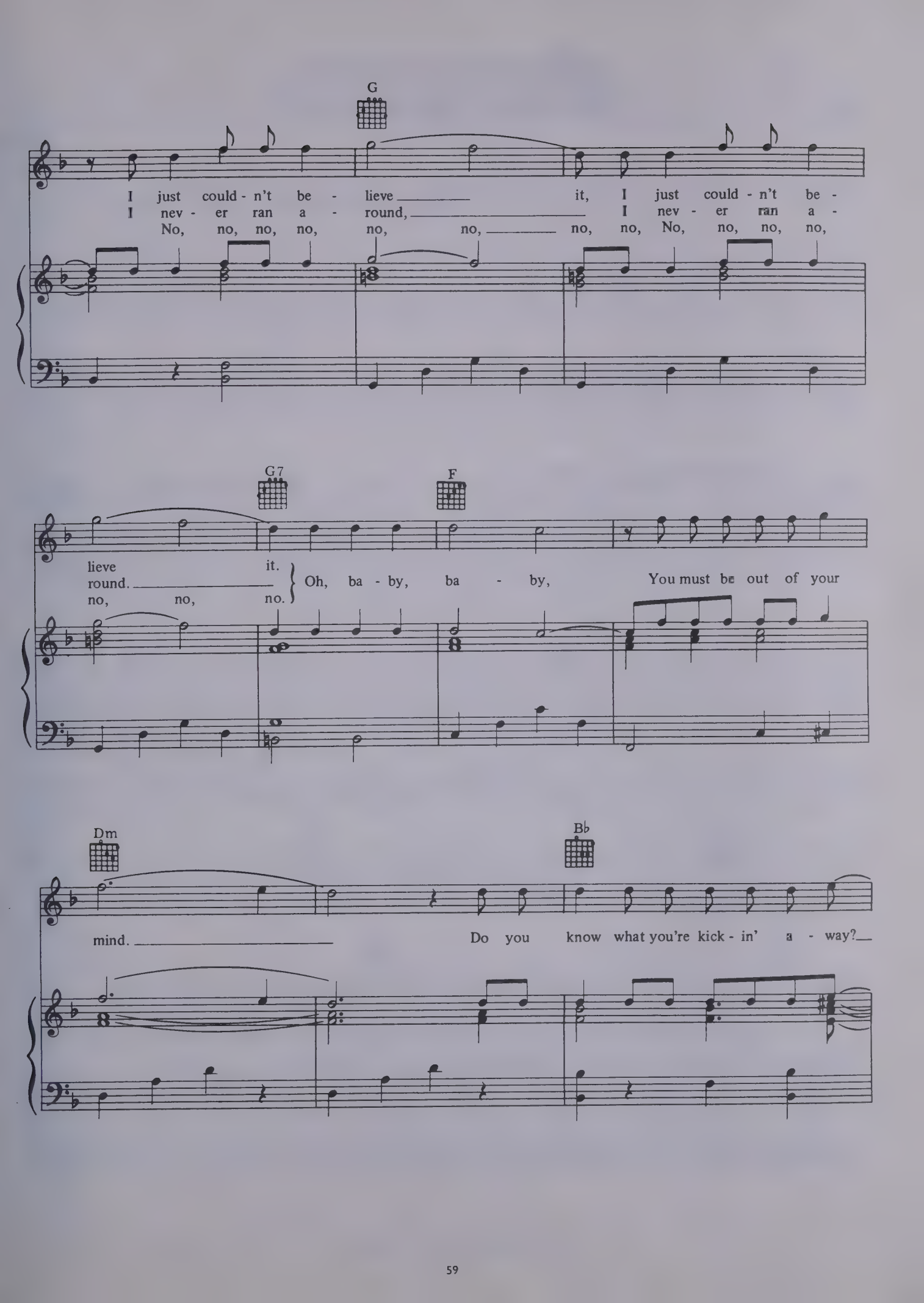
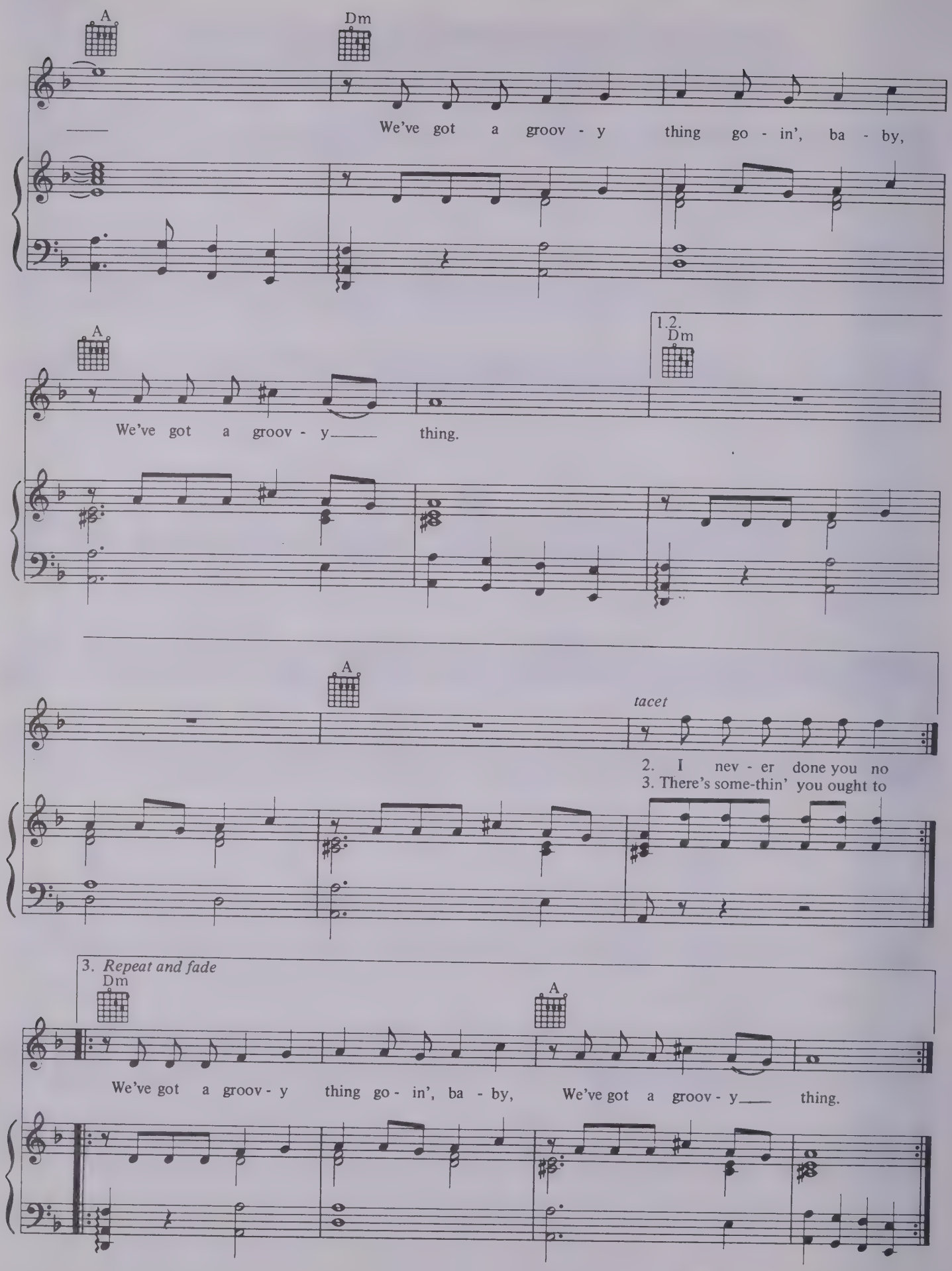
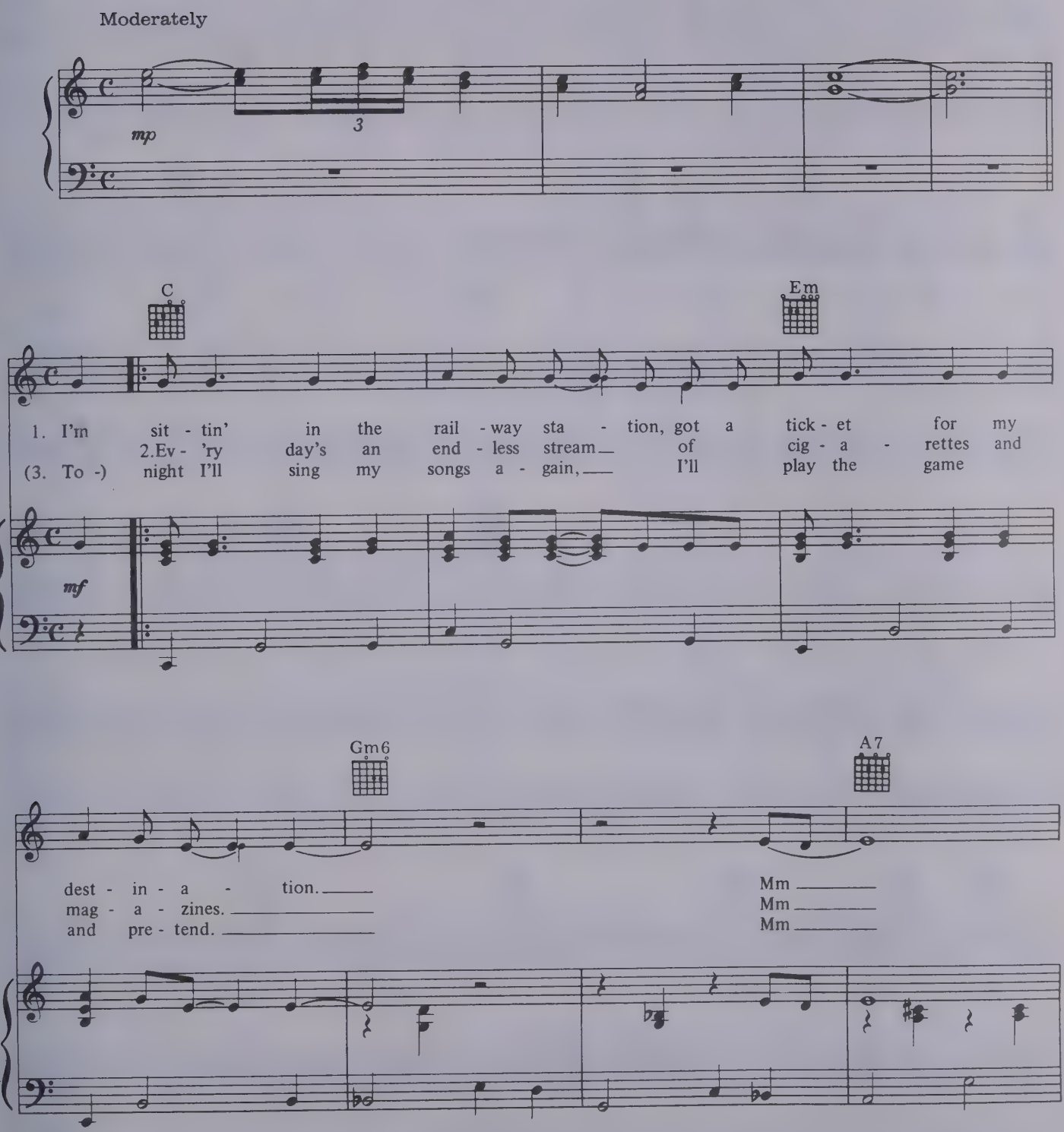

G
I just could - n't be - lieve it, I just could - n't be -
I nev - er ran a - round, I nev - er ran a -
No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, No, no, no, no,
G7
F
lieve it.
round.
no, no, no.
Oh, ba - by, ba - by, You must be out of your
Dm
B♭
mind. Do you know what you're kick - in' a - way?


A
Dm
We've got a groov - y thing go - in', ba - by,
A
We've got a groov - y thing.
1.2.
Dm
A
tacet
2. I nev - er done you no
3. There's some-thin' you ought to
3. Repeat and fade
Dm
A
We've got a groov - y thing go - in', ba - by, We've got a groov - y thing.

Homeward Bound.

Words and music by Paul Simon.



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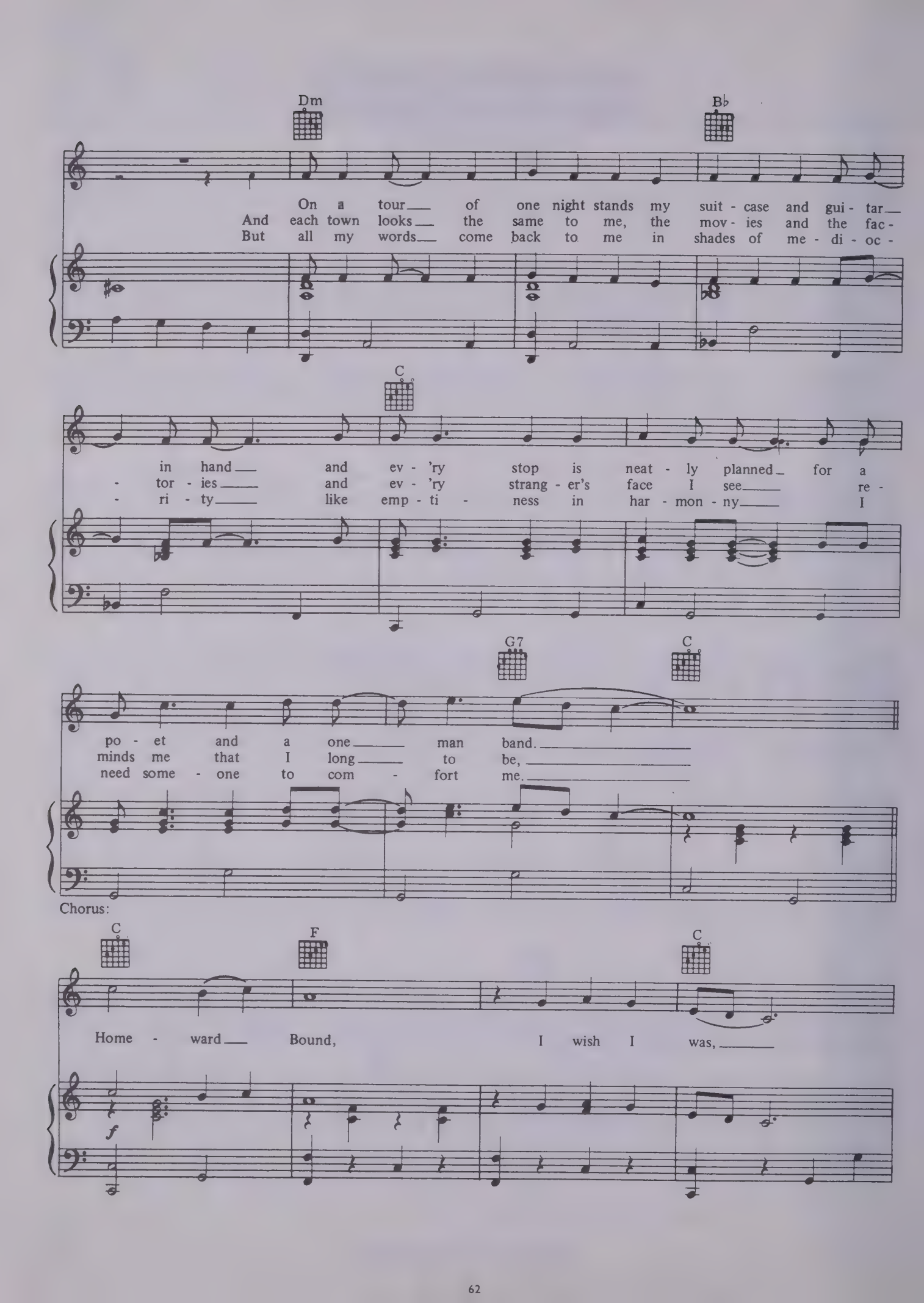
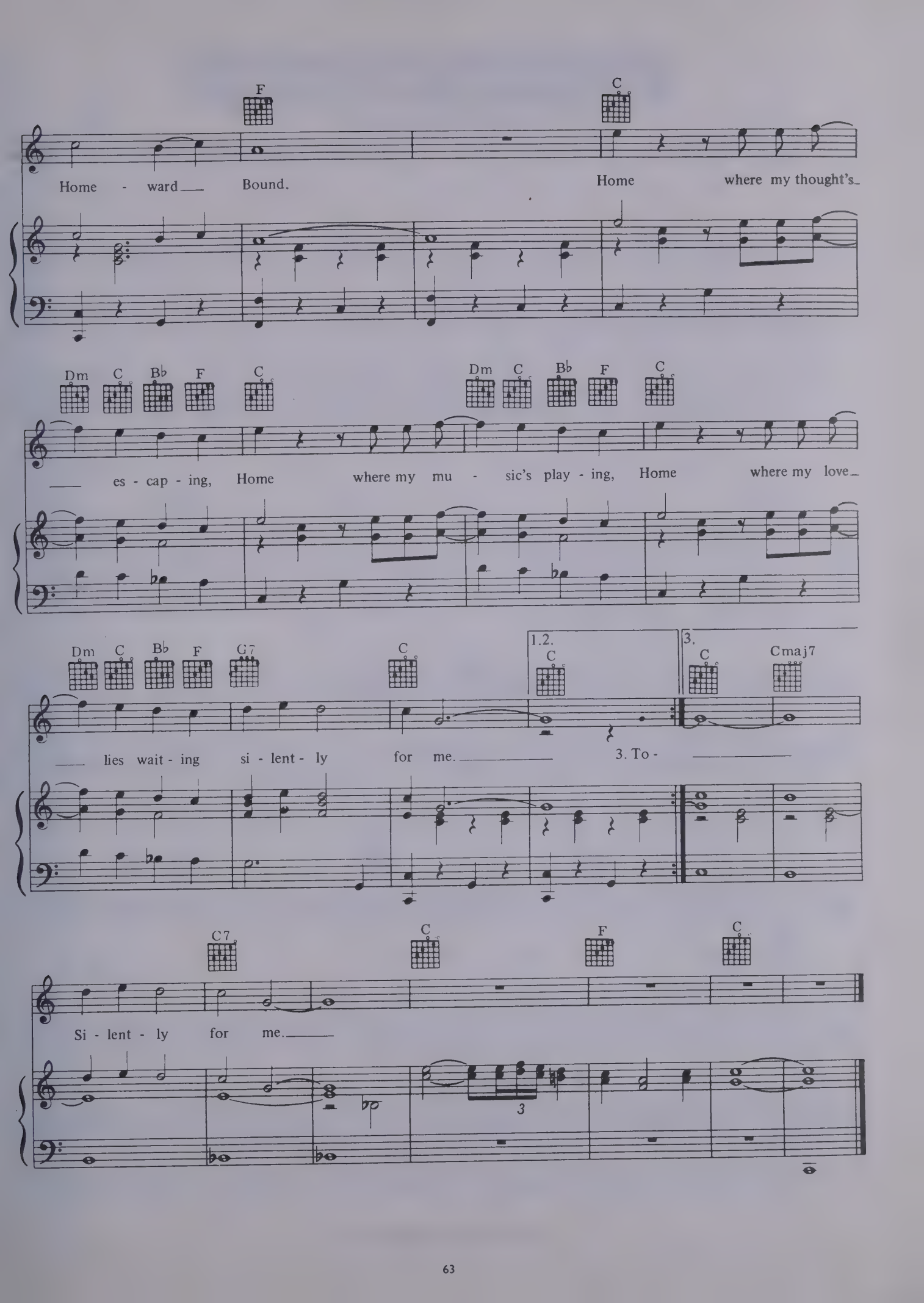
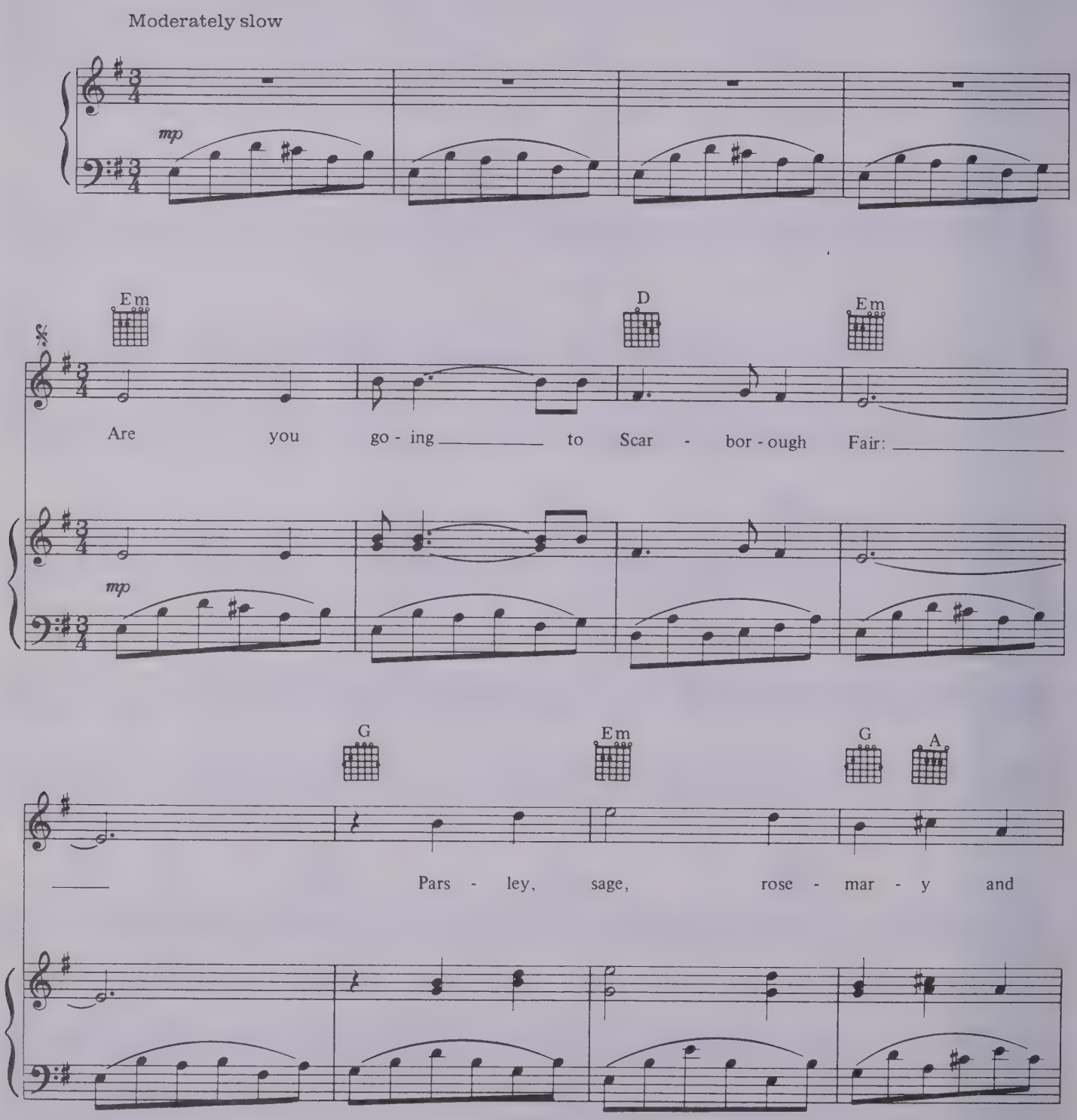

Dm
B♭
On a tour of one night stands my suit - case and gui - tar
And each town looks the same to me, the mov - ies and the fac -
But all my words come back to me in shades of me - di - oc -
C
in hand and ev - 'ry stop is neat - ly planned for a
- tor - ies and ev - 'ry strang - er's face I see re -
- ri - ty like emp - ti - ness in har - mon - ny I
G7
C
po - et and a one man band.
minds me that I long to be,
need some - one to com - fort me.
Chorus:
C
F
C
Home - ward Bound, I wish I was,
f


F
C
Home - ward Bound. Home where my thought's
Dm C Bb F C
Dm C Bb F C
es - cap - ing, Home where my mu - sic's play - ing, Home where my love
Dm C Bb F G7 C
1.2. C
3. C Cmaj7
lies wait - ing si - lent - ly for me. 3. To -
C7 C F C
Si - lent - ly for me.
3

Scarborough Fair/Canticle.

Words and music by Paul Simon.



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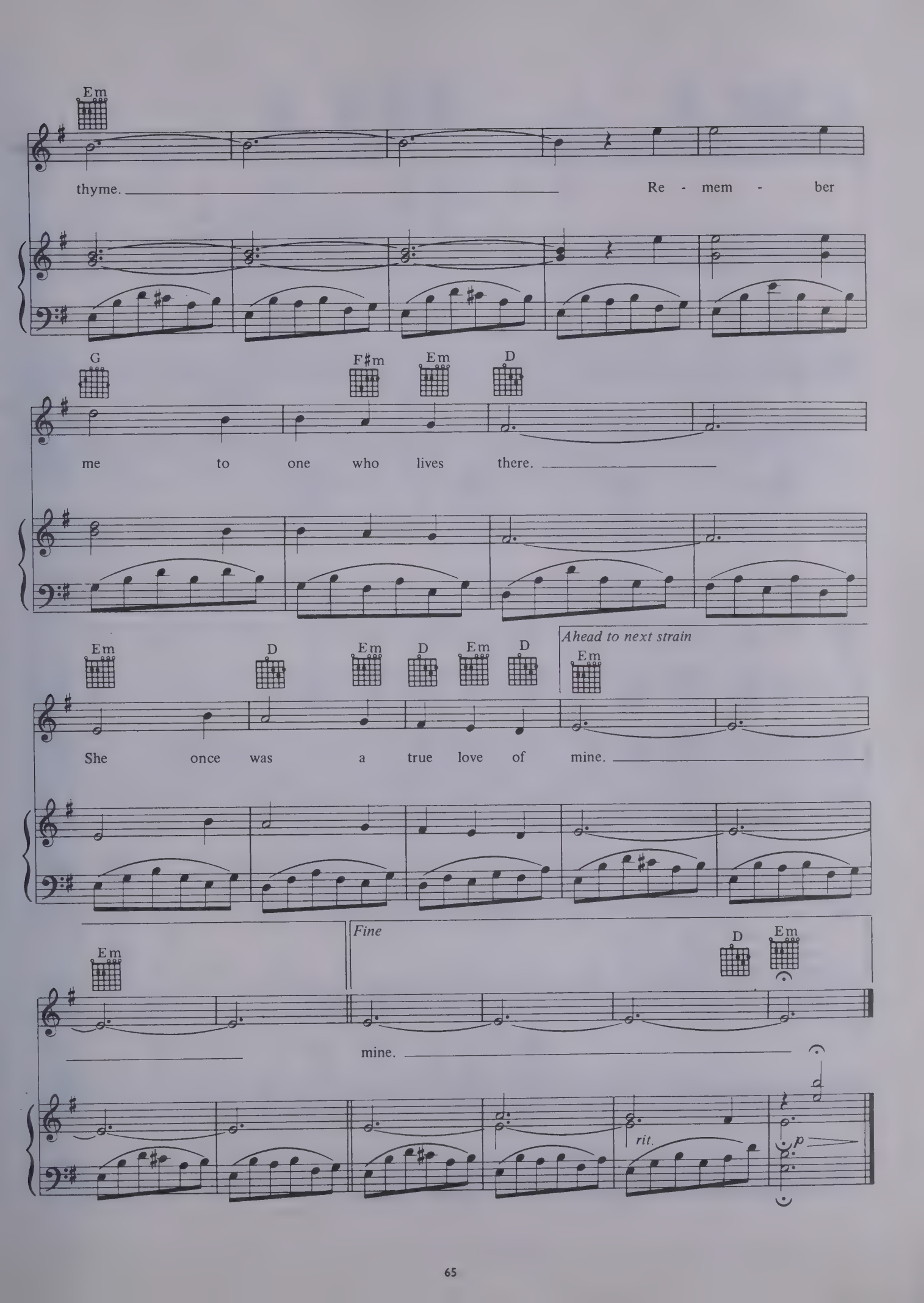
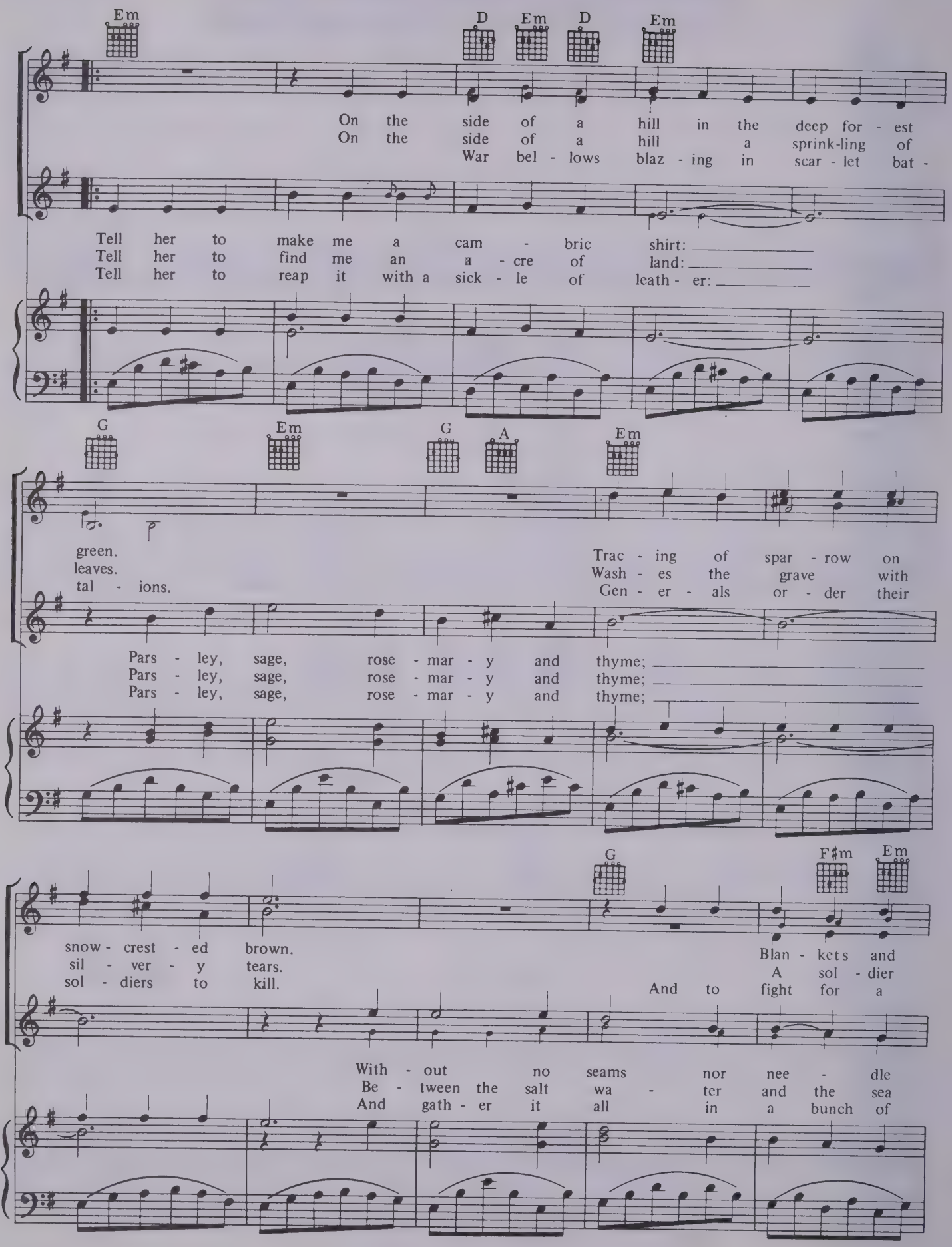
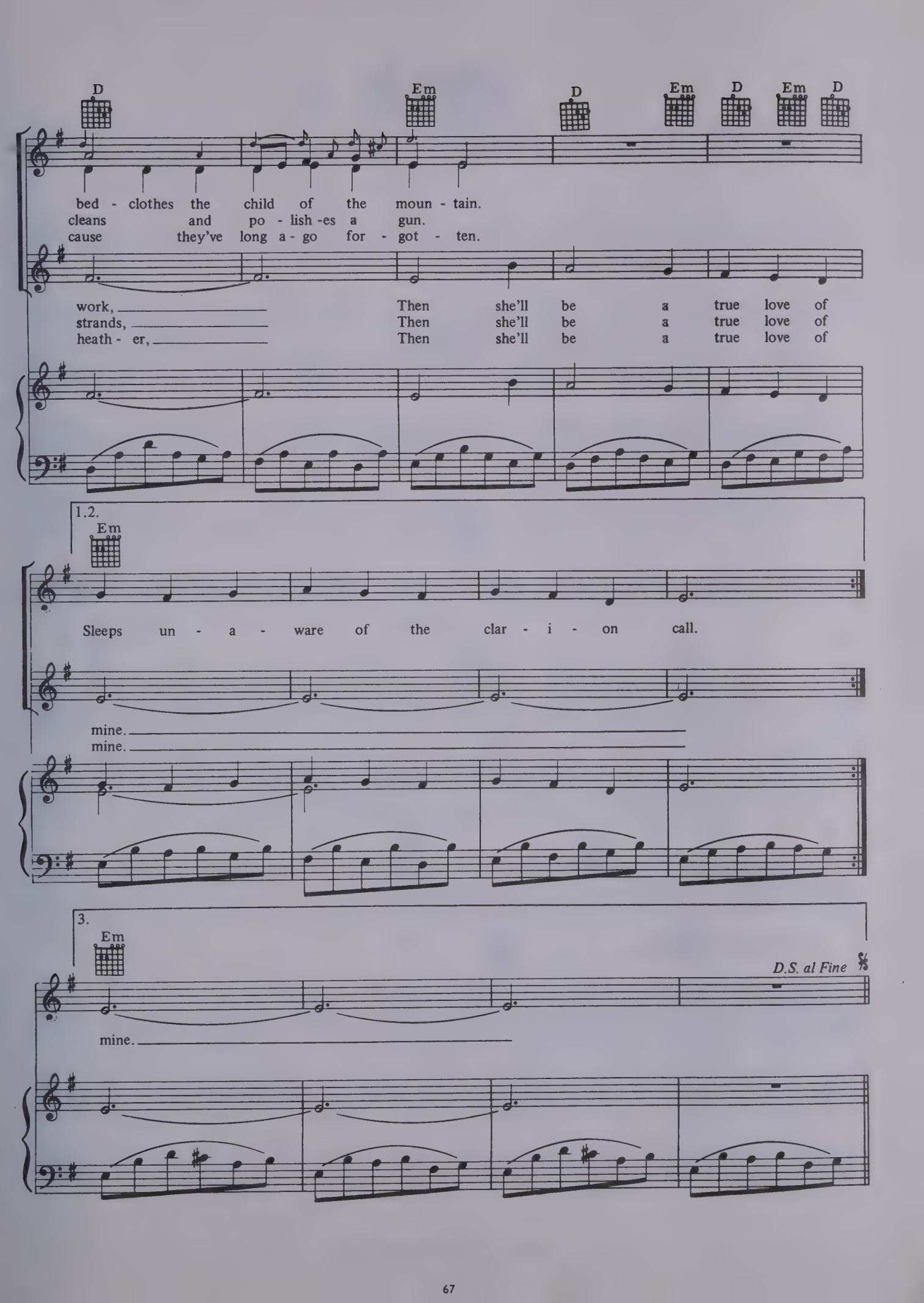
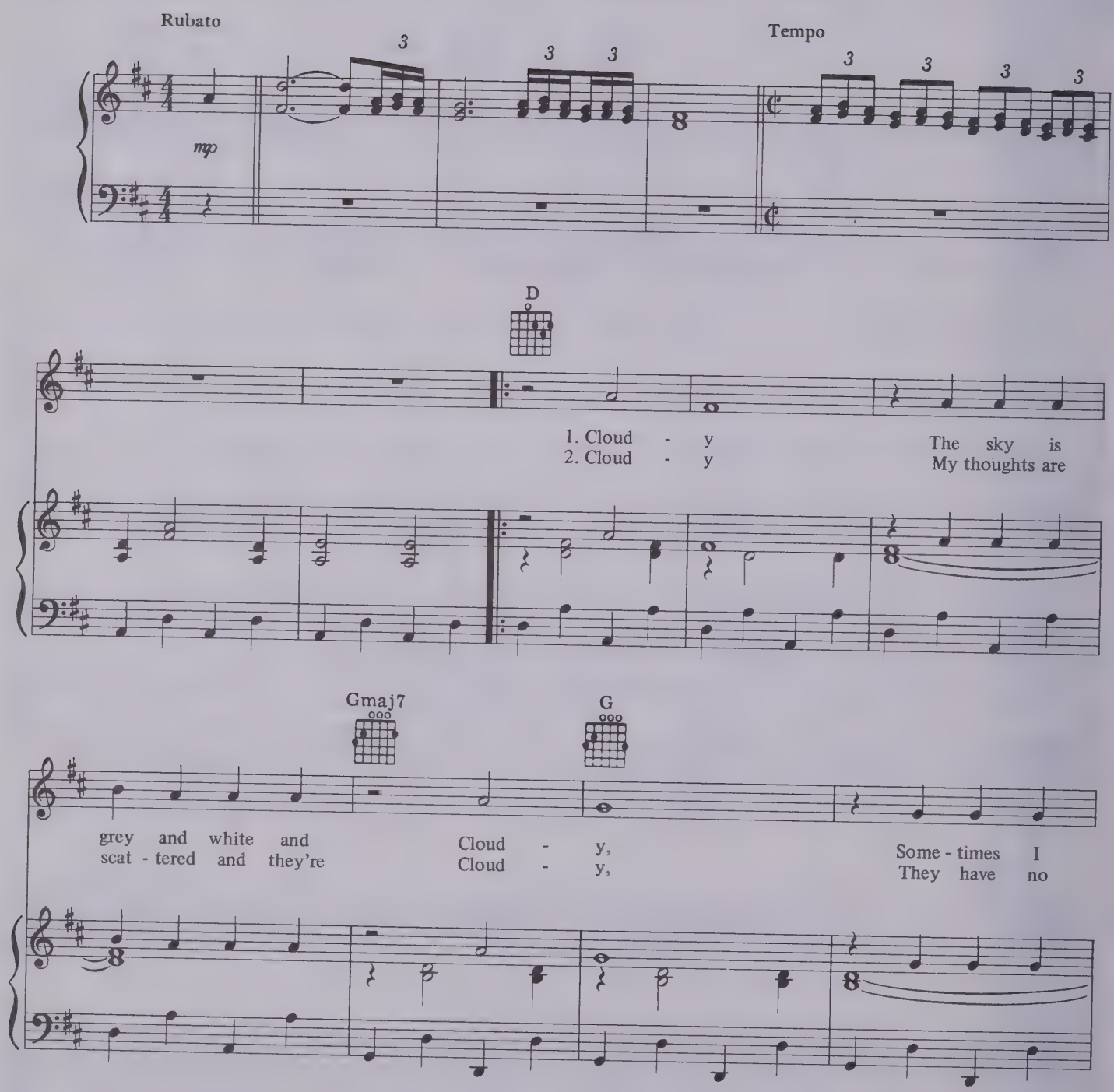

Em
thyme.
Re - mem - ber
G
F♯m
Em
D
me to one who lives there.
Em
D
Em
D
Em
D
Ahead to next strain
Em
She once was a true love of mine.
Em
Fine
D
Em
mine.
rit.
p


Em
D Em D Em
On the side of a hill in the deep for - est
On the side of a hill a sprink-ling of
War bel - lows blaz - ing in scar - let bat -
Tell her to make me a cam - bric shirt:
Tell her to find me an a - cre of land:
Tell her to reap it with a sick - le of leath - er:
G Em G A Em
green.
leaves.
tal - ions.
Trac - ing of spar - row on
Wash - es the grave with
Gen - er - als or - der their
Pars - ley, sage, rose - mar - y and thyme;
Pars - ley, sage, rose - mar - y and thyme;
Pars - ley, sage, rose - mar - y and thyme;
G F♯m Em
snow - crest - ed brown.
sil - ver - y tears.
sol - diers to kill.
Blan - kets and
A sol - dier
And to fight for a
With - out no seams nor nee - dle
Be - tween the salt wa - ter and the sea
And gath - er it all in a bunch of


D
Em
D
Em
D
Em
D
bed - clothes the child of the moun - tain.
cleans and po - lish -es a gun.
cause they've long a - go for - got - ten.
work, Then she'll be a true love of
strands, Then she'll be a true love of
heath - er, Then she'll be a true love of
1.2.
Em
Sleeps un - a - ware of the clar - i - on call.
mine.
mine.
3.
Em
D.S. al Fine
mine.

Cloudy.

Words and music by Paul Simon.



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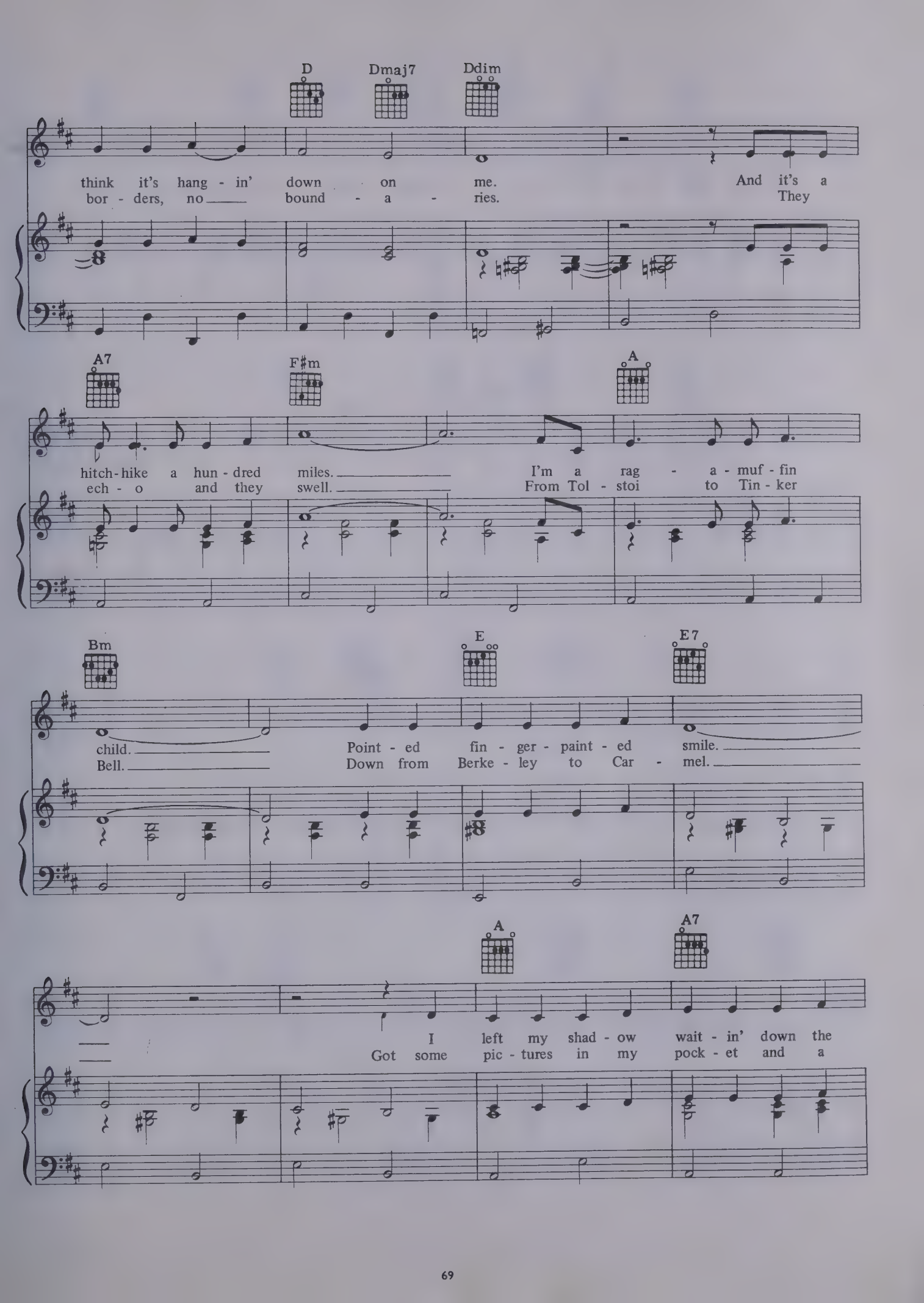
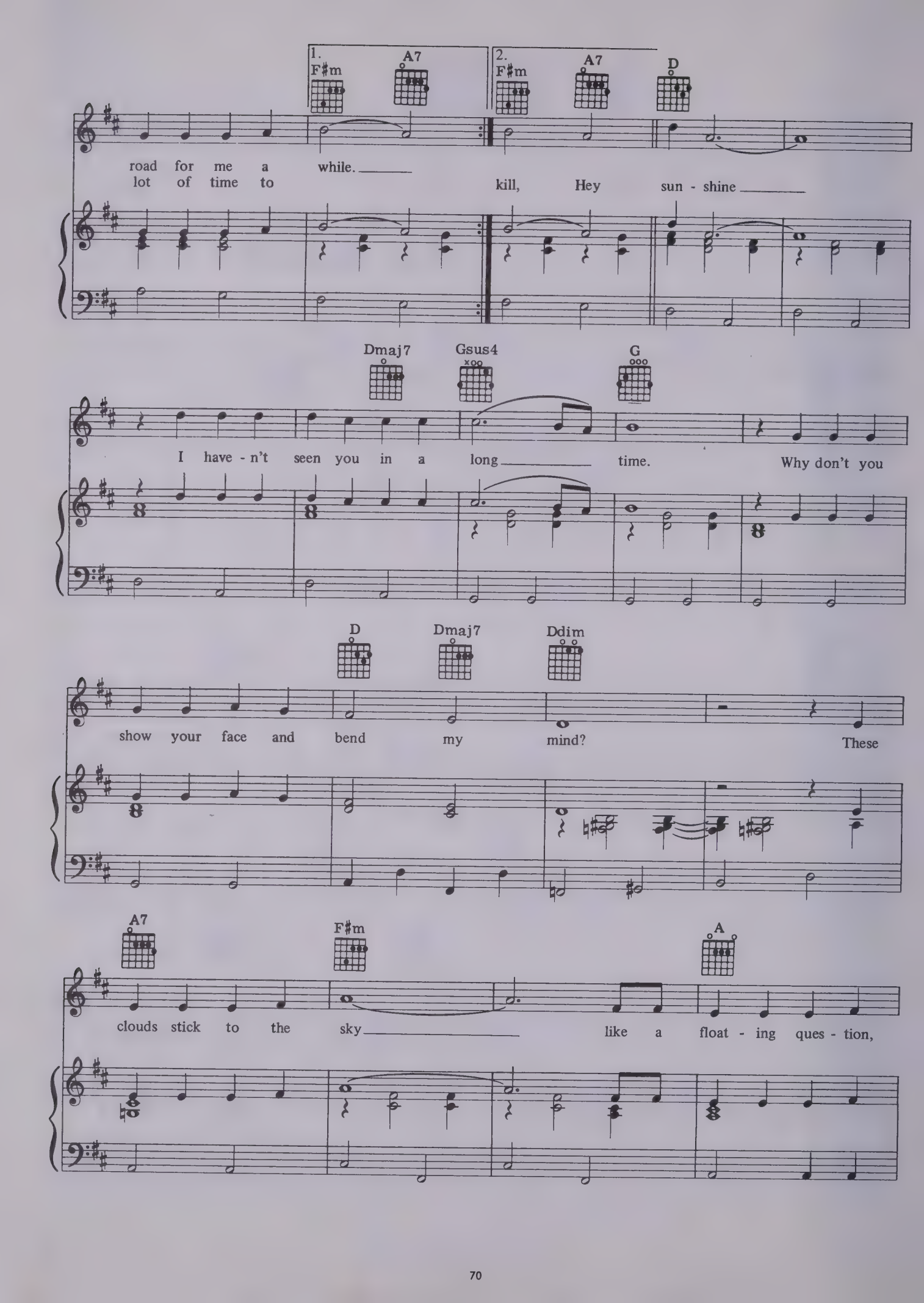
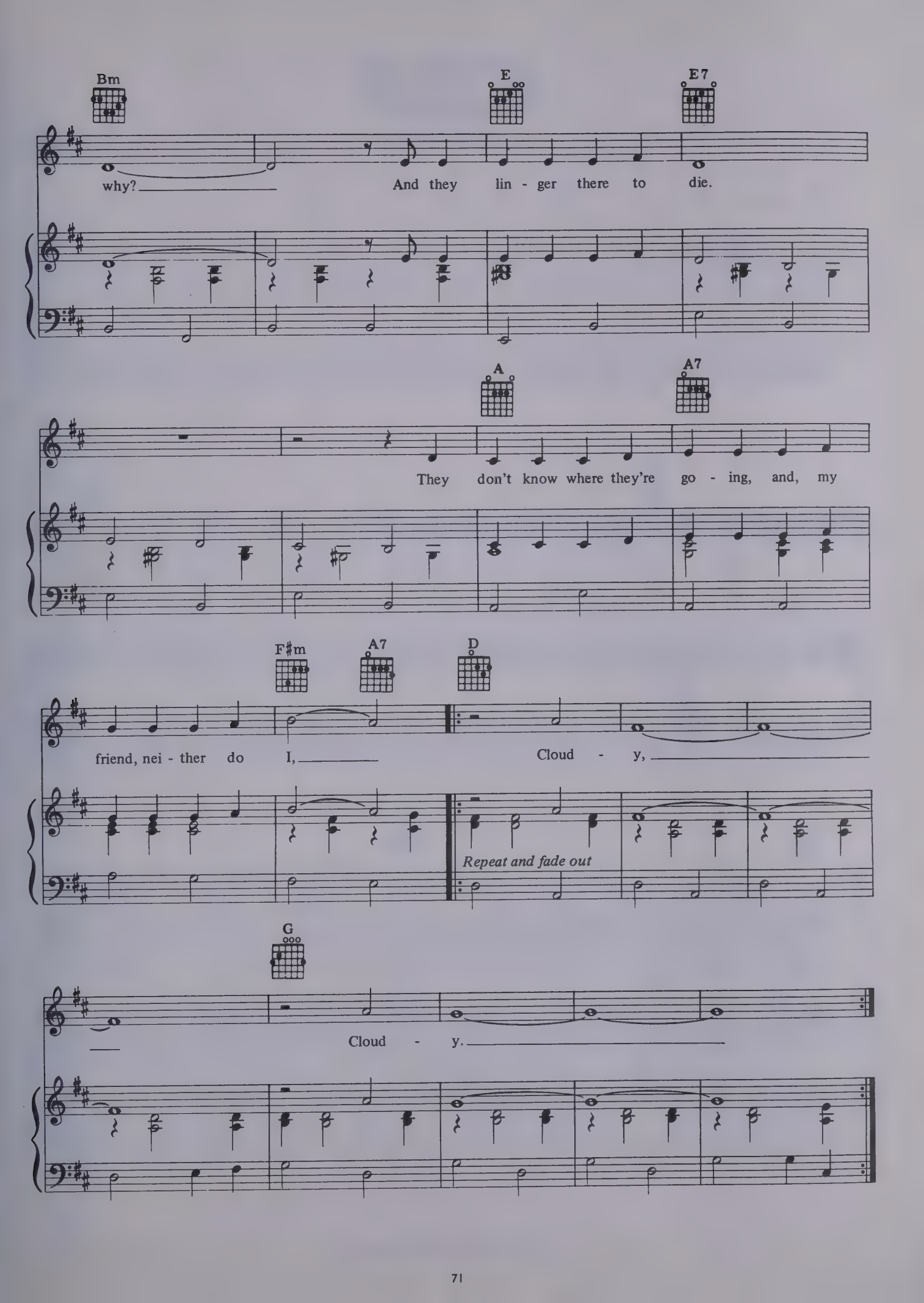
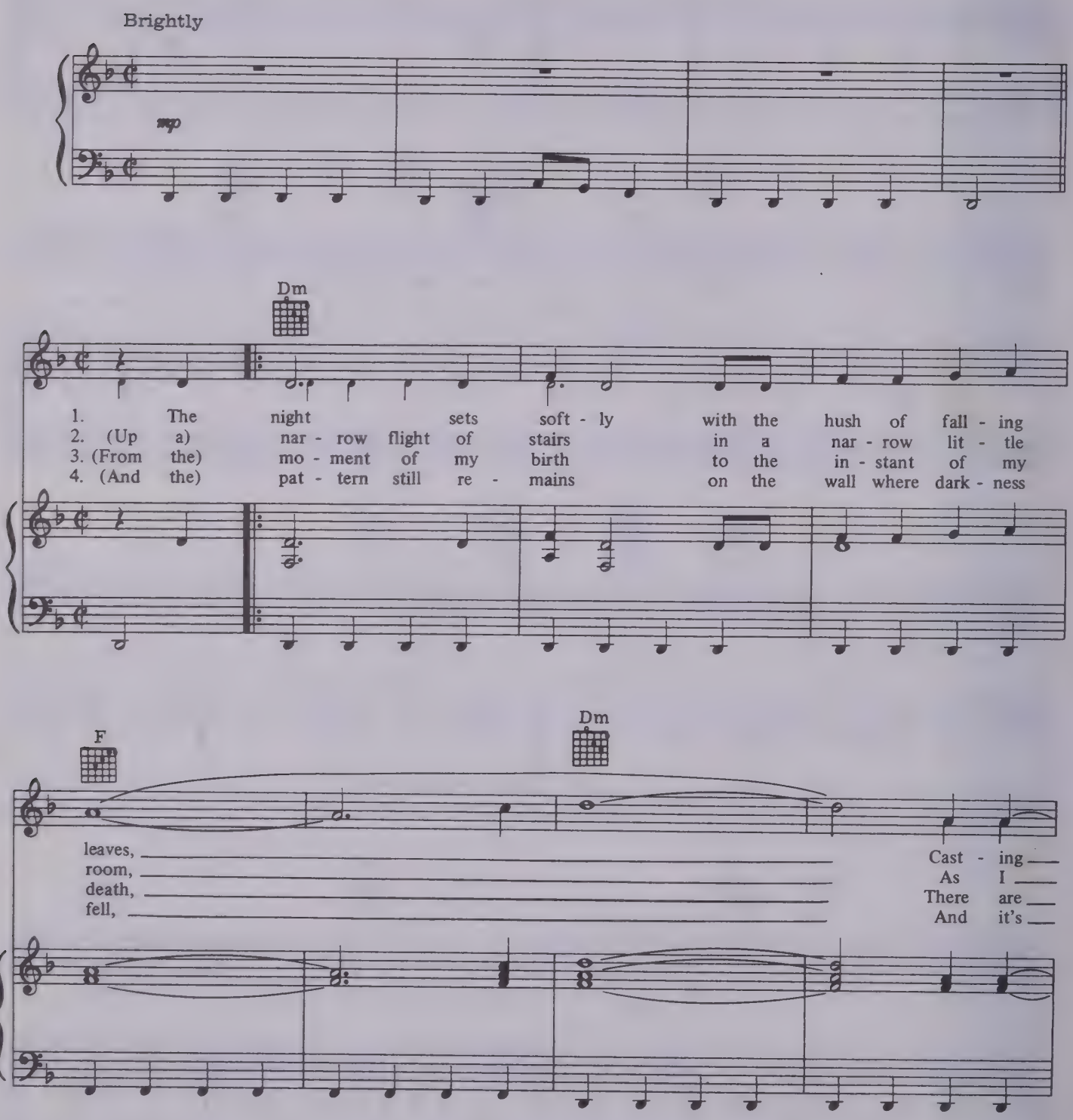

D
Dmaj7
Ddim
think it's hang - in' down on me. And it's a
bor - ders, no bound - a - ries. They
A7
F♯m
A
hitch-hike a hun - dred miles. I'm a rag - a - muf - fin
ech - o and they swell. From Tol - stoi to Tin - ker
Bm
E
E7
child. Point - ed fin - ger - paint - ed smile.
Bell. Down from Berke - ley to Car - mel.
A
A7
I left my shad - ow wait - in' down the
Got some pic - tures in my pock - et and a


1.
F♯m
A7
2.
F♯m
A7
D
road for me a while.
lot of time to kill, Hey sun - shine
Dmaj7
Gsus4
G
I have - n't seen you in a long time. Why don't you
D
Dmaj7
Ddim
show your face and bend my mind? These
A7
F♯m
A
clouds stick to the sky like a float - ing ques - tion,


Bm
E
E7
why?
And they lin - ger there to die.
A
A7
They don't know where they're go - ing, and, my
F♯m
A7
D
friend, nei - ther do I,
Cloud - y,
Repeat and fade out
G
Cloud - y.

Patterns.

Words and music by Paul Simon.



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shiv - er - ing shad - ows on the hous - es through the
lie up - on my bed in the ear - ly eve - ing
pat - terns I must fol - low just as I must breathe each
fit - ting that it should, for in dark - ness I must

C

trees, And the
gloom. Im -
breath. Like a
dwell. Like the

Dm

light from the street lamp pa-ints a pat - tern on my
paled on my wall my eyes can dim - ly
rat in a maze the path be - fore me
col - or of my skin, or the day that I grow

F Dm

wall, see lies, old, Like the The And the My

C B♭ C

piec - es of a puz - zle or a child's un - e - ven
pat - tern of my life and the puz - zle that is
pat - tern nev - er al - ters un - til the rat dies.
life was made of pat - terns that can scarce - ly be con -

Dm 1.2.3. 4.

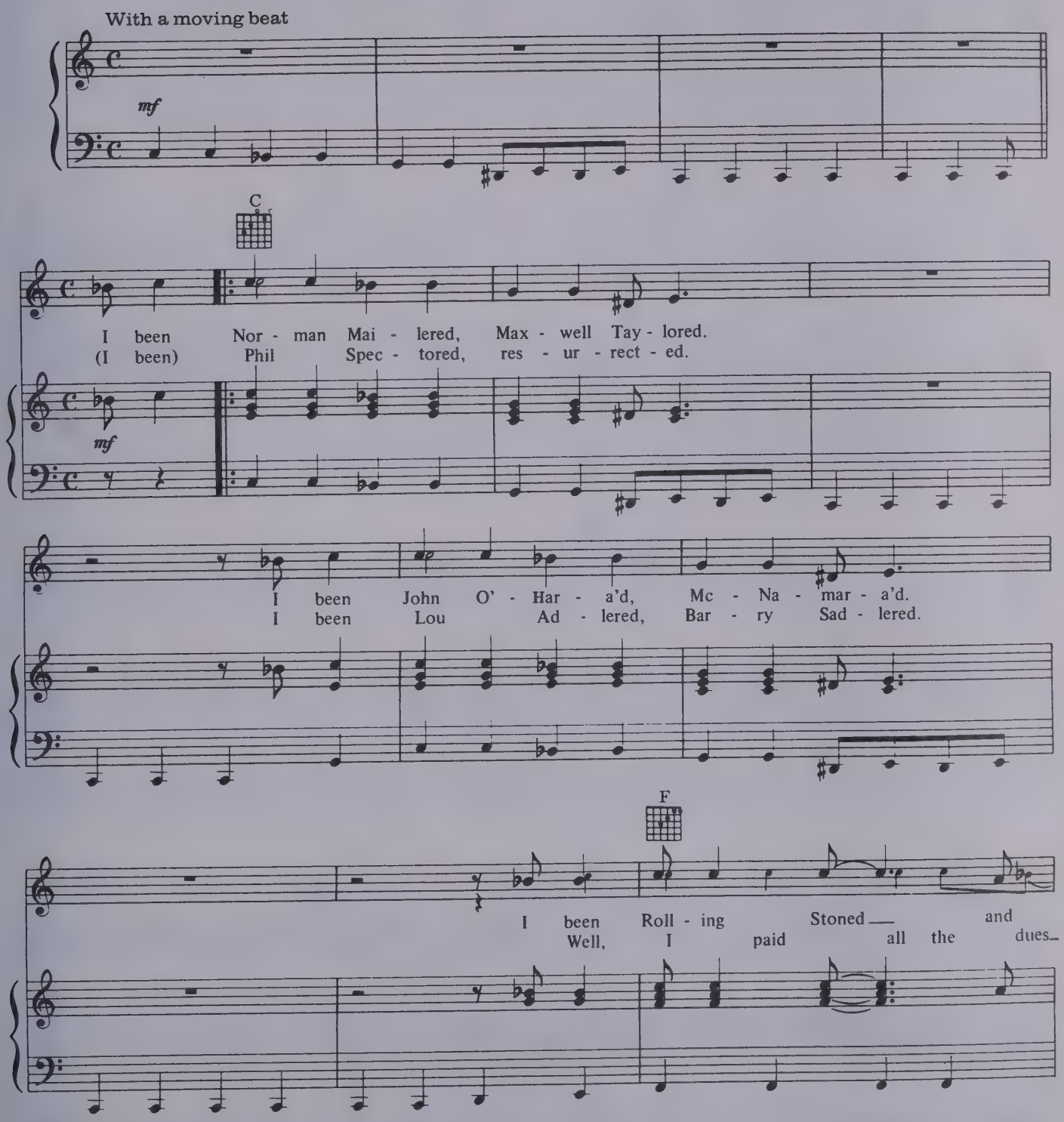
scrawl. me. trolled.

2. Up a
3. From the
4. And the

rall. *p*

A Simple Desultory Philippic.

Words and music by Paul Simon.



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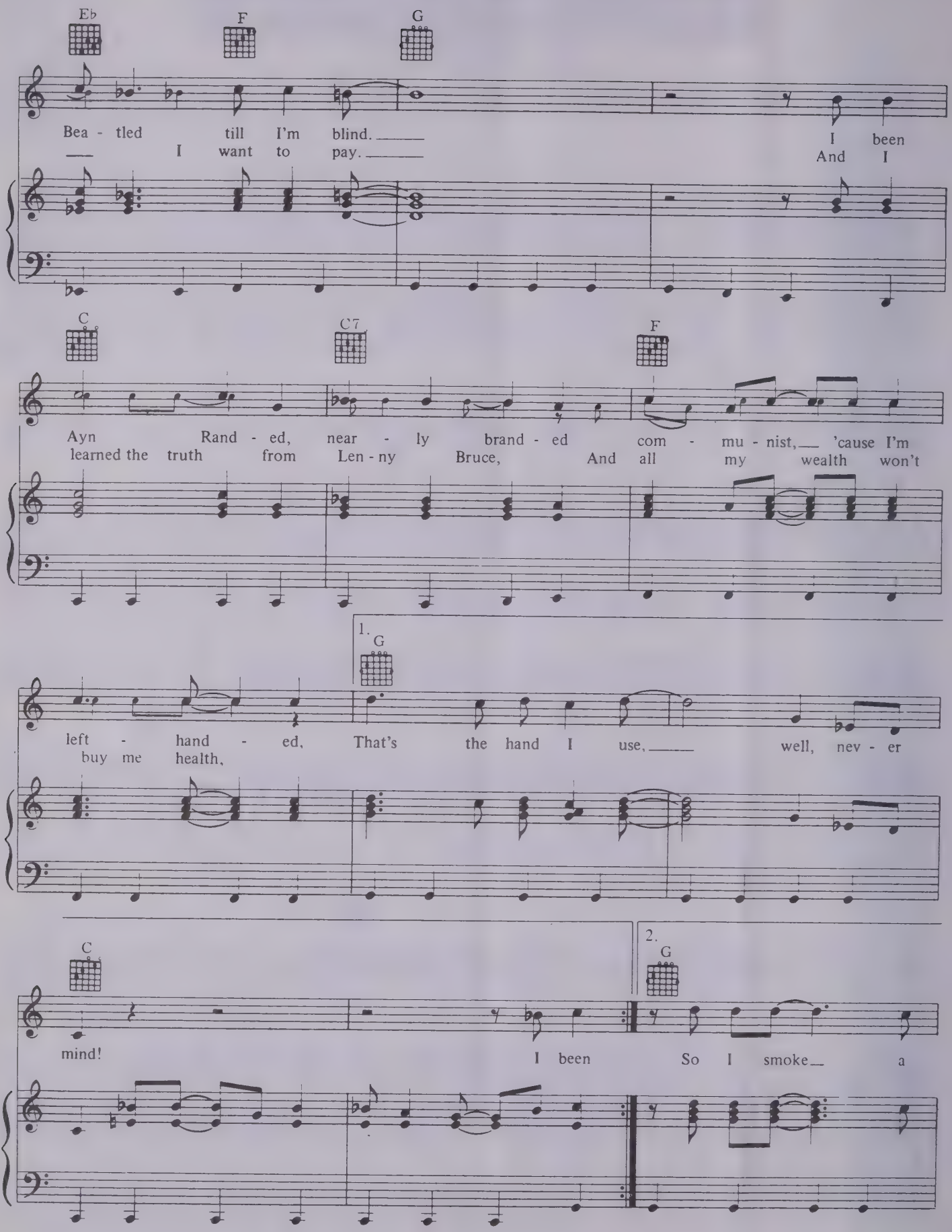
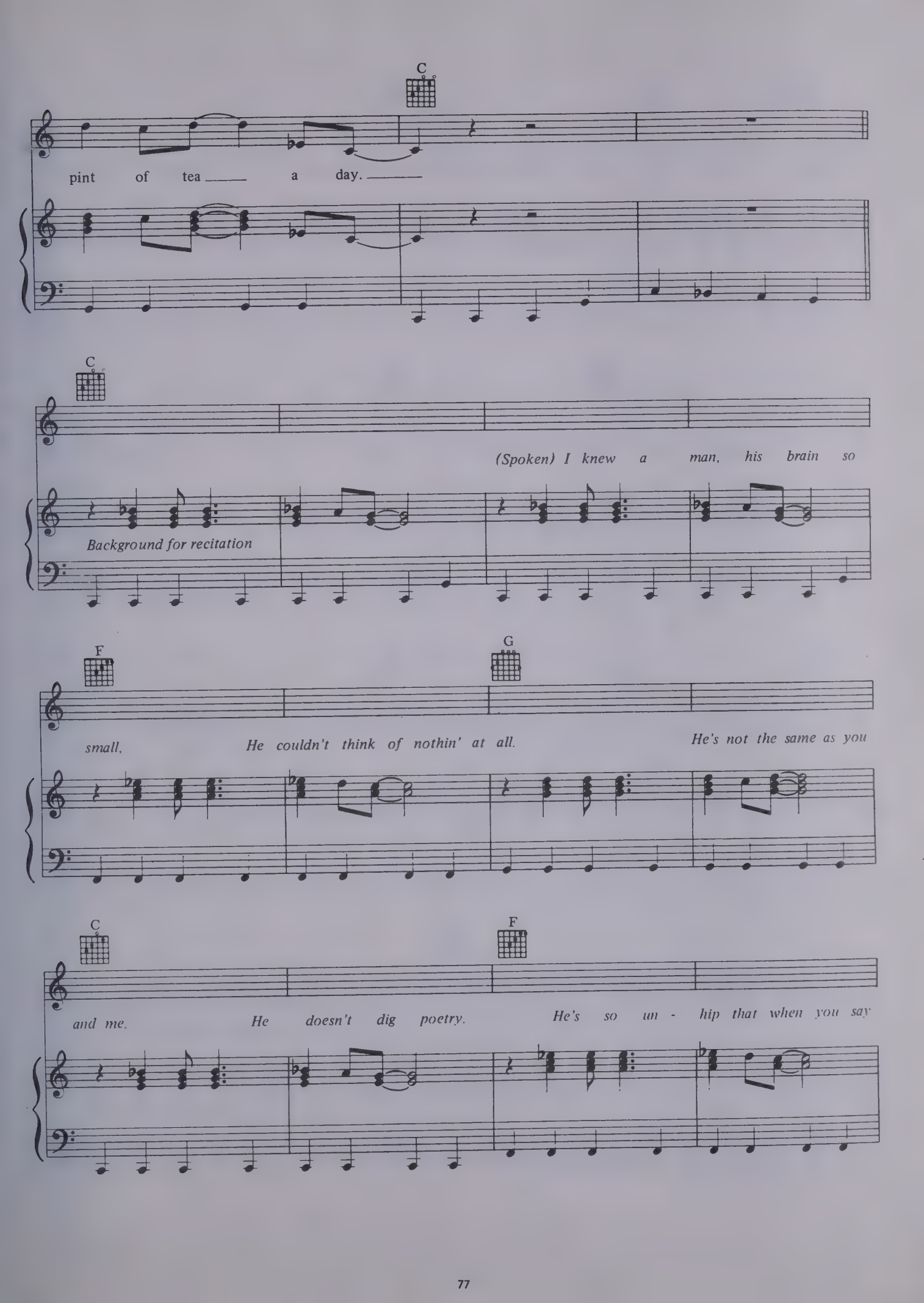
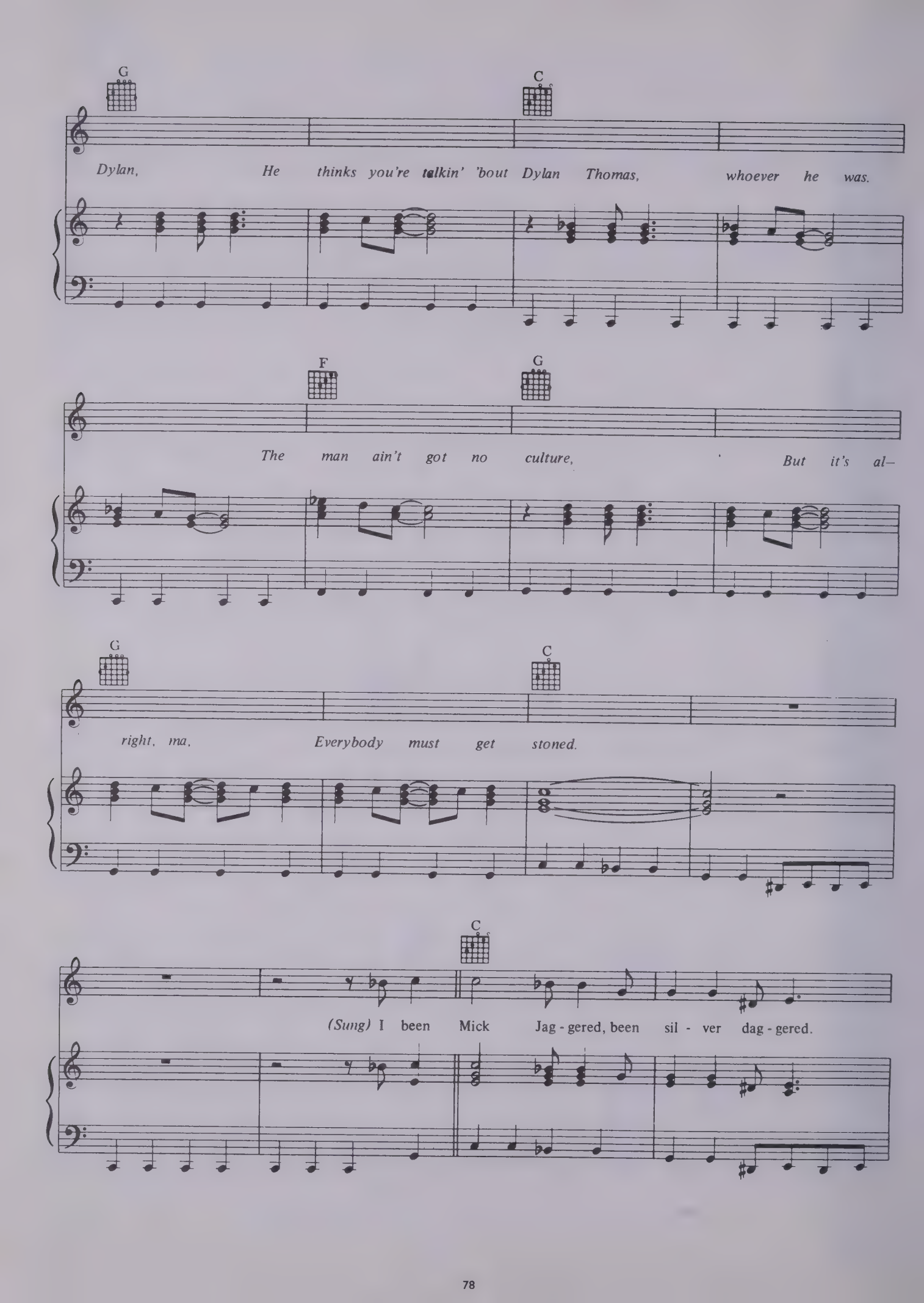
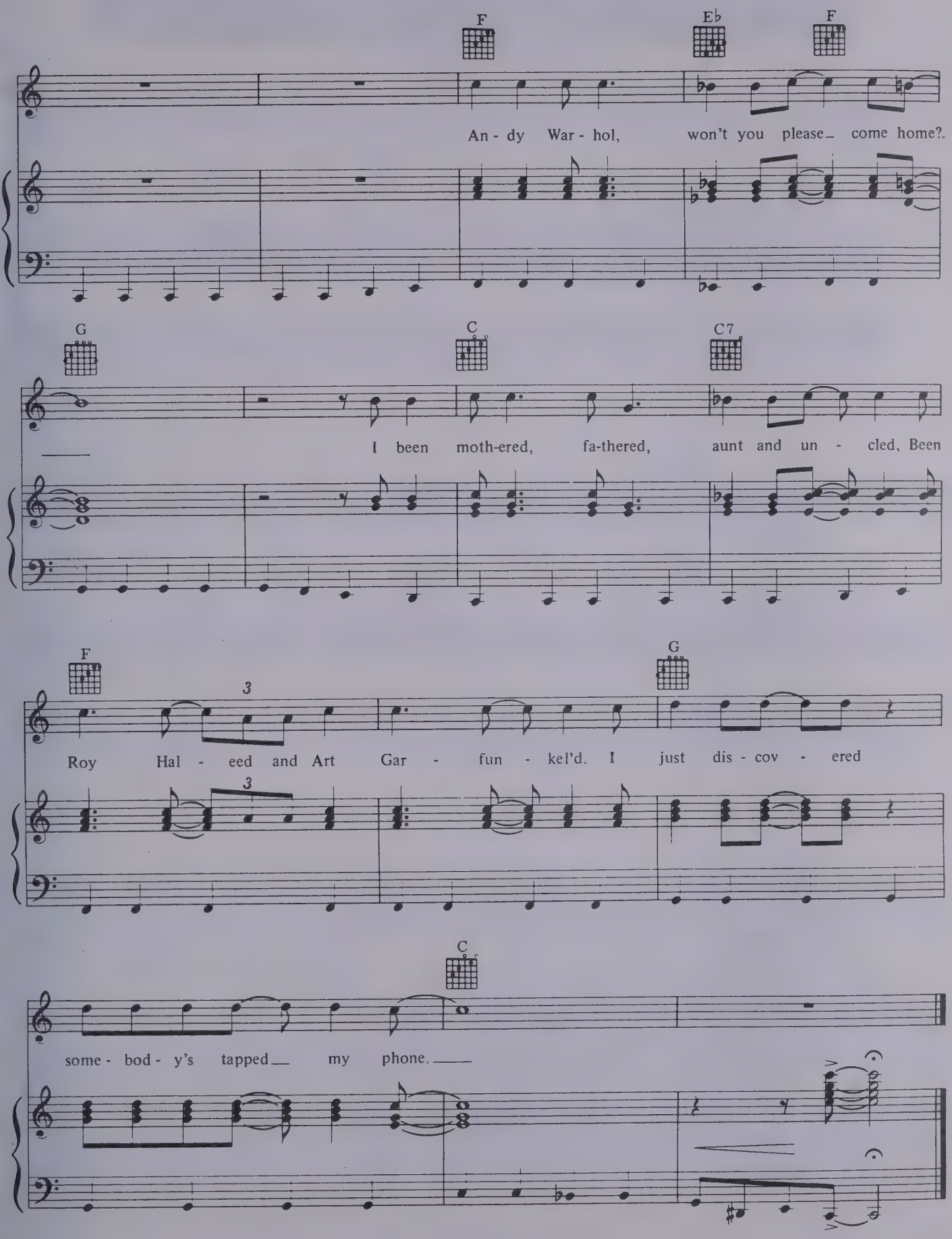

Eb
F
G
Bea - tled till I'm blind.
I want to pay.
I been
And I
C
C7
F
Ayn Rand - ed, near - ly brand - ed com - mu - nist, 'cause I'm
learned the truth from Len - ny Bruce, And all my wealth won't
1.
G
left - hand - ed, That's the hand I use, well, nev - er
buy me health,
C
mind!
I been
2.
G
So I smoke a


C
pint of tea a day.
C
(Spoken) I knew a man, his brain so
Background for recitation
F
G
small, He couldn't think of nothin' at all. He's not the same as you
C
F
and me. He doesn't dig poetry. He's so un - hip that when you say


G
C
Dylan, He thinks you're talkin' 'bout Dylan Thomas, whoever he was.
F
G
The man ain't got no culture, But it's al–
G
C
right, ma, Everybody must get stoned.
C
(Sung) I been Mick Jag - gered, been sil - ver dag - gered.


F
E♭
F
An - dy War - hol, won't you please_ come home?_
G
C
C7
I been moth-ered, fa-thered, aunt and un - cled, Been
F
3
G
Roy Hal - eed and Art Gar - fun - kel'd. I just dis - cov - ered
3
C
some - bod - y's tapped_ my phone._

The Big Bright Green Pleasure Machine.

Words and music by Paul Simon.

With a moving beat

mf

D

1. Do peo - ple have a ten - den - cy to dump___ on you?___
2. (Do) fig - ures of au - thor - i - ty just shoot___ you down?___
𝄋 (Do you) ner - vous - ly a - wait_____ the blows of cru - el fate?___

mf

Does your group have more
Is life with - in the
Do your checks bounce high - er

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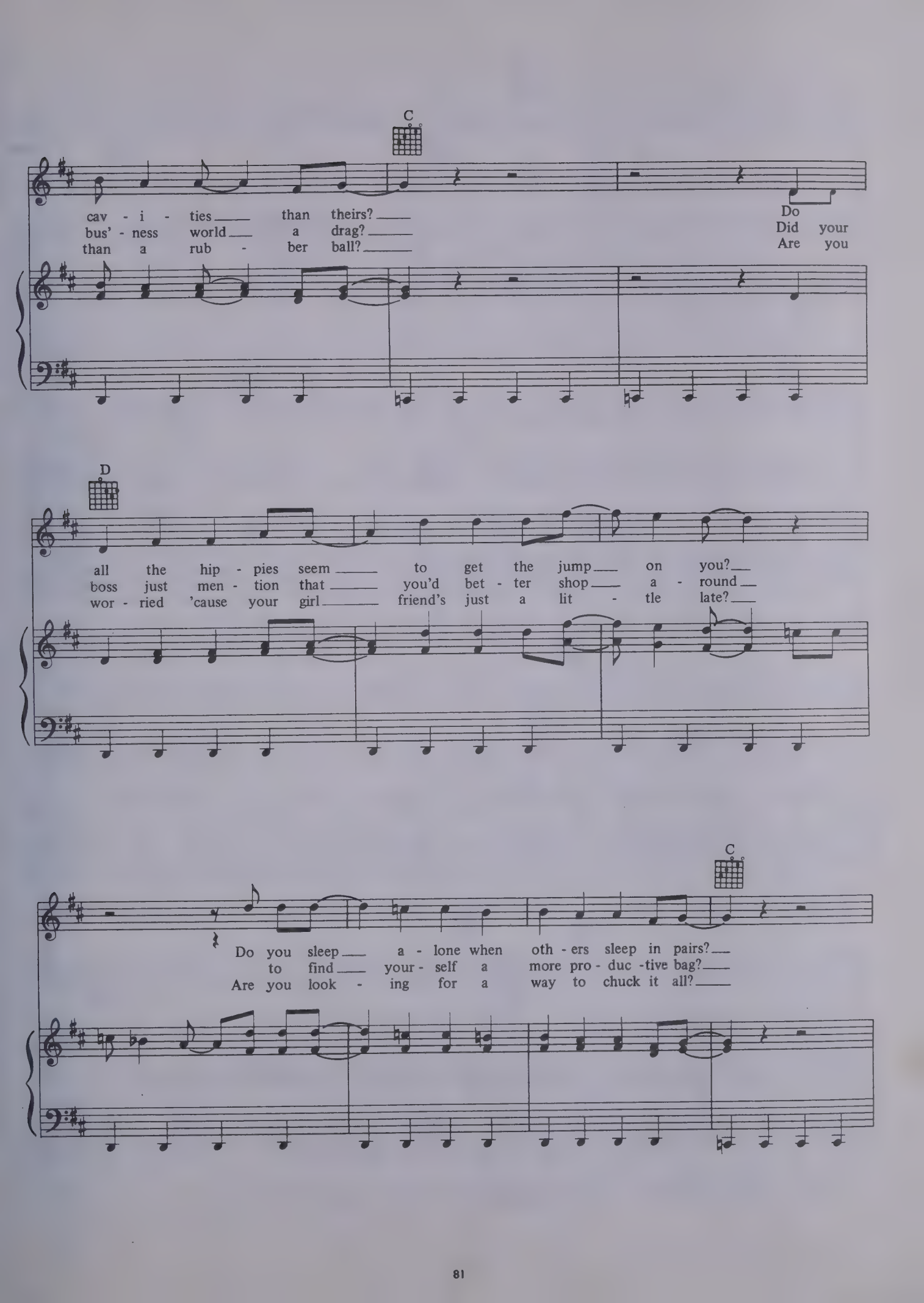
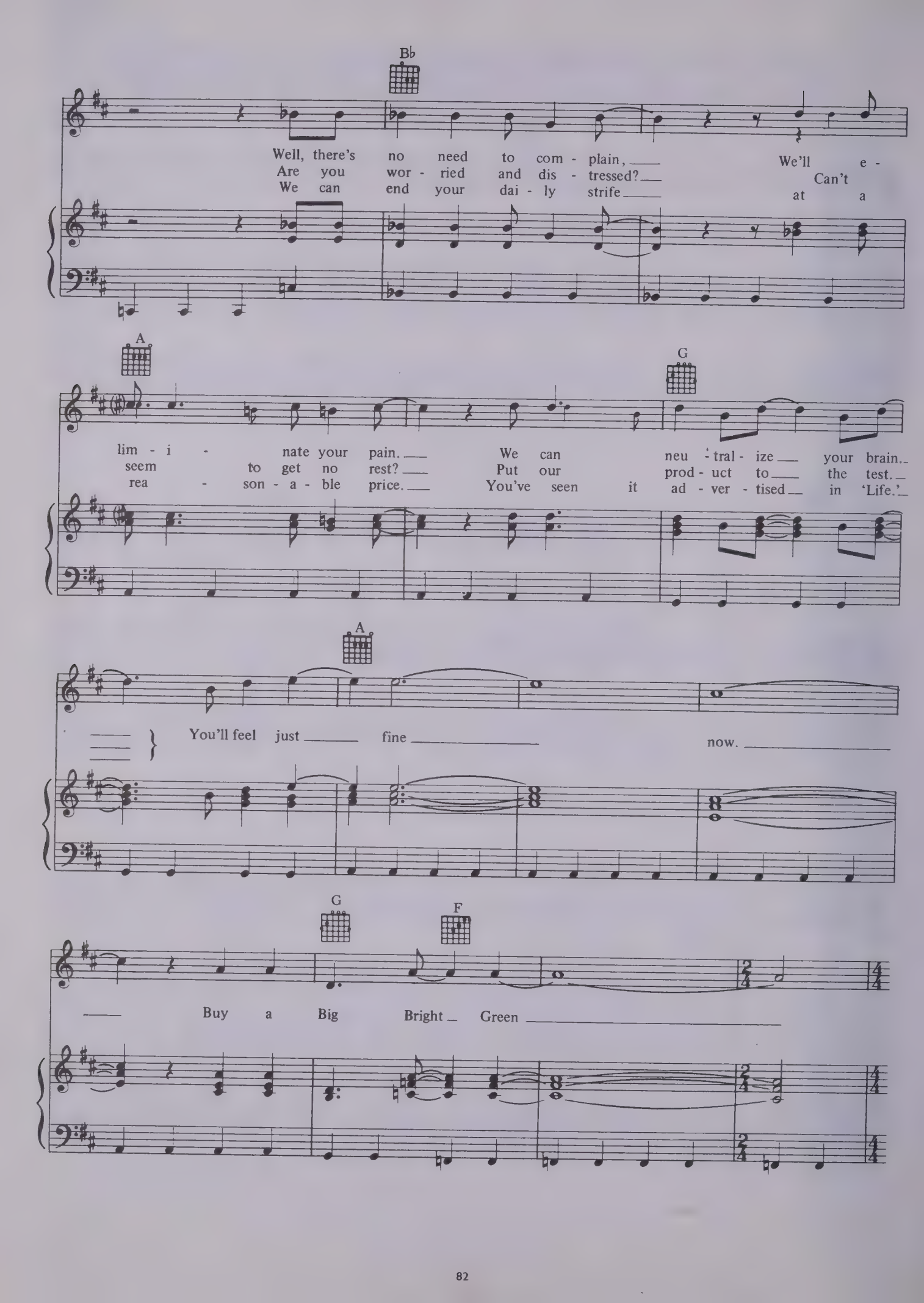
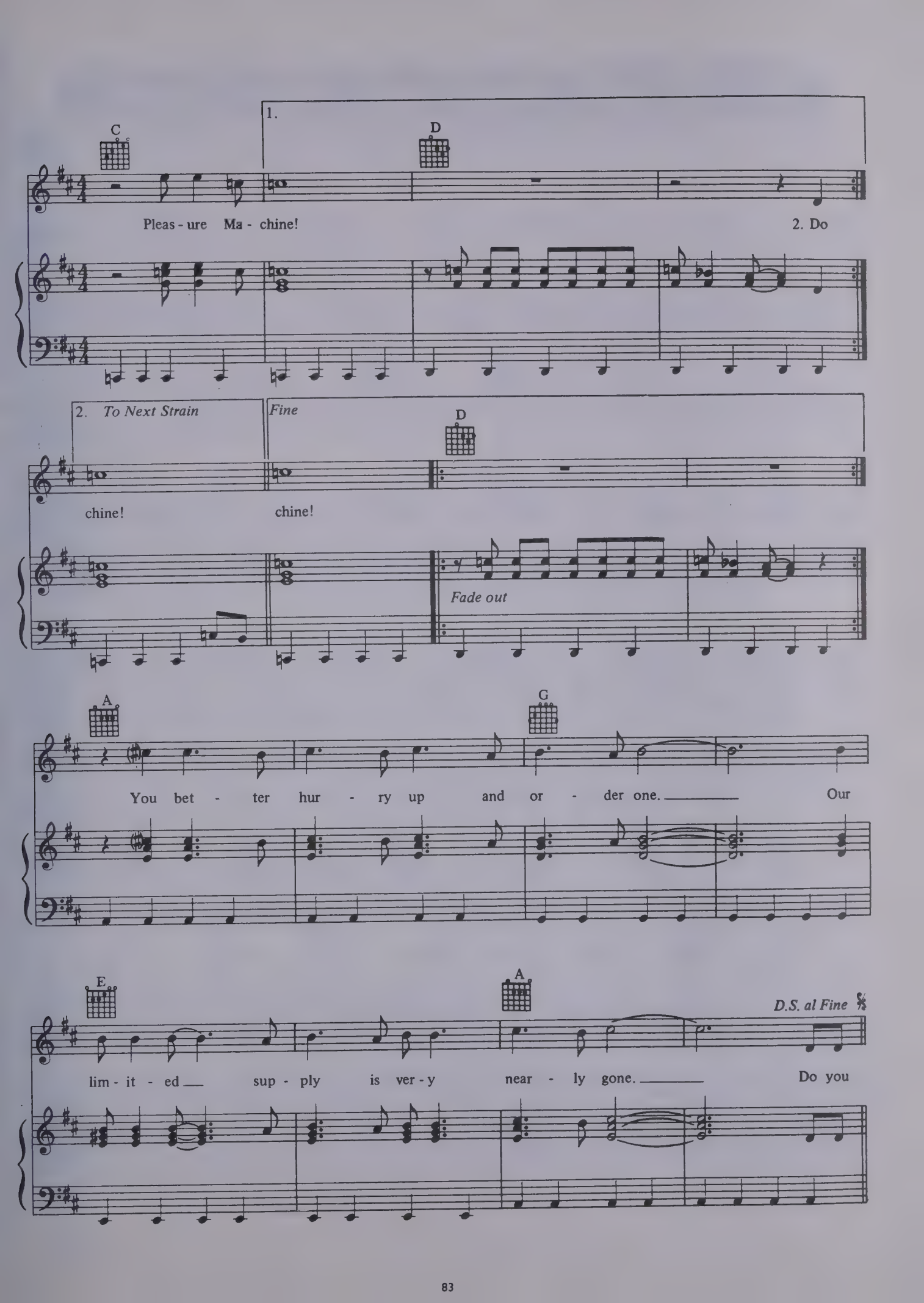
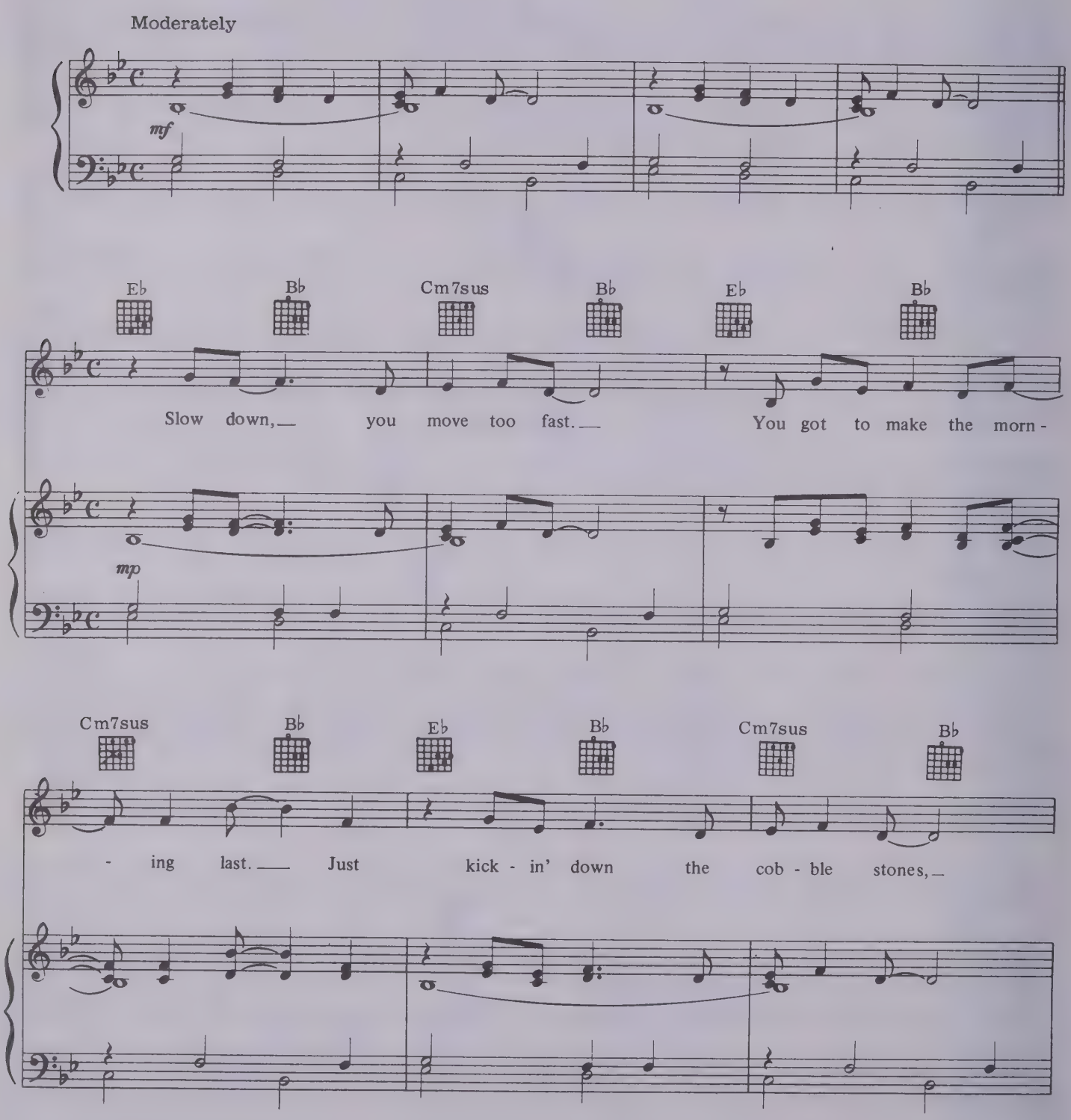

C
cav - i - ties than theirs?
bus' - ness world a drag?
than a rub - ber ball?
Do
Did your
Are you
D
all the hip - pies seem to get the jump on you?
boss just men - tion that you'd bet - ter shop a - round
wor - ried 'cause your girl friend's just a lit - tle late?
C
Do you sleep a - lone when oth - ers sleep in pairs?
to find your - self a more pro - duc - tive bag?
Are you look - ing for a way to chuck it all?

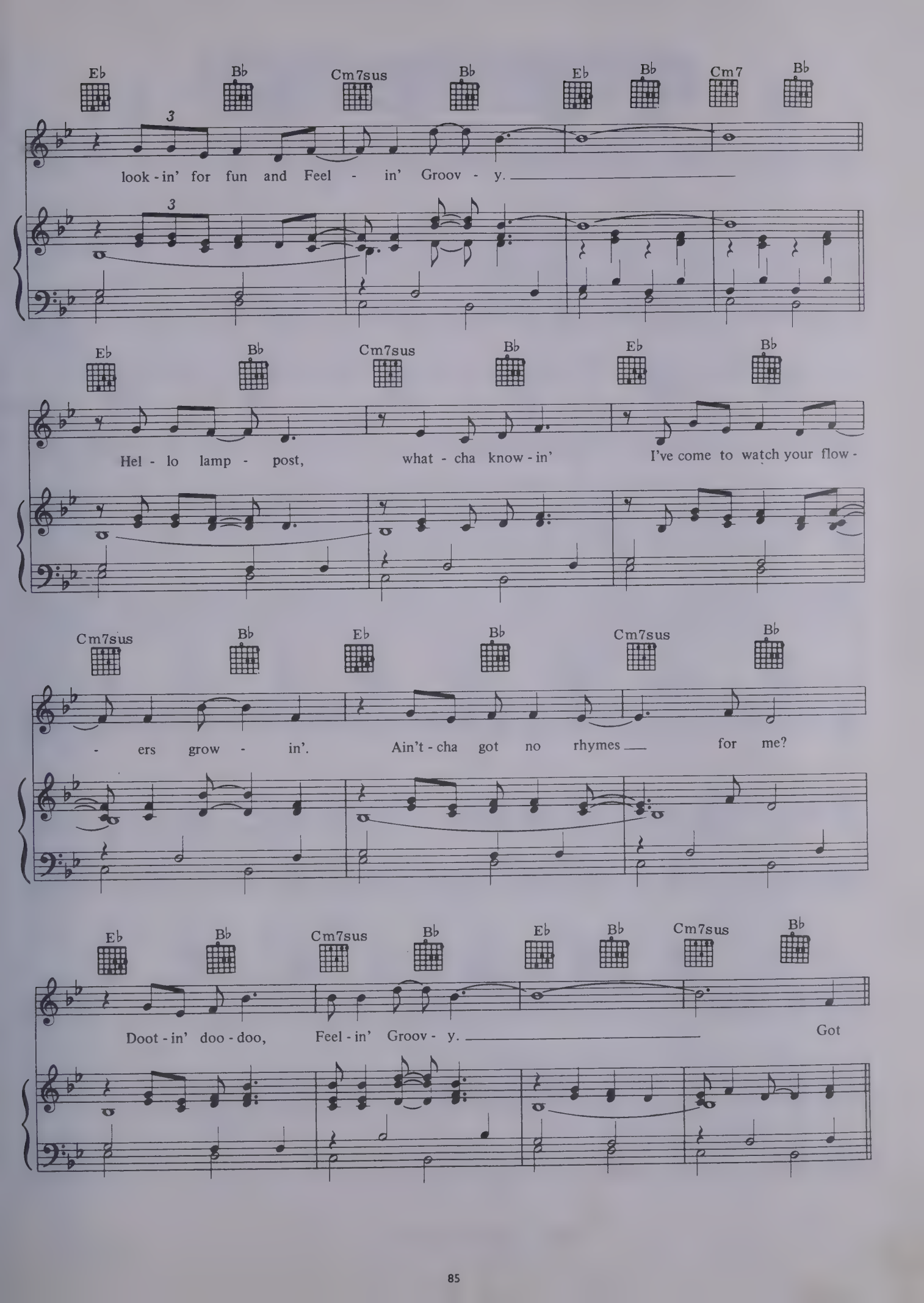

B♭
Well, there's no need to com - plain, We'll e -
Are you wor - ried and dis - tressed? Can't
We can end your dai - ly strife at a
A
G
lim - i - nate your pain. We can neu - tral - ize your brain.
seem to get no rest? Put our prod - uct to the test.
rea - son - a - ble price. You've seen it ad - ver - tised in 'Life.'
A
You'll feel just fine now.
G
F
Buy a Big Bright Green

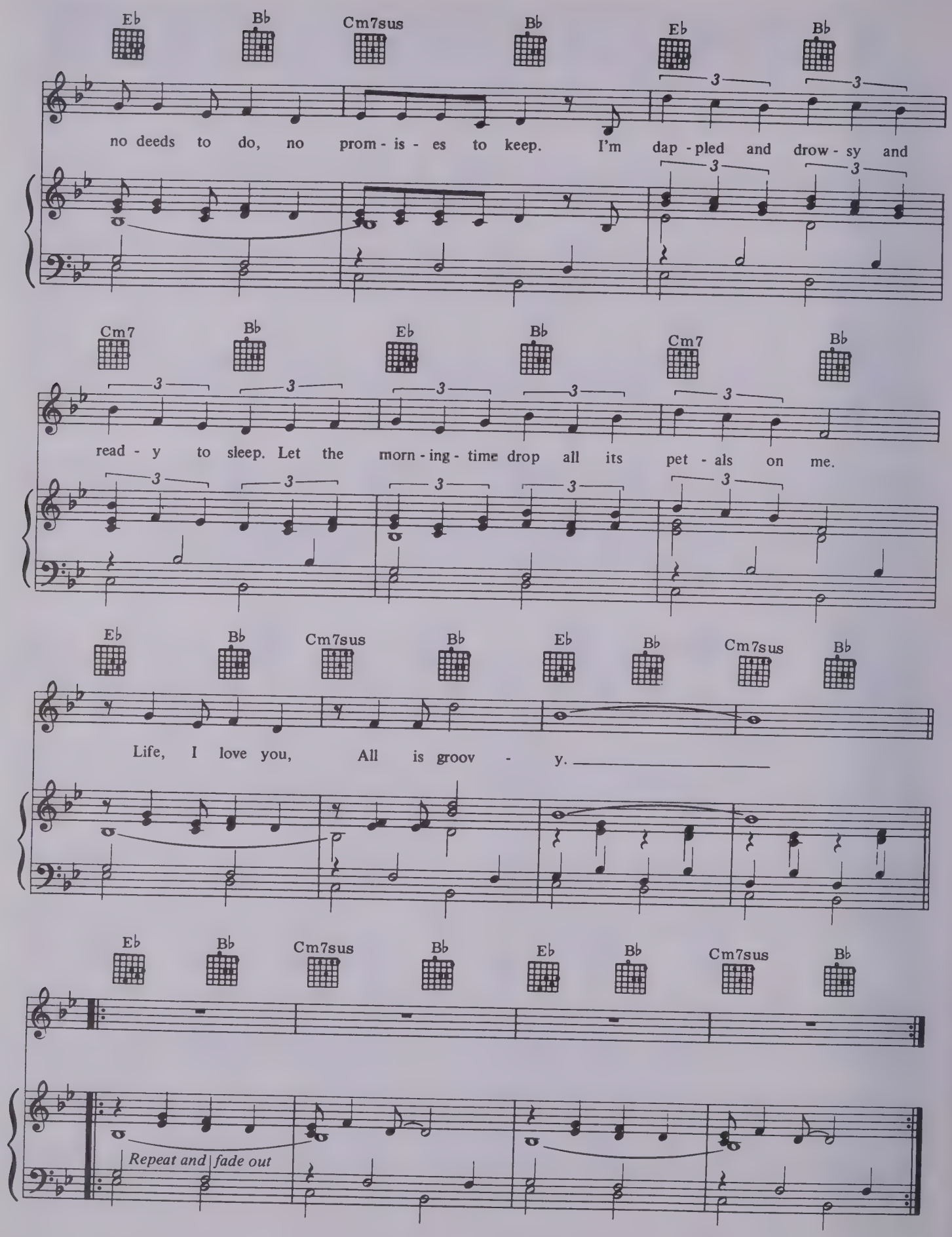

C
1.
D
Pleas - ure Ma - chine!
2. Do
2. To Next Strain
Fine
D
chine!
chine!
Fade out
A
G
You bet - ter hur - ry up and or - der one.
Our
E
A
D.S. al Fine
lim - it - ed sup - ply is ver - y near - ly gone.
Do you

The 59th Street Bridge Song (Feelin' Groovy).

Words and music by Paul Simon.

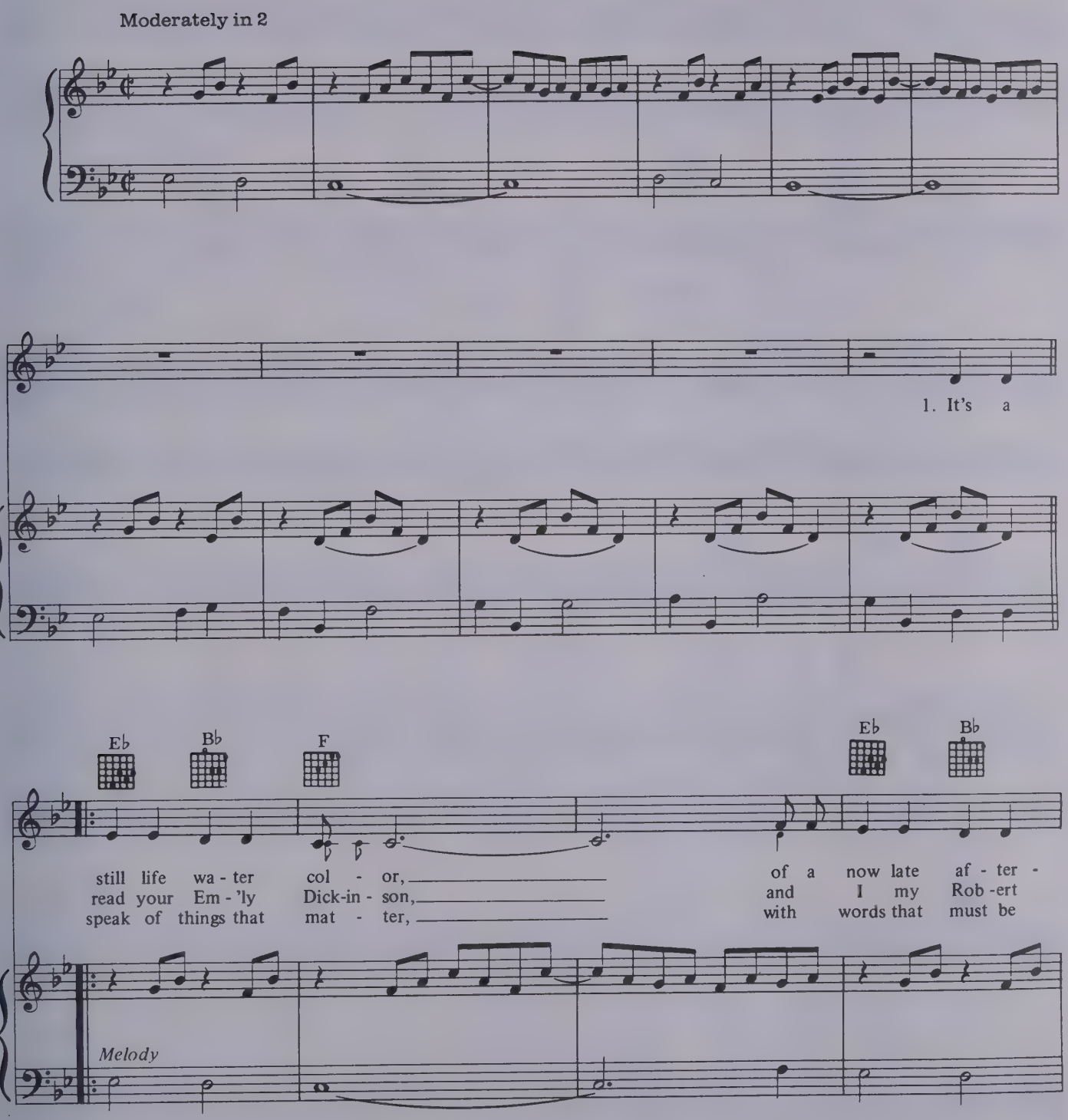



Eb Bb Cm7sus Bb Eb Bb Cm7 Bb
look - in' for fun and Feel - in' Groov - y.
Eb Bb Cm7sus Bb Eb Bb
Hel - lo lamp - post, what - cha know - in' I've come to watch your flow -
Cm7sus Bb Eb Bb Cm7sus Bb
- ers grow - in'. Ain't - cha got no rhymes for me?
Eb Bb Cm7sus Bb Eb Bb Cm7sus Bb
Doot - in' doo - doo, Feel - in' Groov - y. Got


Eb Bb Cm7sus Bb Eb Bb
no deeds to do, no prom - is - es to keep. I'm dap - pled and drow - sy and
Cm7 Bb Eb Bb Cm7 Bb
read - y to sleep. Let the morn - ing - time drop all its pet - als on me.
Eb Bb Cm7sus Bb Eb Bb Cm7sus Bb
Life, I love you, All is groov - y.
Eb Bb Cm7sus Bb Eb Bb Cm7sus Bb
Repeat and fade out

The Dangling Conversation.

Words and music by Paul Simon.



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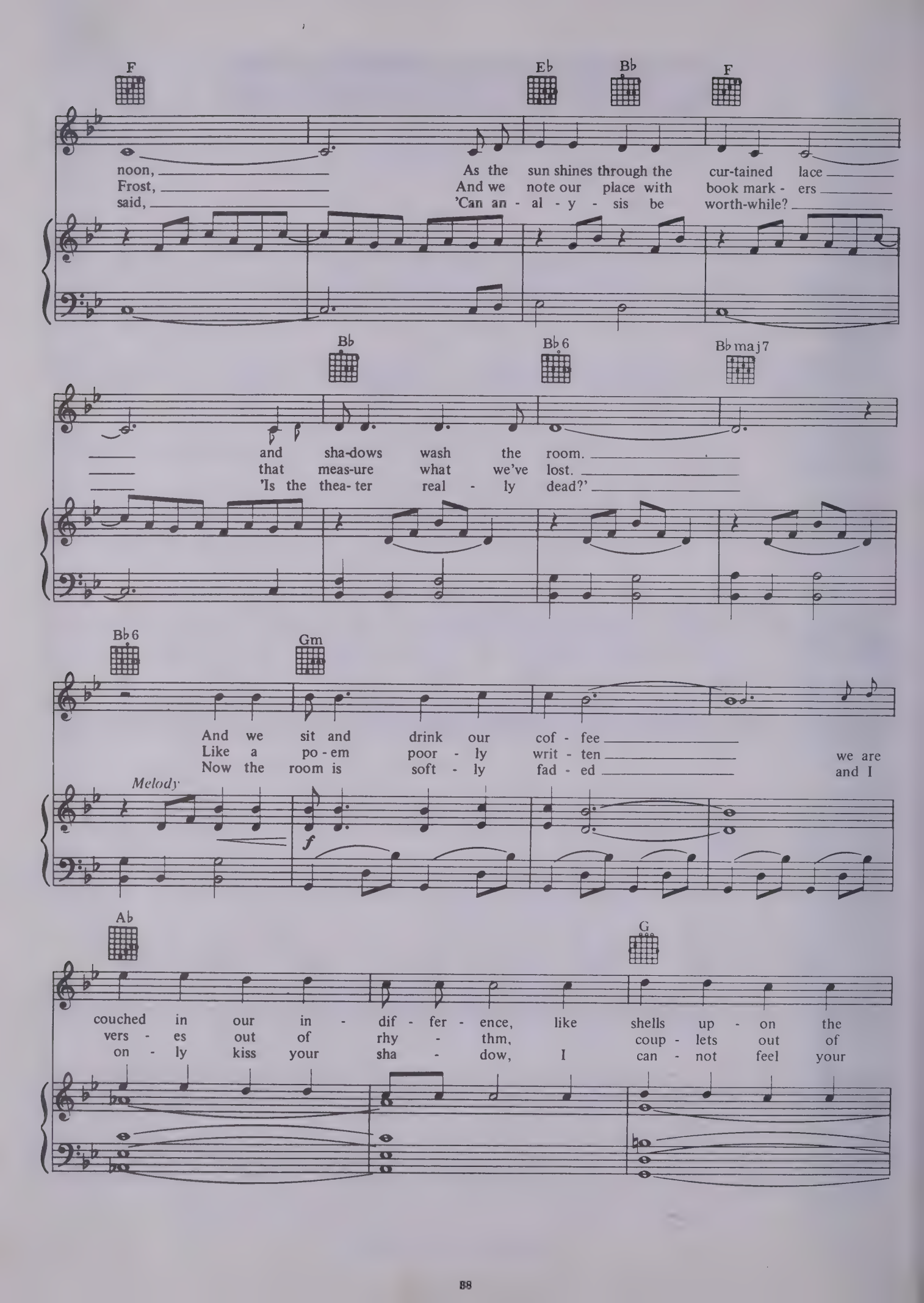
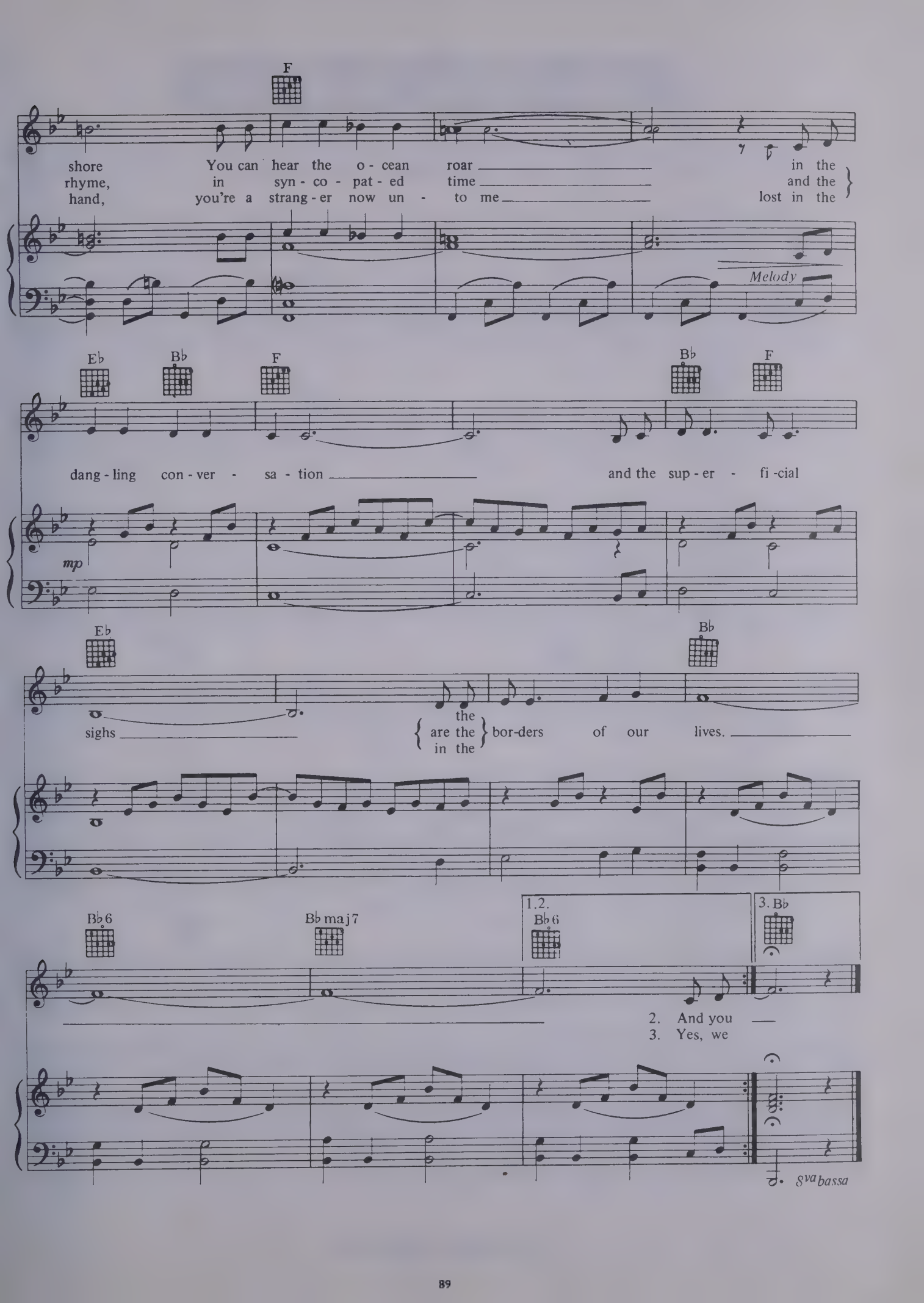
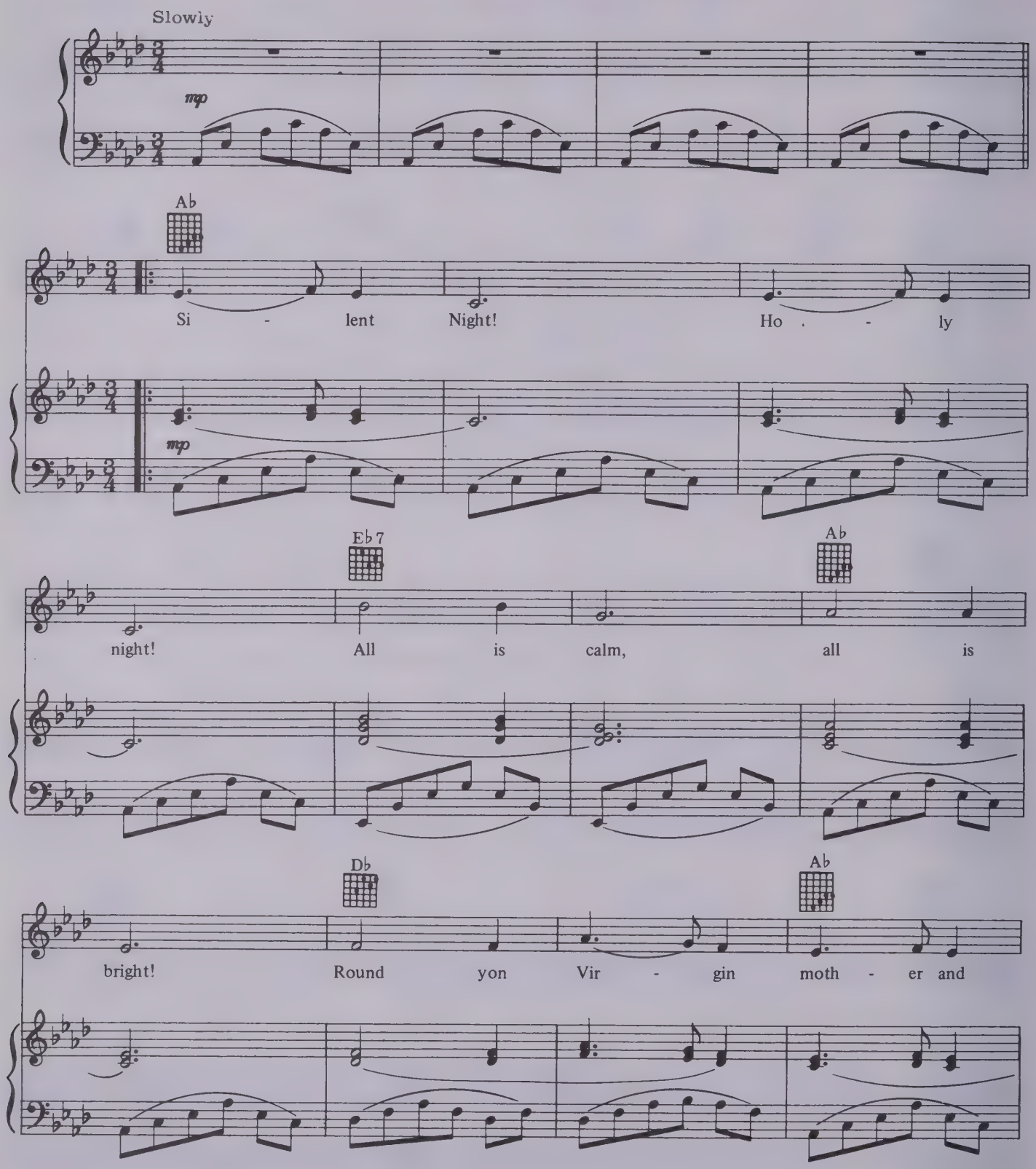

F
E♭
B♭
F
noon, As the sun shines through the cur-tained lace
Frost, And we note our place with book mark - ers
said, 'Can an - al - y - sis be worth-while?
B♭
B♭6
B♭maj7
and sha-dows wash the room.
that meas-ure what we've lost.
'Is the thea- ter real - ly dead?'
B♭6
Gm
And we sit and drink our cof - fee
Like a po - em poor - ly writ - ten
Now the room is soft - ly fad - ed
we are
and I
Melody
f
A♭
G
couched in our in - dif - fer - ence, like shells up - on the
vers - es out of rhy - thm, coup - lets out of
on - ly kiss your sha - dow, I can - not feel your


F
shore You can hear the o - cean roar in the
rhyme, in syn - co - pat - ed time and the
hand, you're a strang - er now un - to me lost in the
Melody
Eb Bb F Bb F
dang - ling con - ver - sa - tion and the sup - er - fi - cial
mp
Eb Bb
sighs the / are the / in the bor-ders of our lives.
Bb6 Bb maj7 1.2. Bb6 3. Bb
2. And you
3. Yes, we
8va bassa

70'Clock News/Silent Night.

Words and music by Paul Simon and Art Garfunkel



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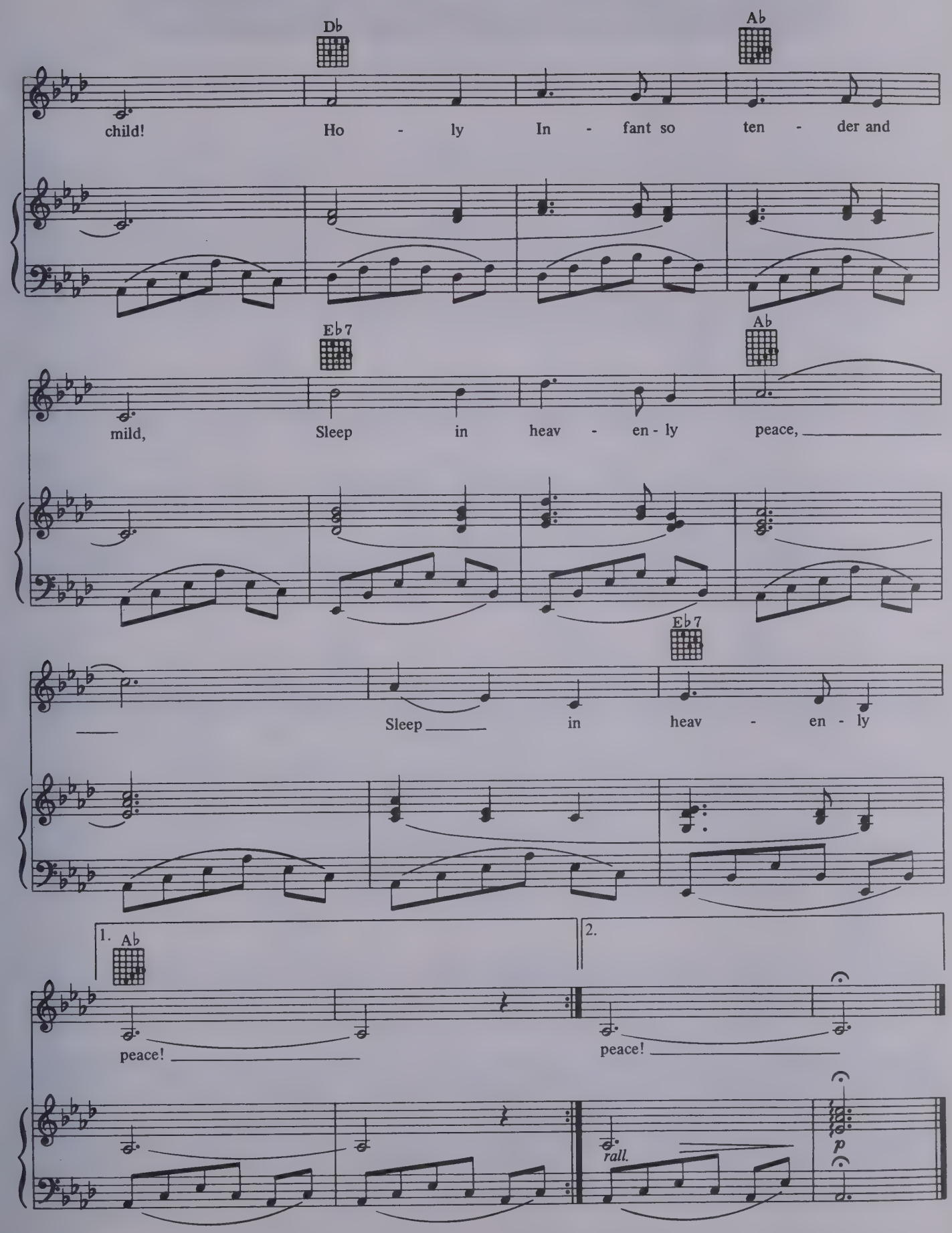
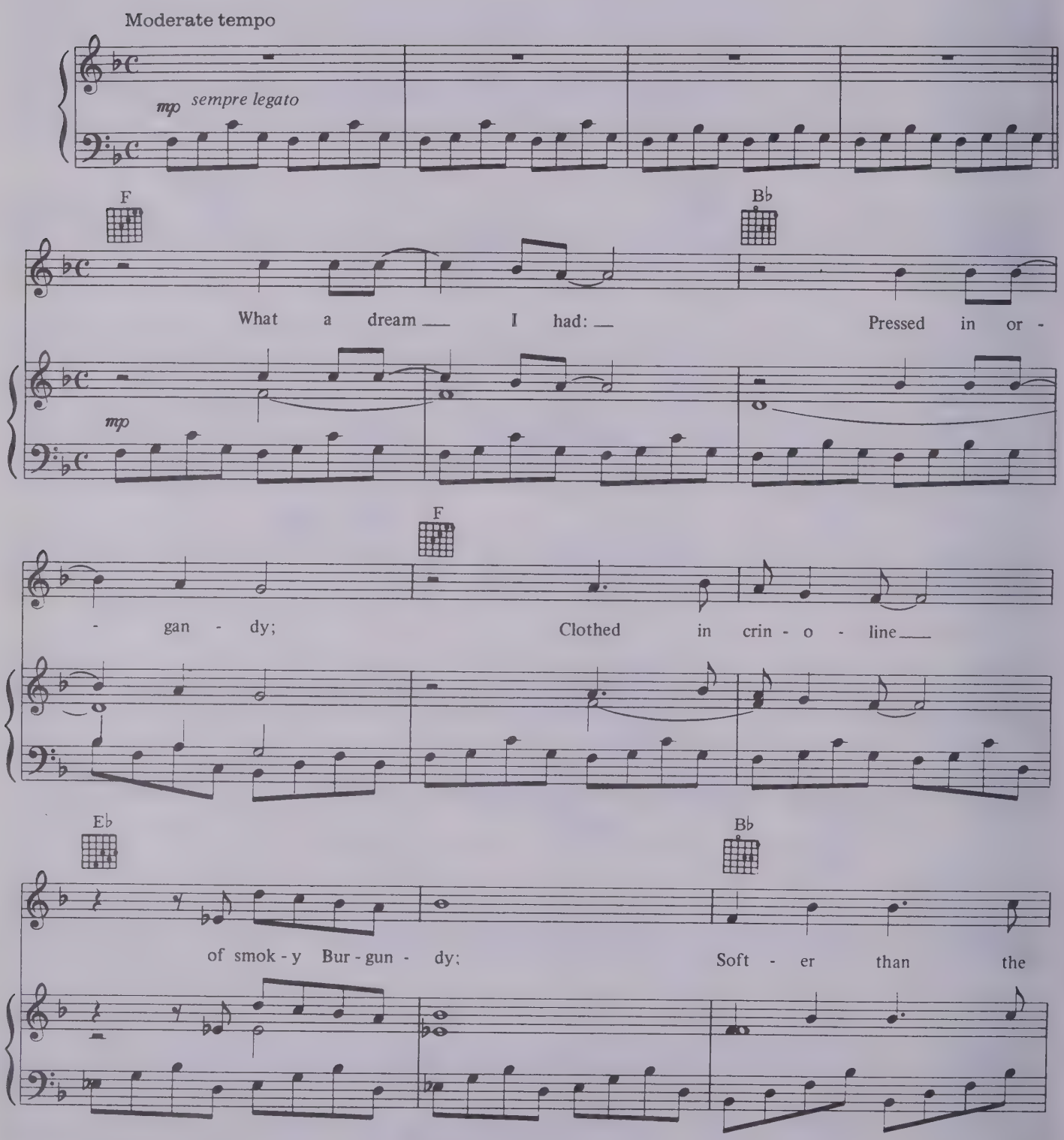

Db
Ab
child! Ho - ly In - fant so ten - der and
Eb7
Ab
mild, Sleep in heav - en - ly peace,
Eb7
Sleep in heav - en - ly
1. Ab
2.
peace!
peace!
rall.
p

For Emily, Whenever I May Find Her.

Words and music by Paul Simon.



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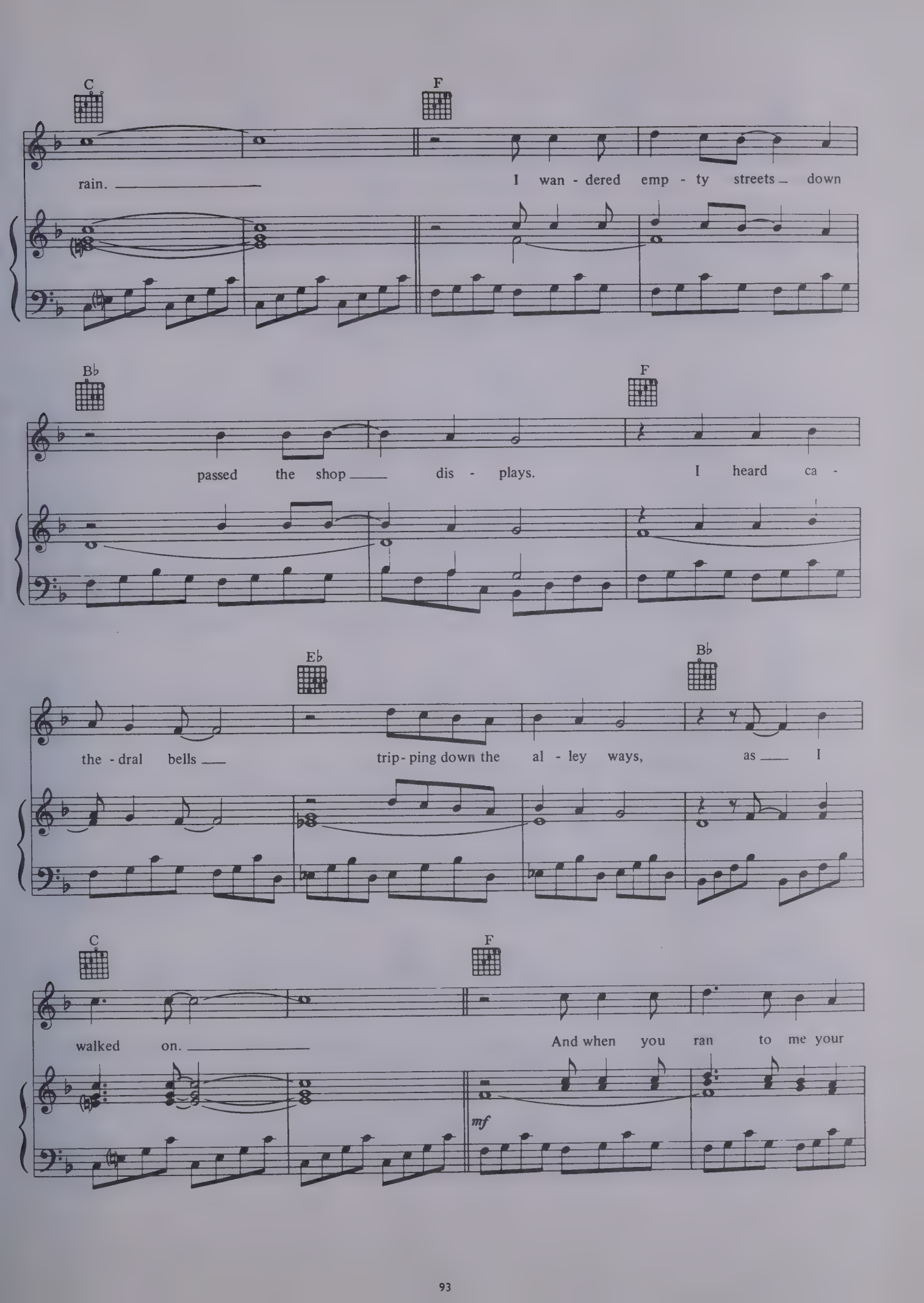
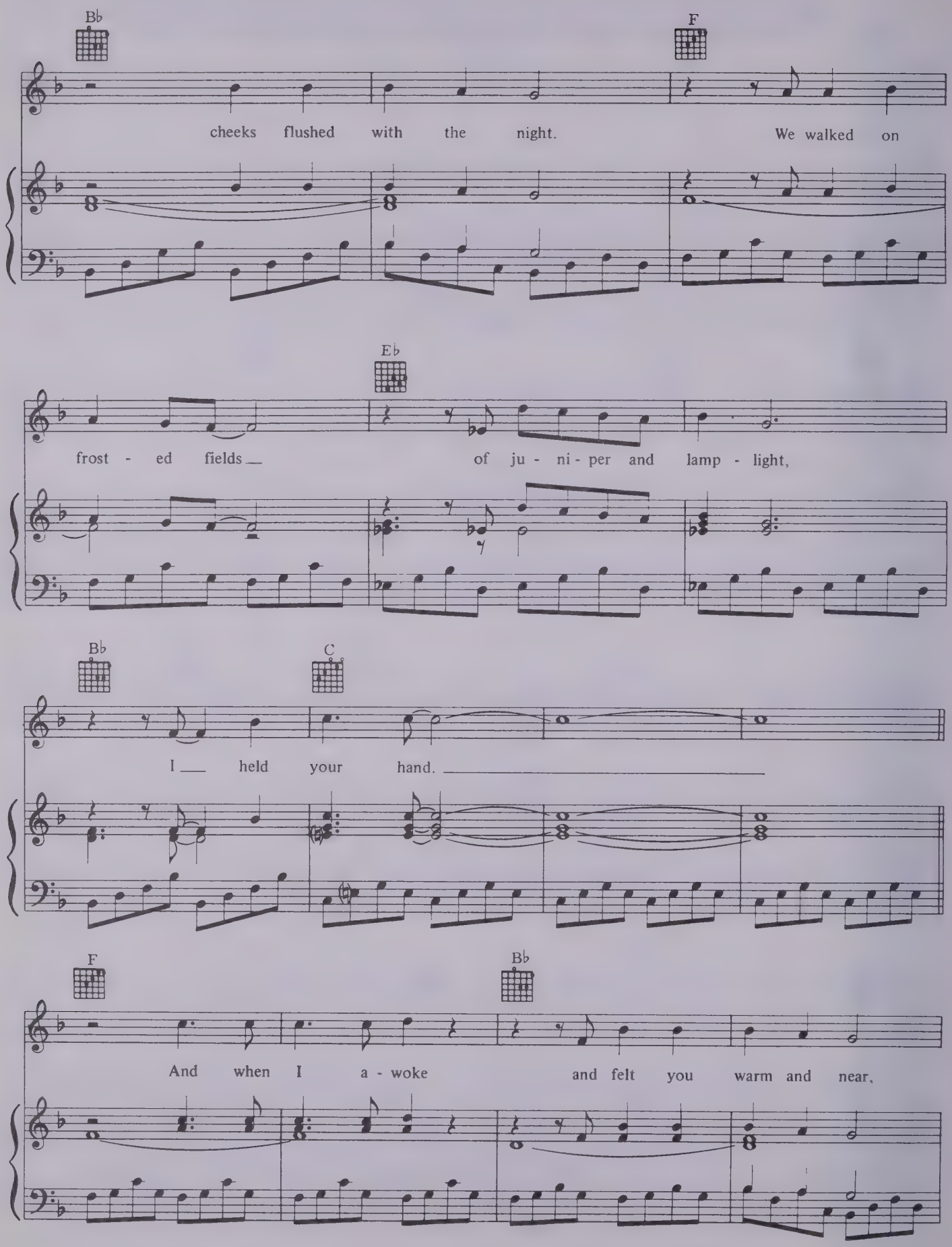
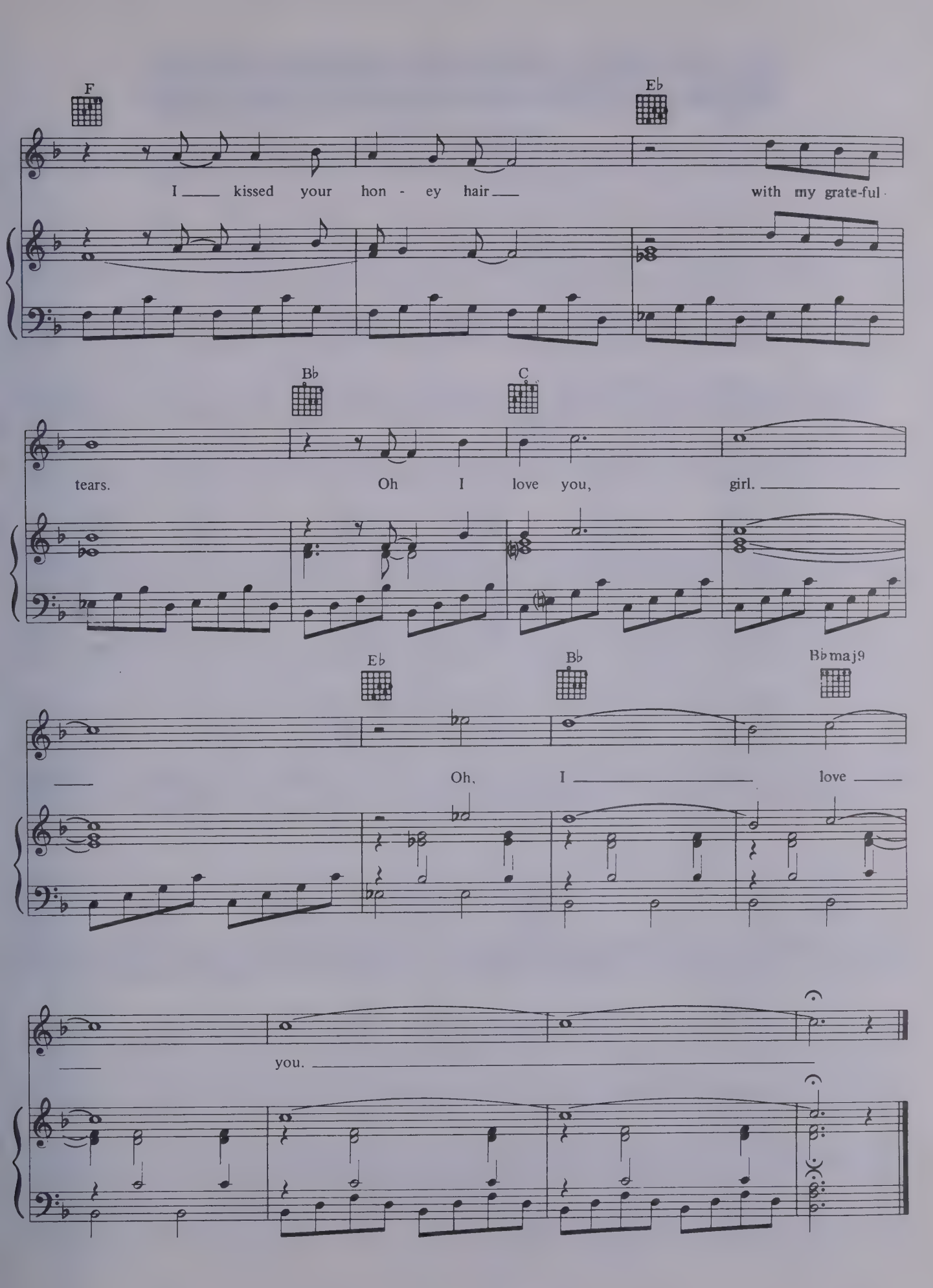
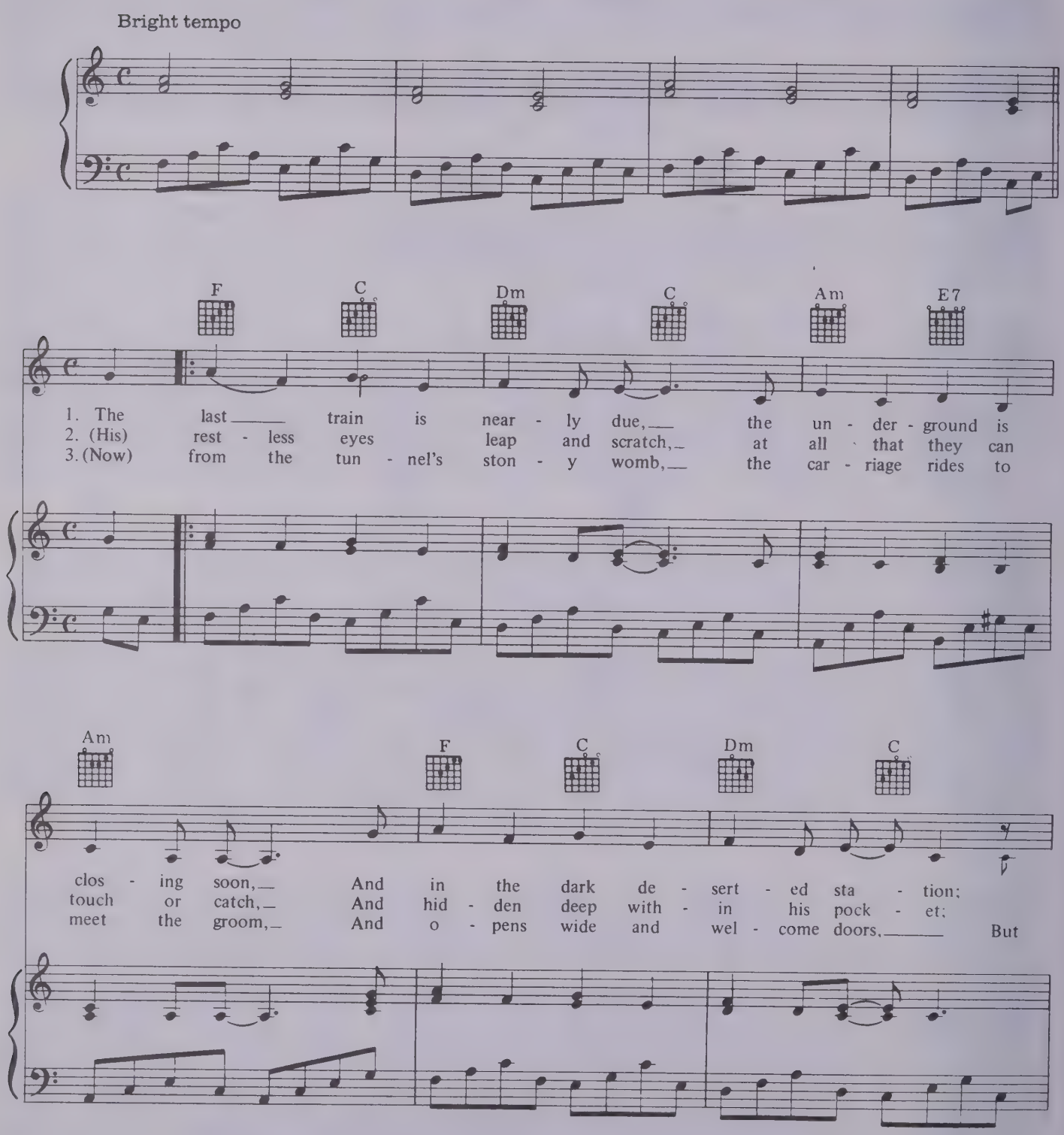

C
F
rain.
I wan - dered emp - ty streets down
B♭
F
passed the shop dis - plays.
I heard ca -
E♭
B♭
the - dral bells
trip - ping down the al - ley ways,
as I
C
F
walked on.
And when you ran to me your
mf


Bb
F
cheeks flushed with the night. We walked on
Eb
frost - ed fields of ju - ni - per and lamp - light,
Bb
C
I held your hand.
F
Bb
And when I a - woke and felt you warm and near,


F
E♭
I kissed your hon - ey hair with my grate-ful
B♭
C
tears. Oh I love you, girl.
E♭
B♭
B♭maj9
Oh, I love
you.

A Poem On The Underground Wall.

Words and music by Paul Simon.



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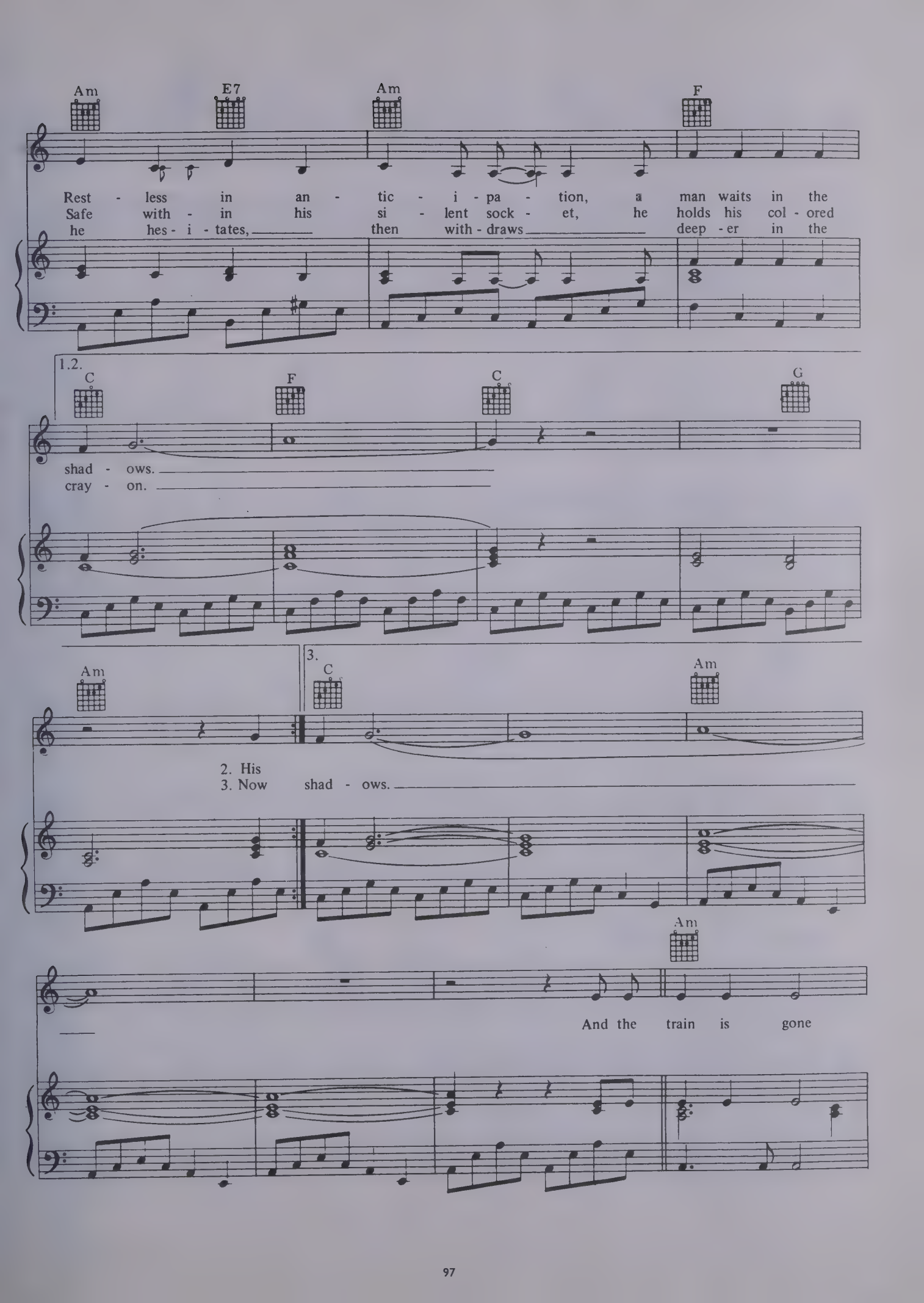
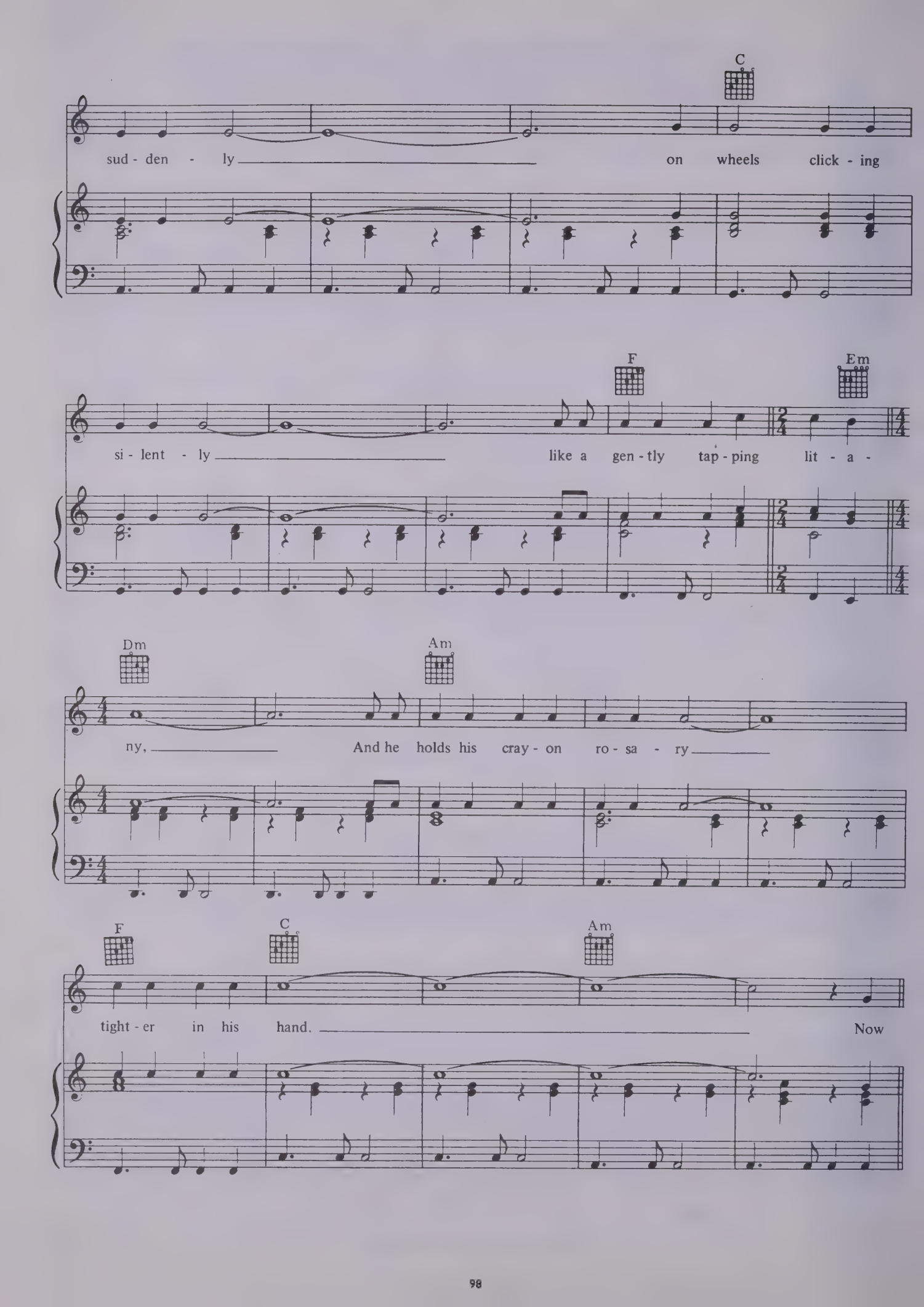
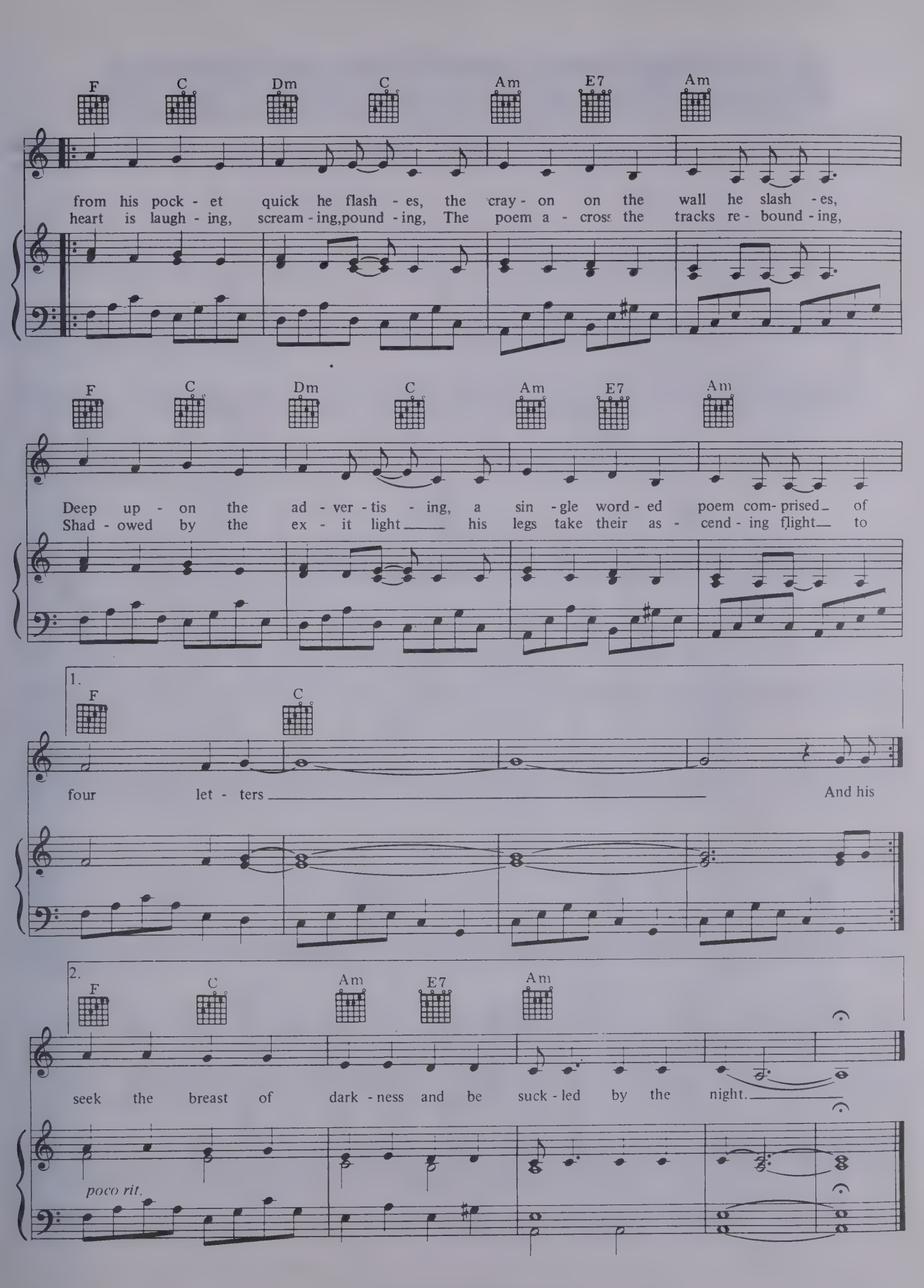
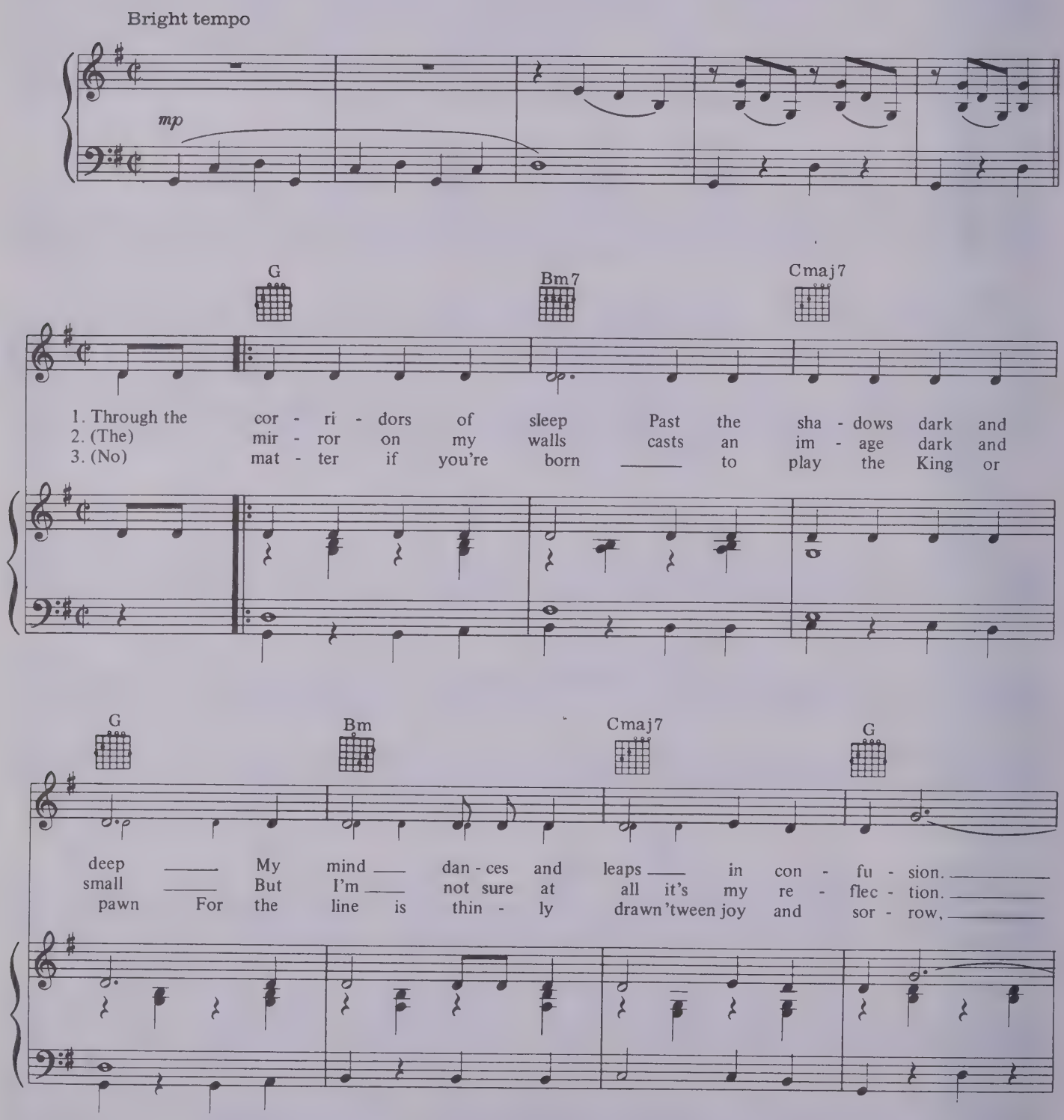

Am
E7
Am
F
Rest - less in an - tic - i - pa - tion, a man waits in the
Safe with - in his si - lent sock - et, he holds his col - ored
he hes - i - tates, then with - draws deep - er in the
1.2.
C
F
C
G
shad - ows.
cray - on.
Am
3.
C
Am
2. His
3. Now shad - ows.
Am
And the train is gone


C
sud - den - ly on wheels click - ing
F
Em
si - lent - ly like a gen - tly tap - ping lit - a -
Dm
Am
ny, And he holds his cray - on ro - sa - ry
F
C
Am
tight - er in his hand. Now


F C Dm C Am E7 Am
from his pock - et quick he flash - es, the cray - on on the wall he slash - es,
heart is laugh - ing, scream - ing, pound - ing, The poem a - cross the tracks re - bound - ing,
F C Dm C Am E7 Am
Deep up - on the ad - ver - tis - ing, a sin - gle word - ed poem com - prised of
Shad - owed by the ex - it light his legs take their as - cend - ing flight to
1.
F C
four let - ters
And his
2.
F C Am E7 Am
seek the breast of dark - ness and be suck - led by the night.
poco rit.

Flowers Never Bend With The Rainfall.

Words and music by Paul Simon.



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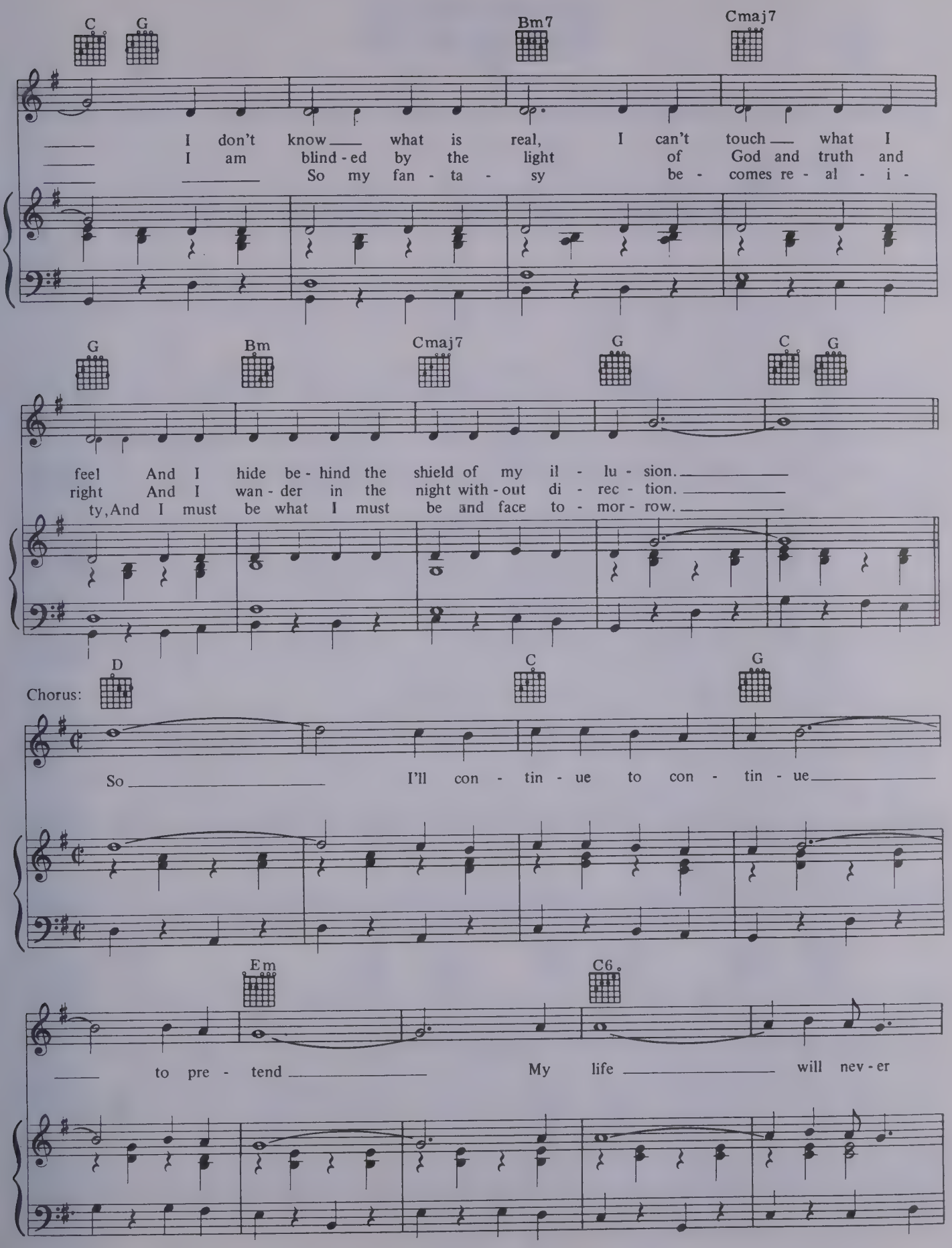
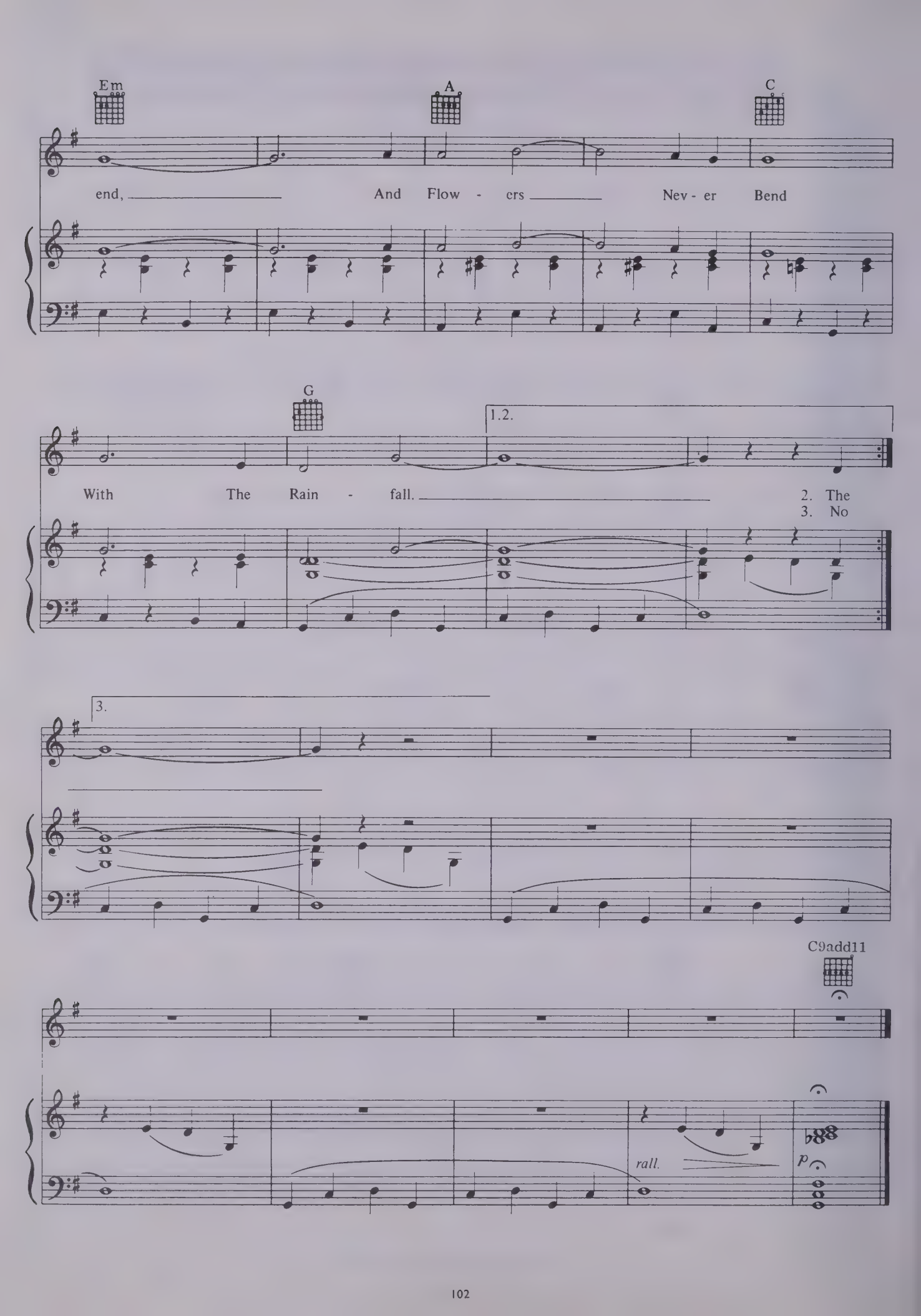
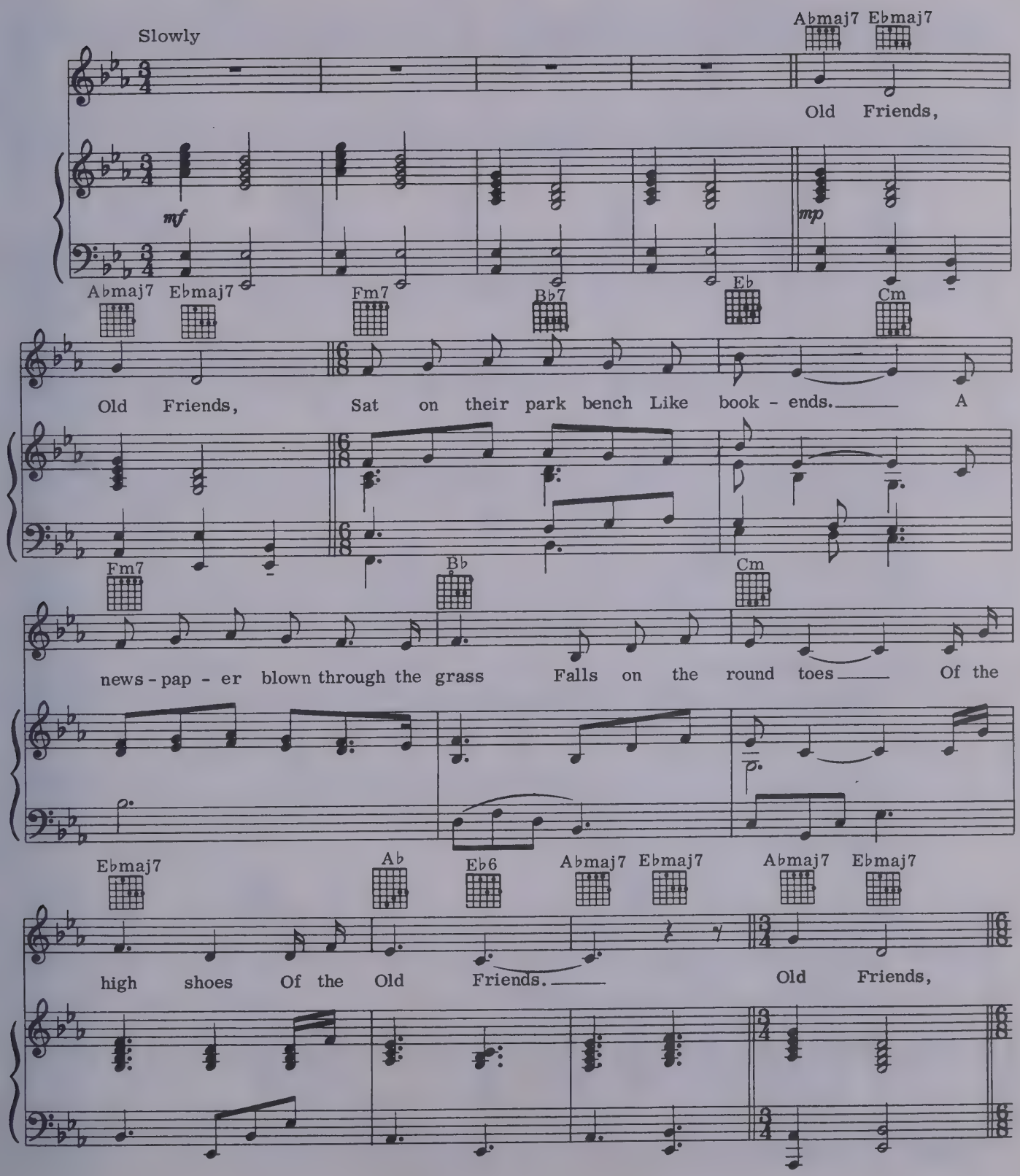

C G Bm7 Cmaj7
I don't know what is real, I can't touch what I
I am blind-ed by the light of God and truth and
So my fan-ta-sy be-comes re-al-i-
G Bm Cmaj7 G C G
feel And I hide be-hind the shield of my il-lu-sion.
right And I wan-der in the night with-out di-rec-tion.
ty, And I must be what I must be and face to-mor-row.
Chorus:
D C G
So I'll con-tin-ue to con-tin-ue
Em C6
to pre-tend My life will nev-er


Em
A
C
end, And Flow - ers Nev - er Bend
G
1.2.
With The Rain - fall.
2. The
3. No
3.
C9add11
rall.
p

Old Friends.

Words and music by Paul Simon.



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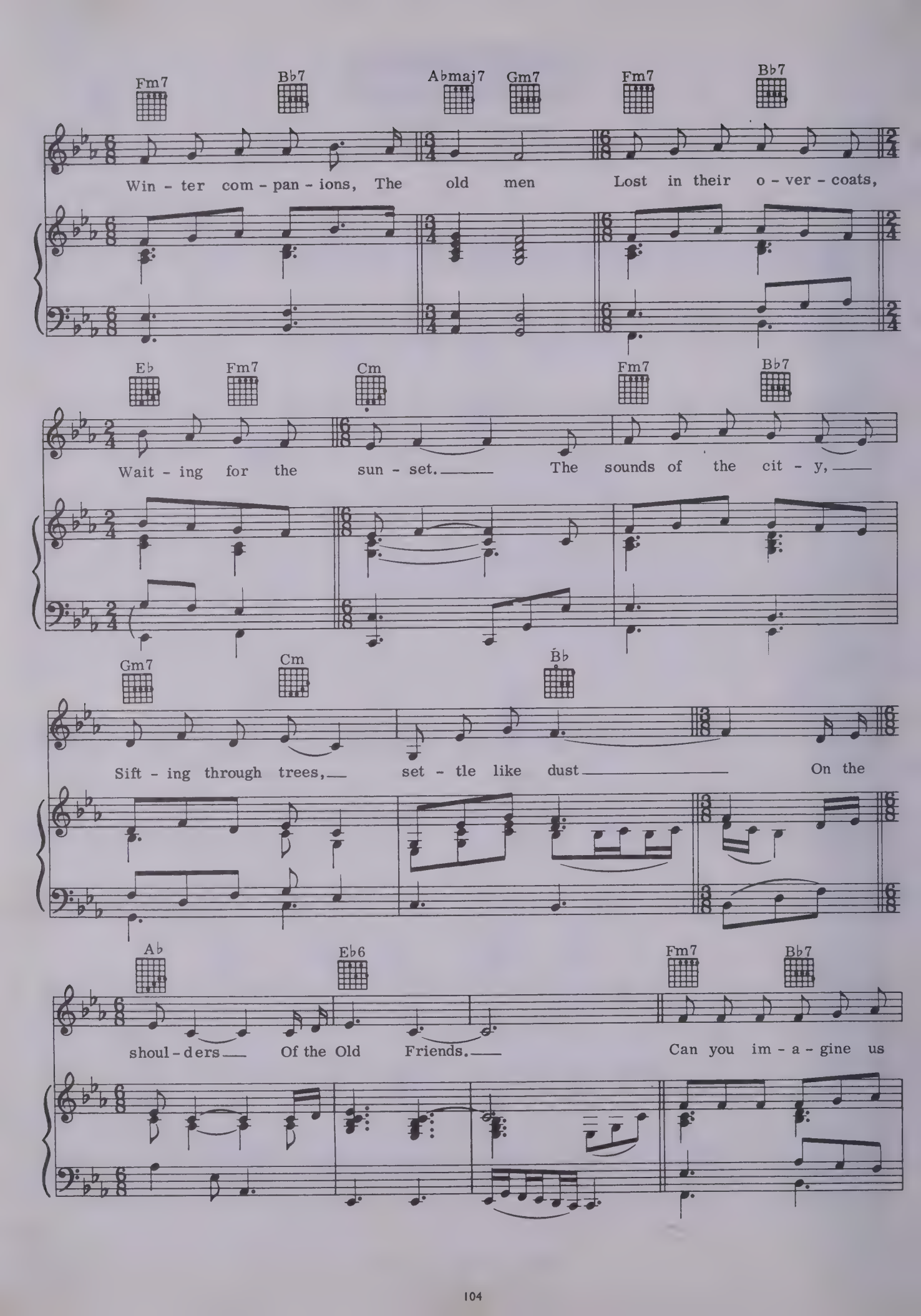
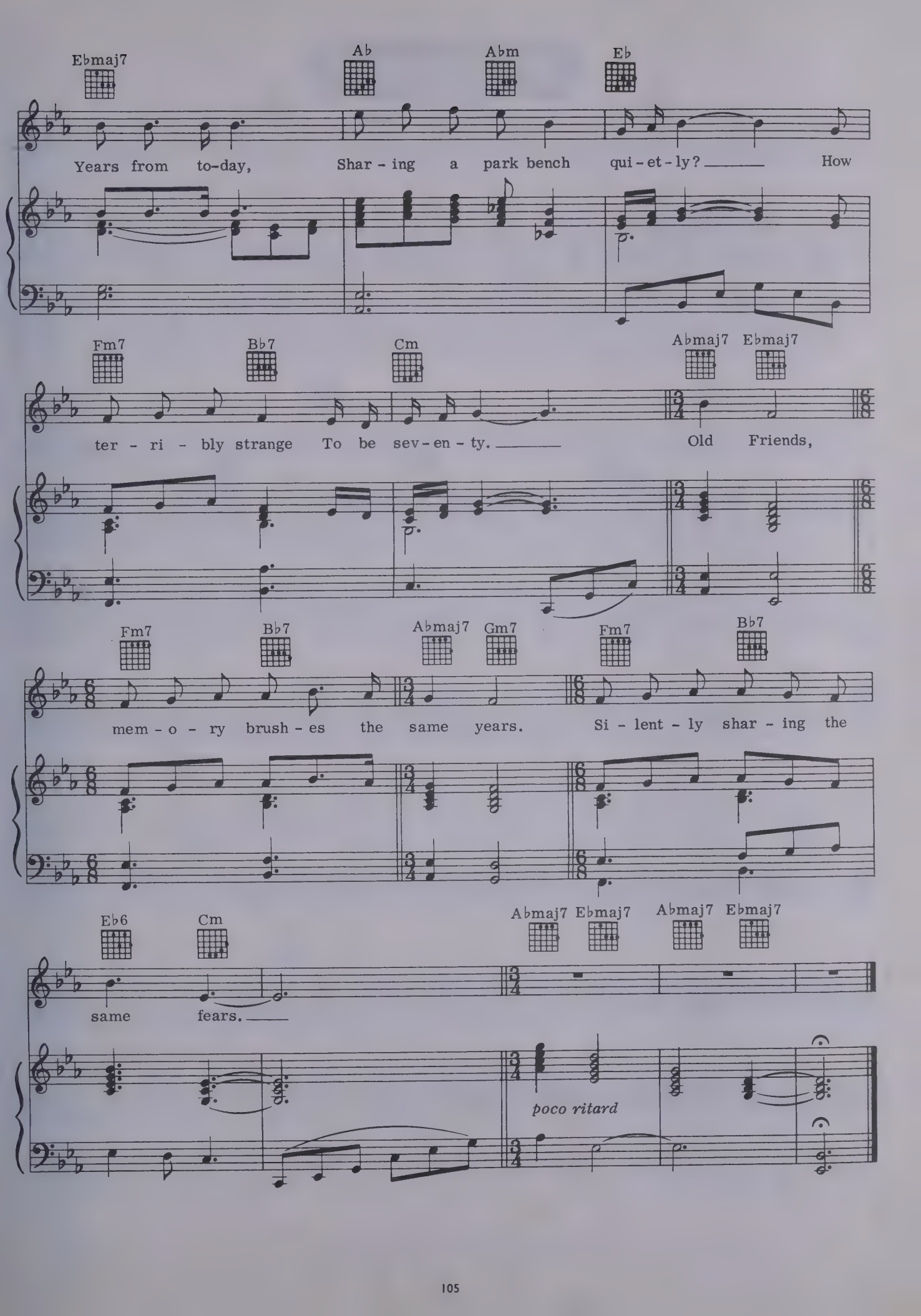
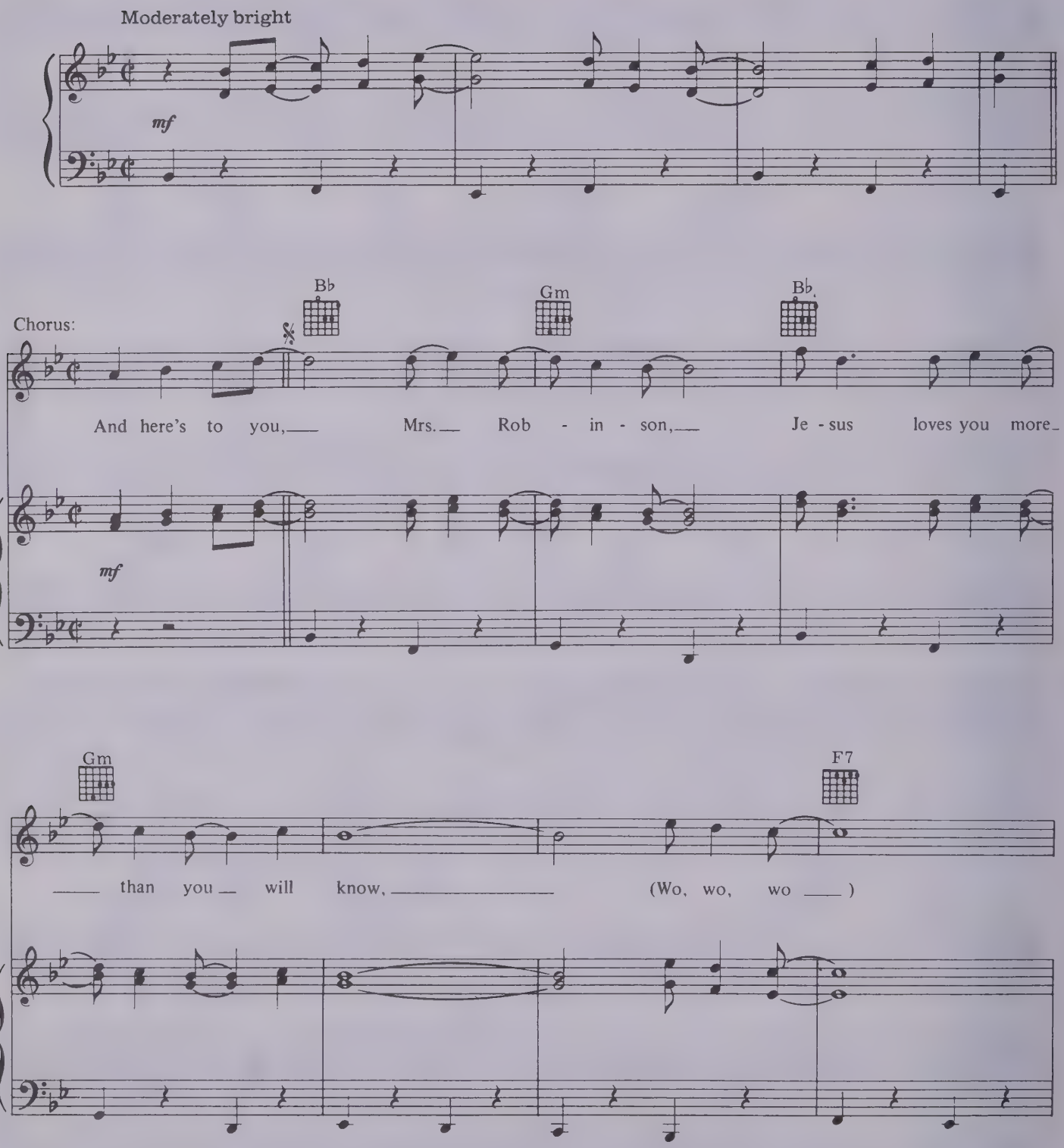

Fm7 Bb7 Abmaj7 Gm7 Fm7 Bb7
Win - ter com - pan - ions, The old men Lost in their o - ver - coats,
Eb Fm7 Cm Fm7 Bb7
Wait - ing for the sun - set. The sounds of the cit - y,
Gm7 Cm Bb
Sift - ing through trees, set - tle like dust On the
Ab Eb6 Fm7 Bb7
shoul - ders Of the Old Friends. Can you im - a - gine us


Ebmaj7
Ab
Abm
Eb
Years from to-day, Shar - ing a park bench qui - et - ly? How
Fm7
Bb7
Cm
Abmaj7
Ebmaj7
ter - ri - bly strange To be sev - en - ty. Old Friends,
Fm7
Bb7
Abmaj7
Gm7
Fm7
Bb7
mem - o - ry brush - es the same years. Si - lent - ly shar - ing the
Eb6
Cm
Abmaj7
Ebmaj7
Abmaj7
Ebmaj7
same fears.
poco ritard

Mrs Robinson.

Words and music by Paul Simon.



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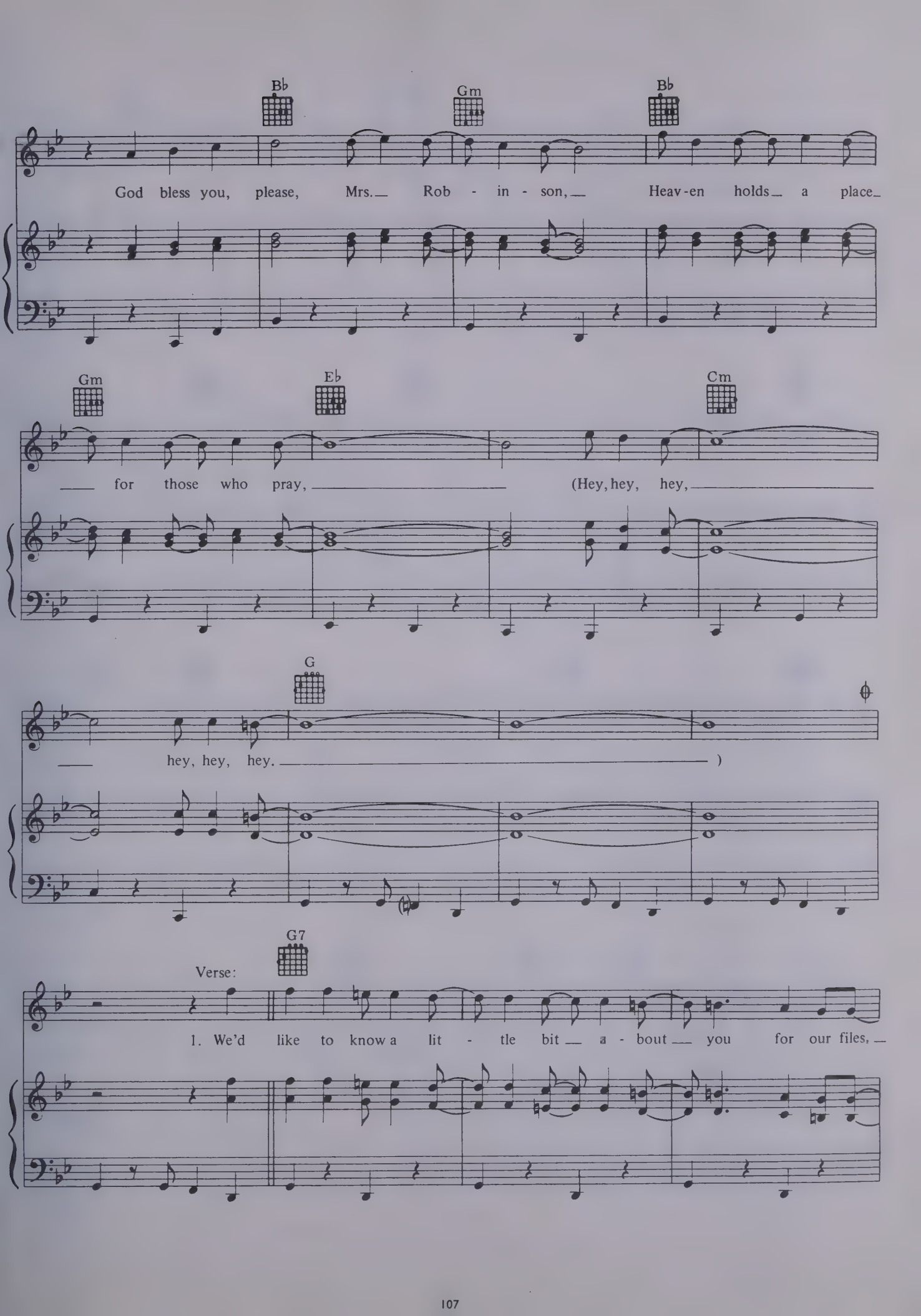
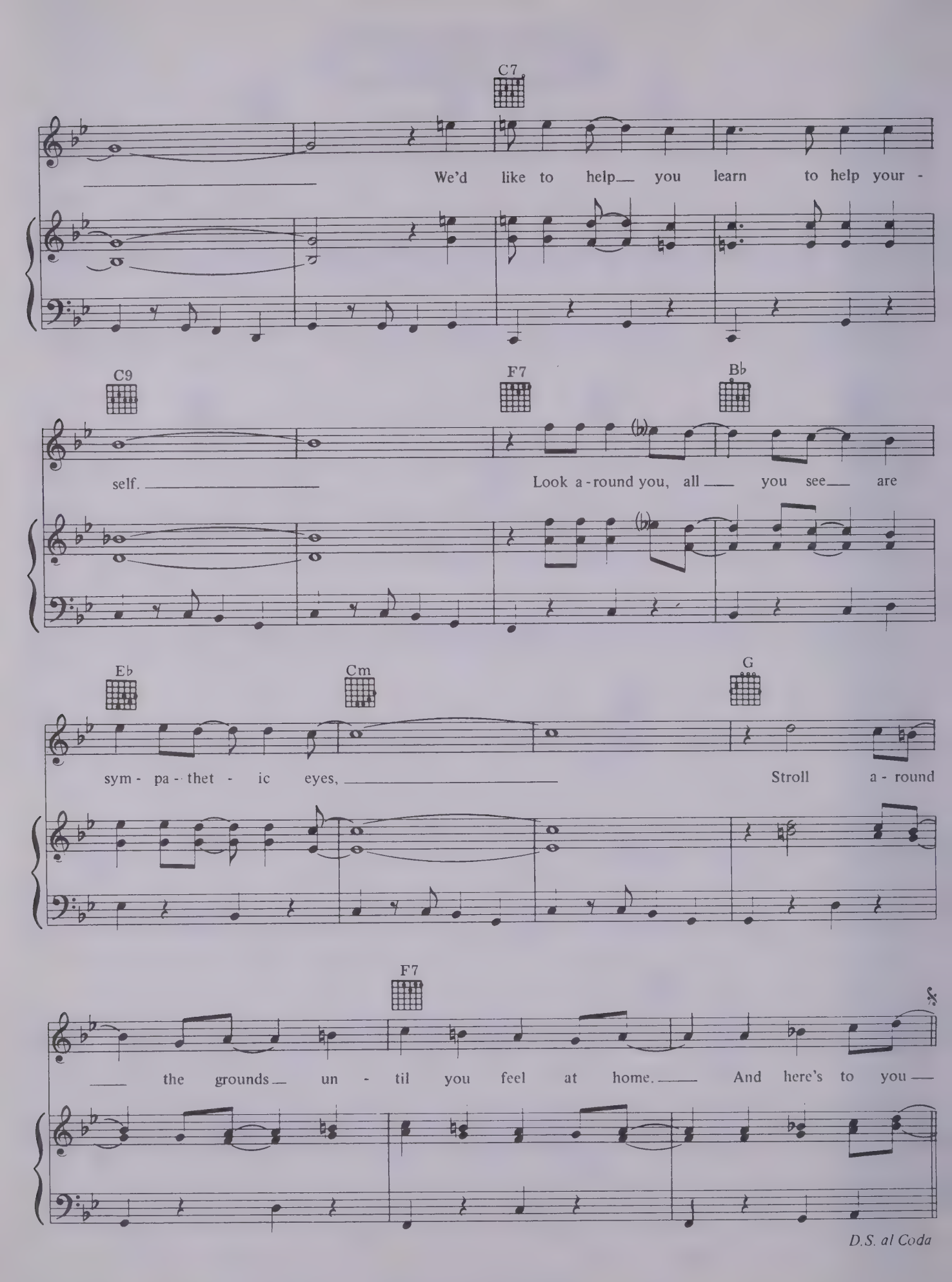
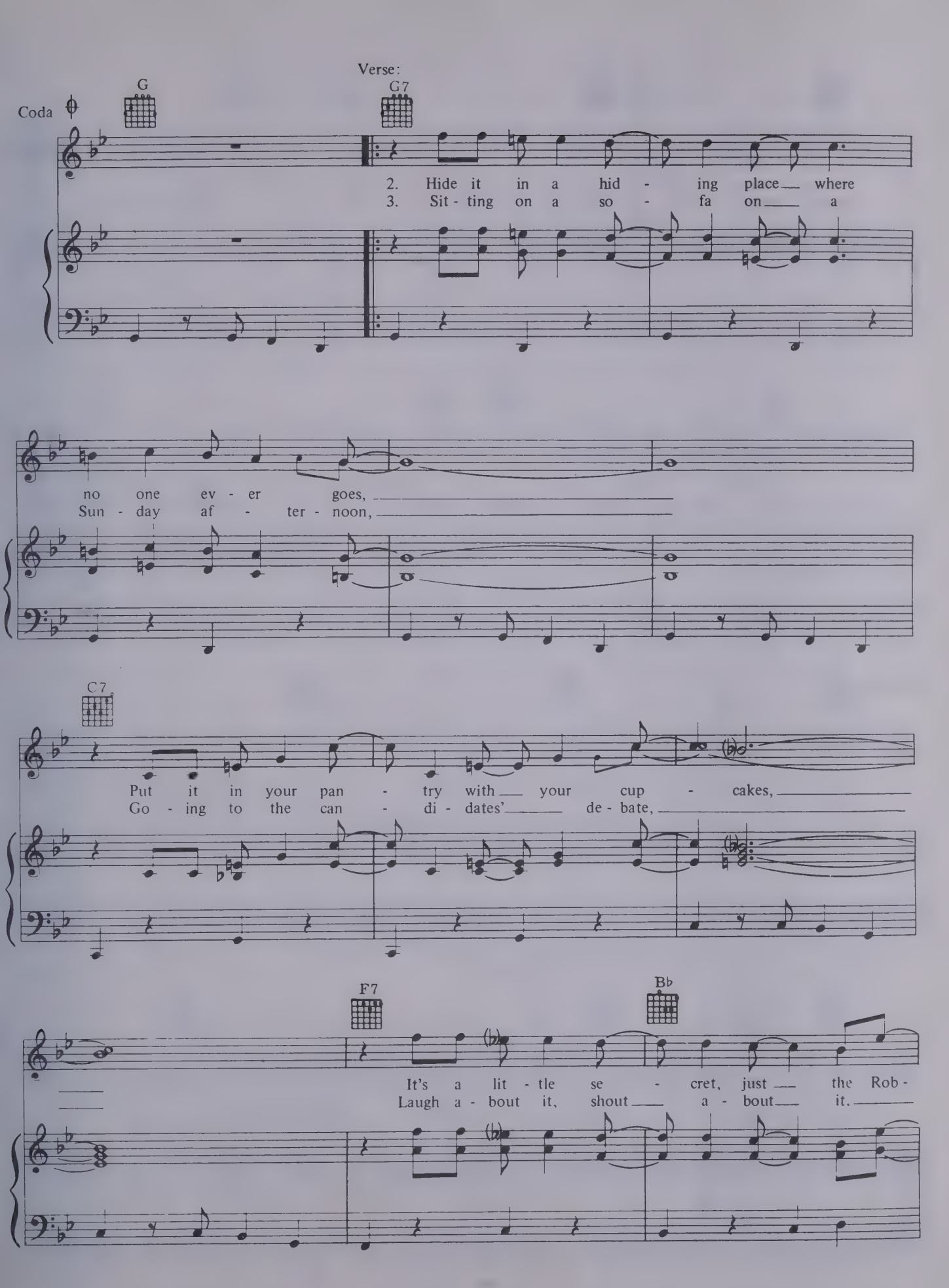
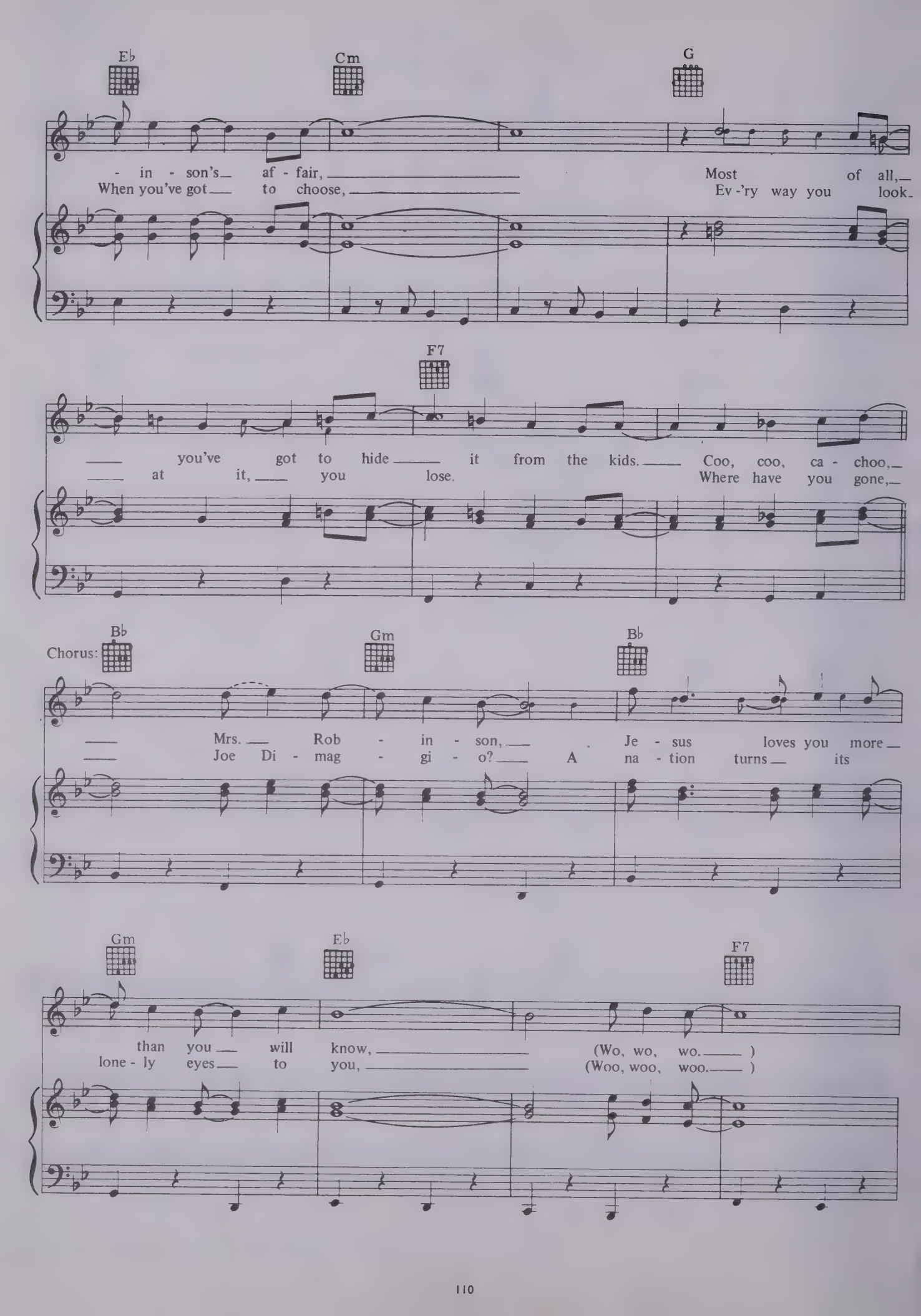
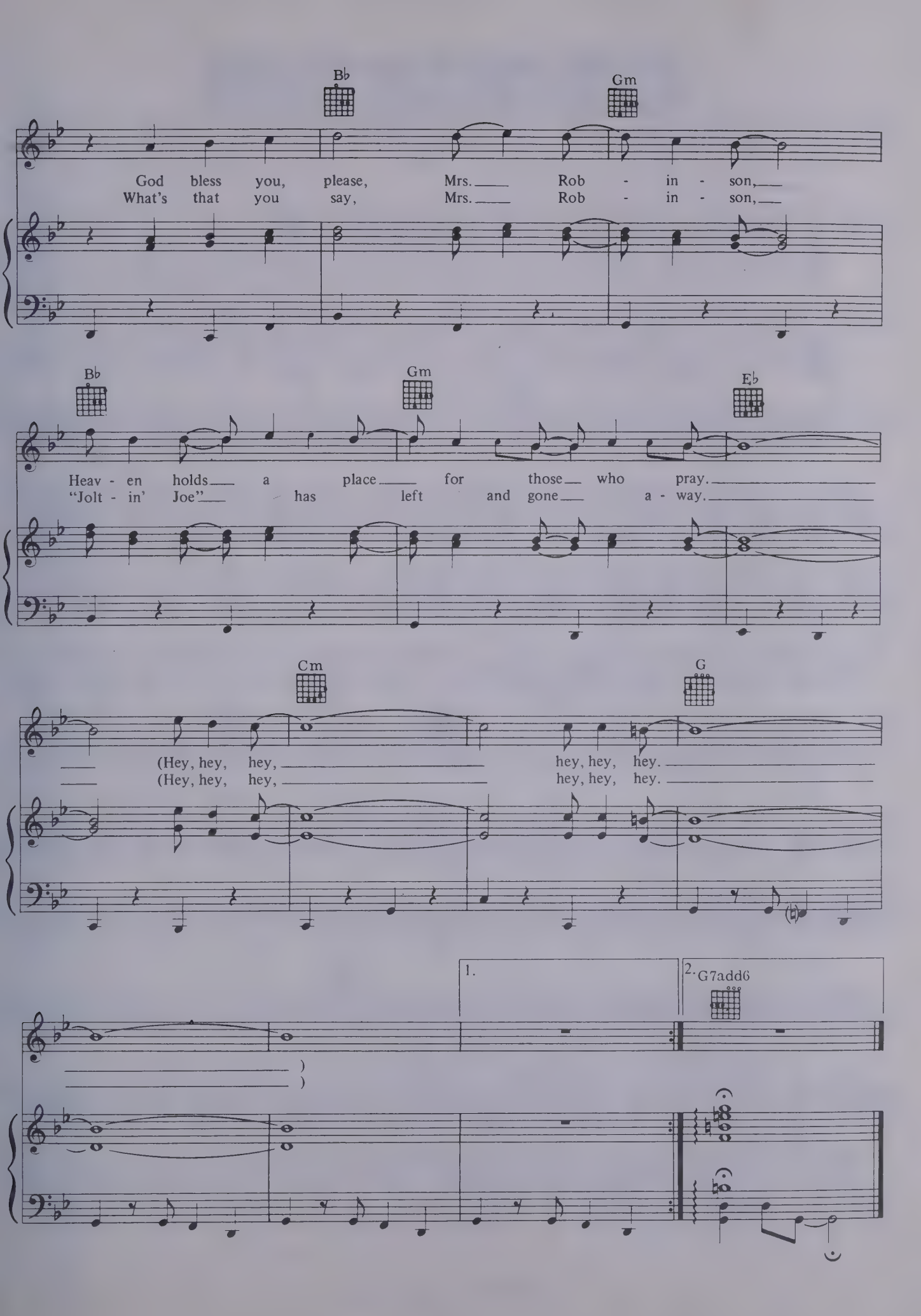

Bb
Gm
Bb
God bless you, please, Mrs. Rob - in - son, Heav-en holds a place
Gm
Eb
Cm
for those who pray, (Hey, hey, hey,
G
hey, hey, hey.)
G7
Verse:
1. We'd like to know a lit - tle bit a - bout you for our files,


C7
We'd like to help you learn to help your -
C9
F7
Bb
self.
Look a - round you, all you see are
Eb
Cm
G
sym - pa - thet - ic eyes,
Stroll a - round
F7
the grounds un - til you feel at home.
And here's to you
D.S. al Coda

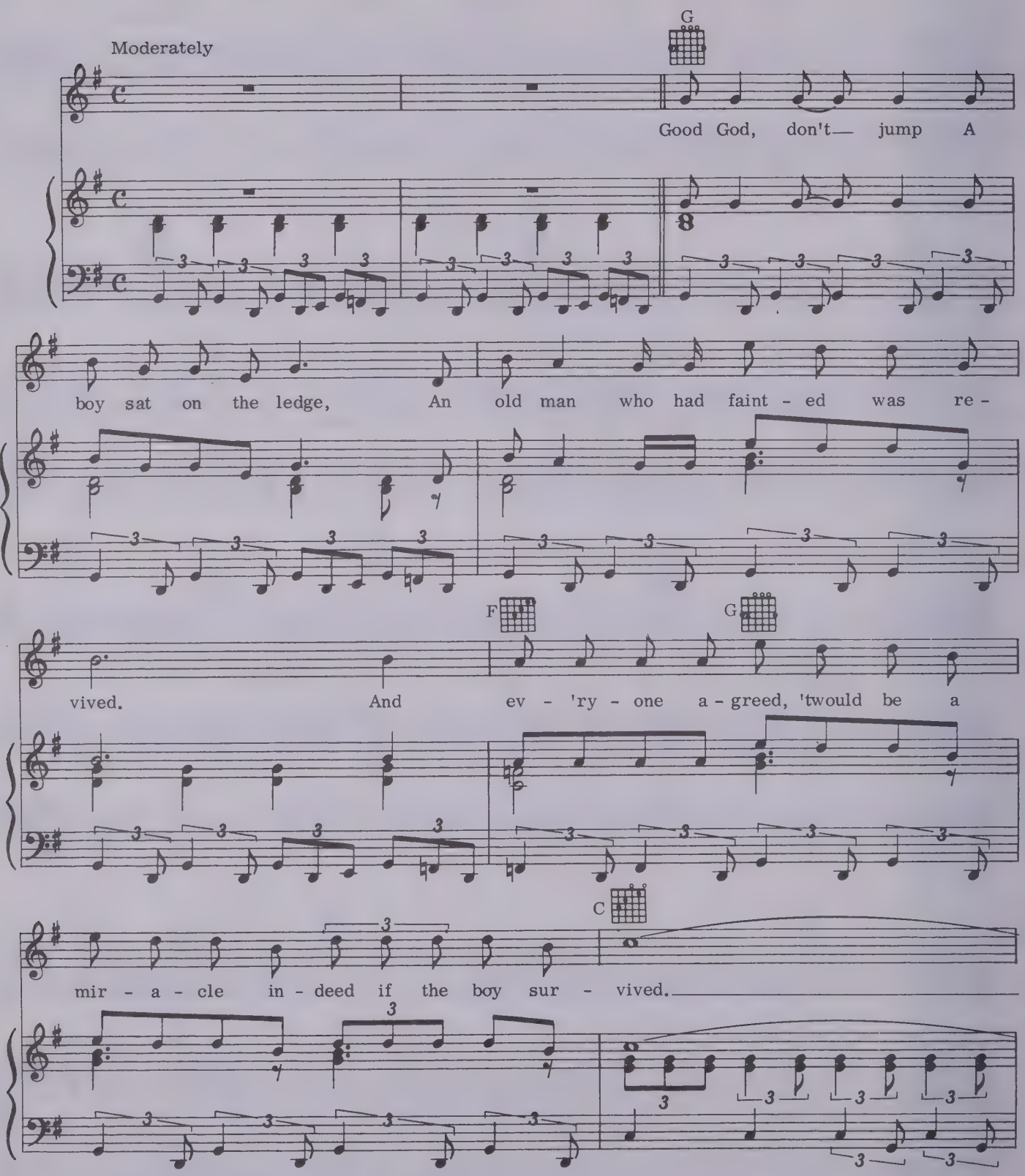

Verse:
Coda
G
G7
2. Hide it in a hid - ing place where
3. Sit - ting on a so - fa on a
no one ev - er goes,
Sun - day af - ter - noon,
C7
Put it in your pan - try with your cup - cakes,
Go - ing to the can - di - dates' de - bate,
F7
B♭
It's a lit - tle se - cret, just the Rob -
Laugh a - bout it, shout a - bout it.


Eb
Cm
G
- in - son's af - fair,
When you've got to choose,
Most of all,
Ev -'ry way you look-
F7
you've got to hide it from the kids.
at it, you lose.
Coo, coo, ca - choo,
Where have you gone,
Chorus:
Bb
Gm
Bb
Mrs. Rob - in - son,
Joe Di - mag - gi - o?
Je - sus loves you more
A na - tion turns its
Gm
Eb
F7
than you will know,
lone - ly eyes to you,
(Wo, wo, wo.)
(Woo, woo, woo.)


B♭
Gm
God bless you, please, Mrs. Rob - in - son,
What's that you say, Mrs. Rob - in - son,
B♭
Gm
E♭
Heav - en holds a place for those who pray.
"Jolt - in' Joe" has left and gone a - way.
Cm
G
(Hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey.
(Hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey.
1.
2.
G7add6

Save The Life Of My Child.

Words and music by Paul Simon.



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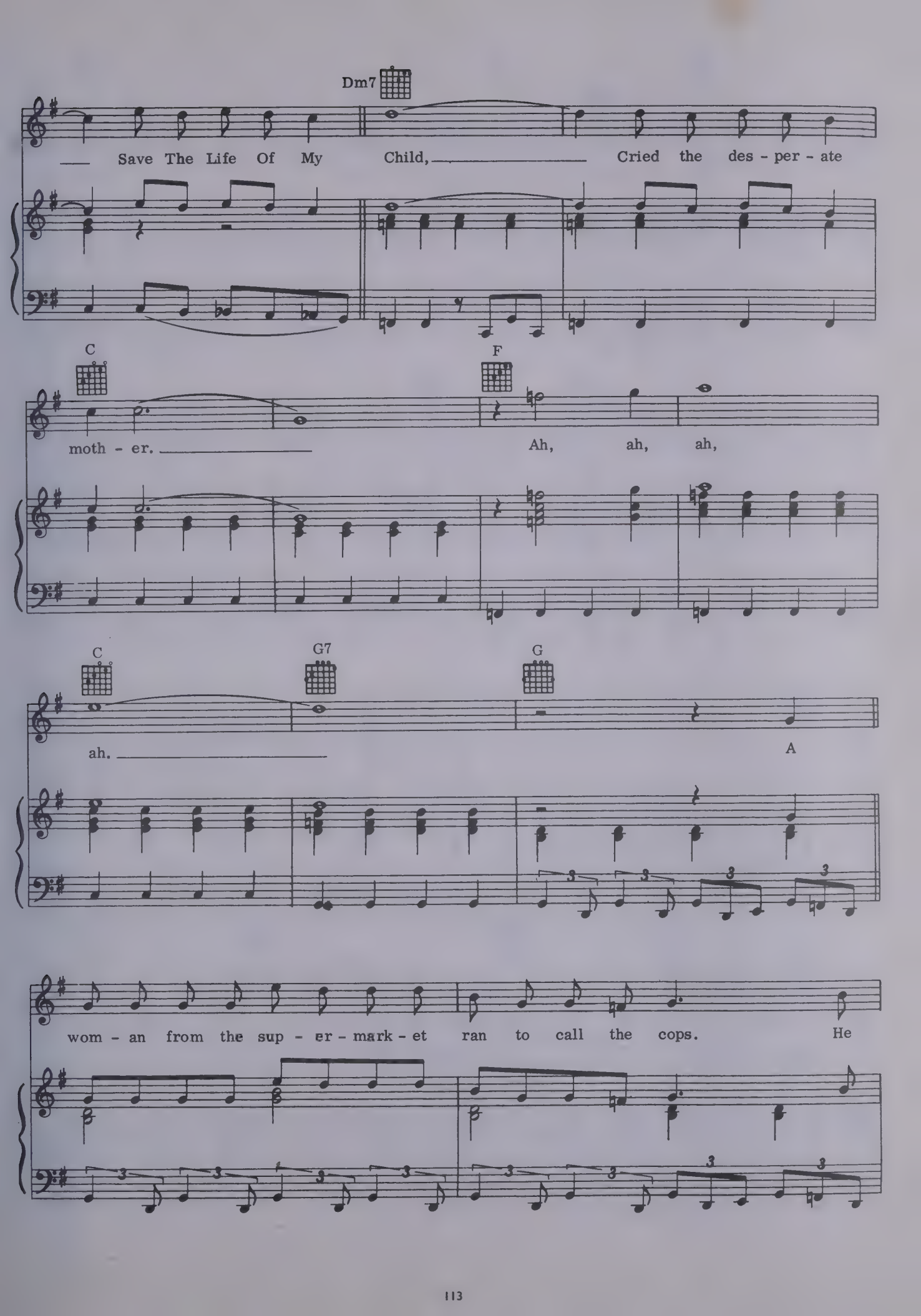
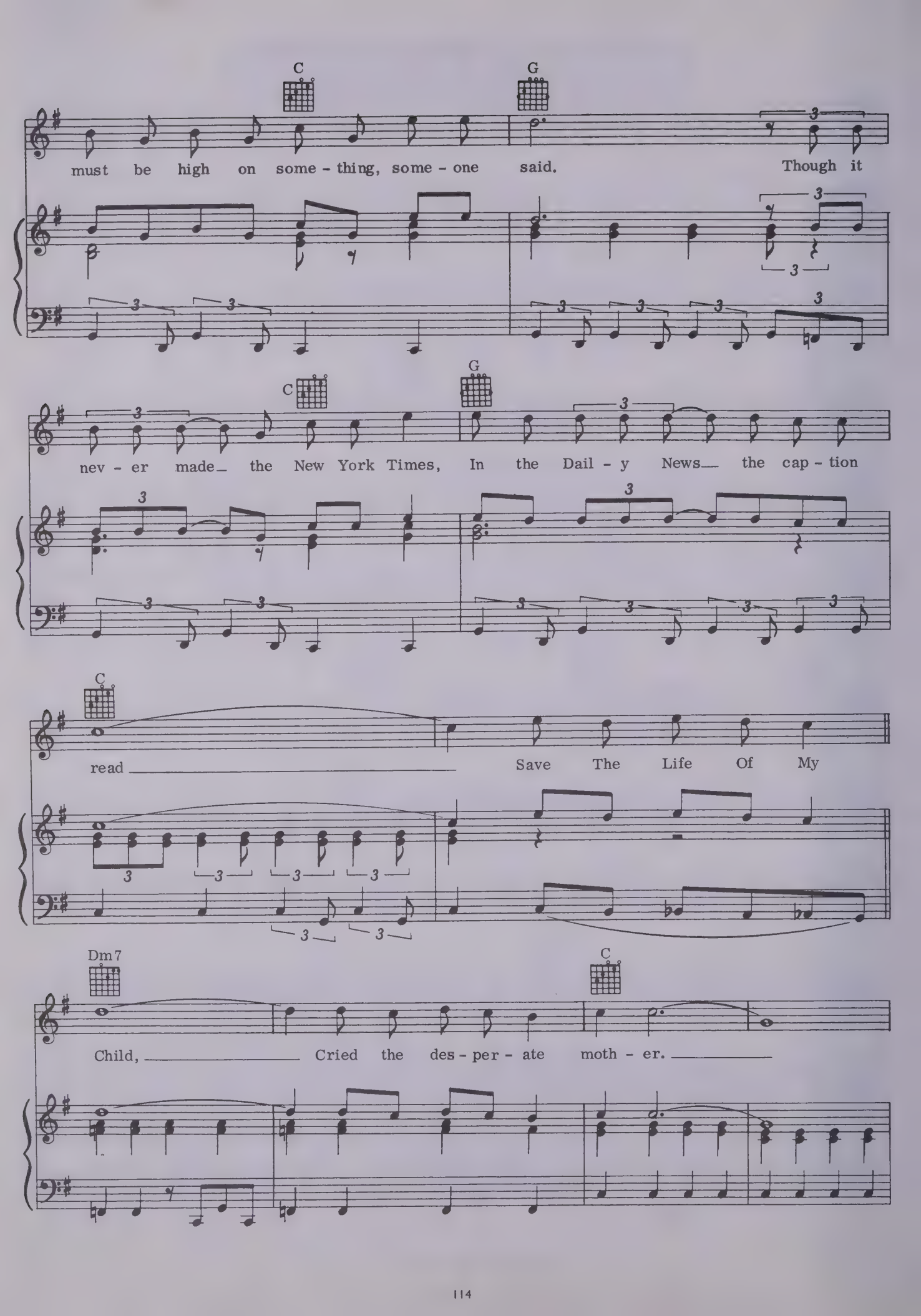
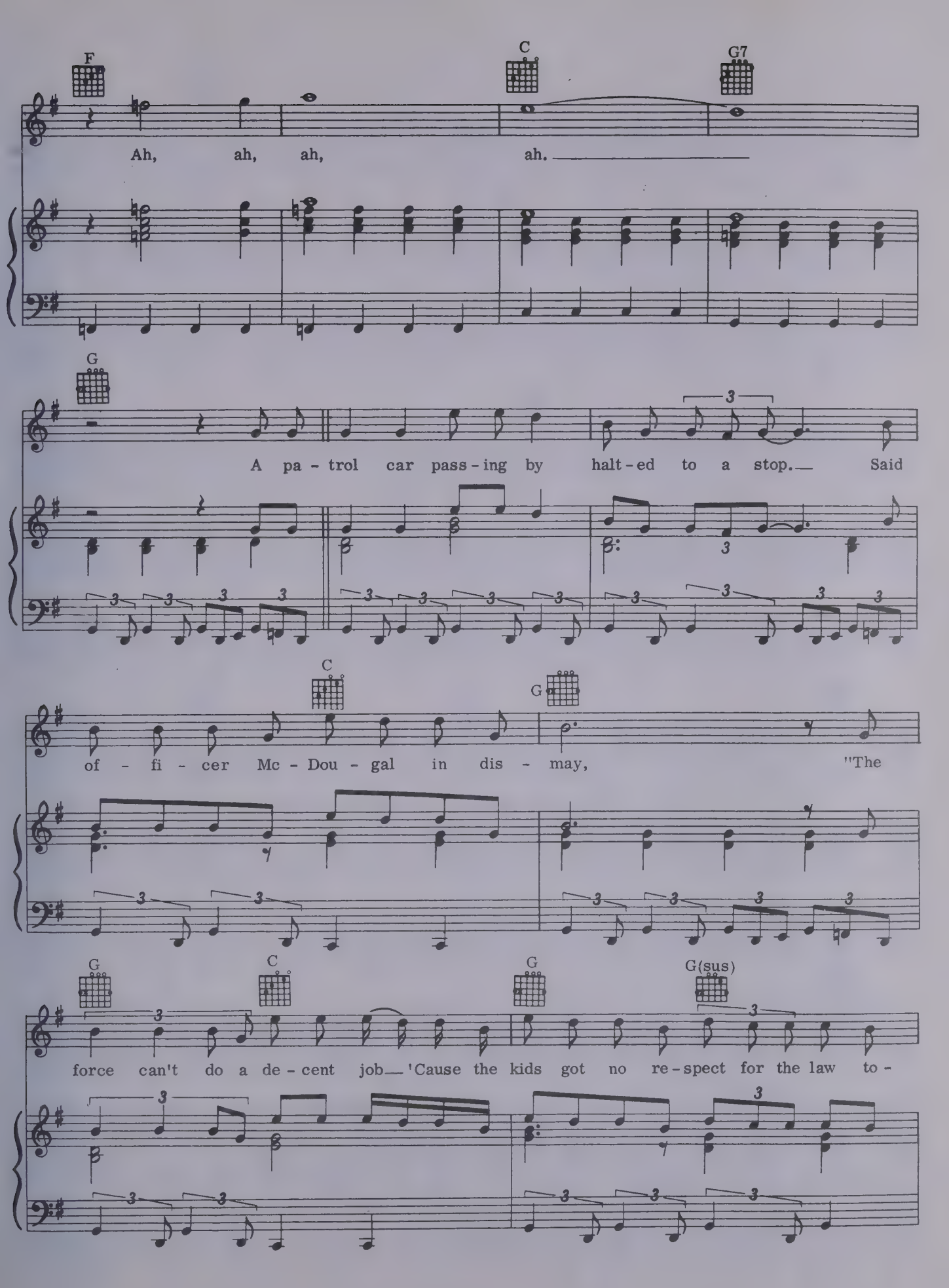
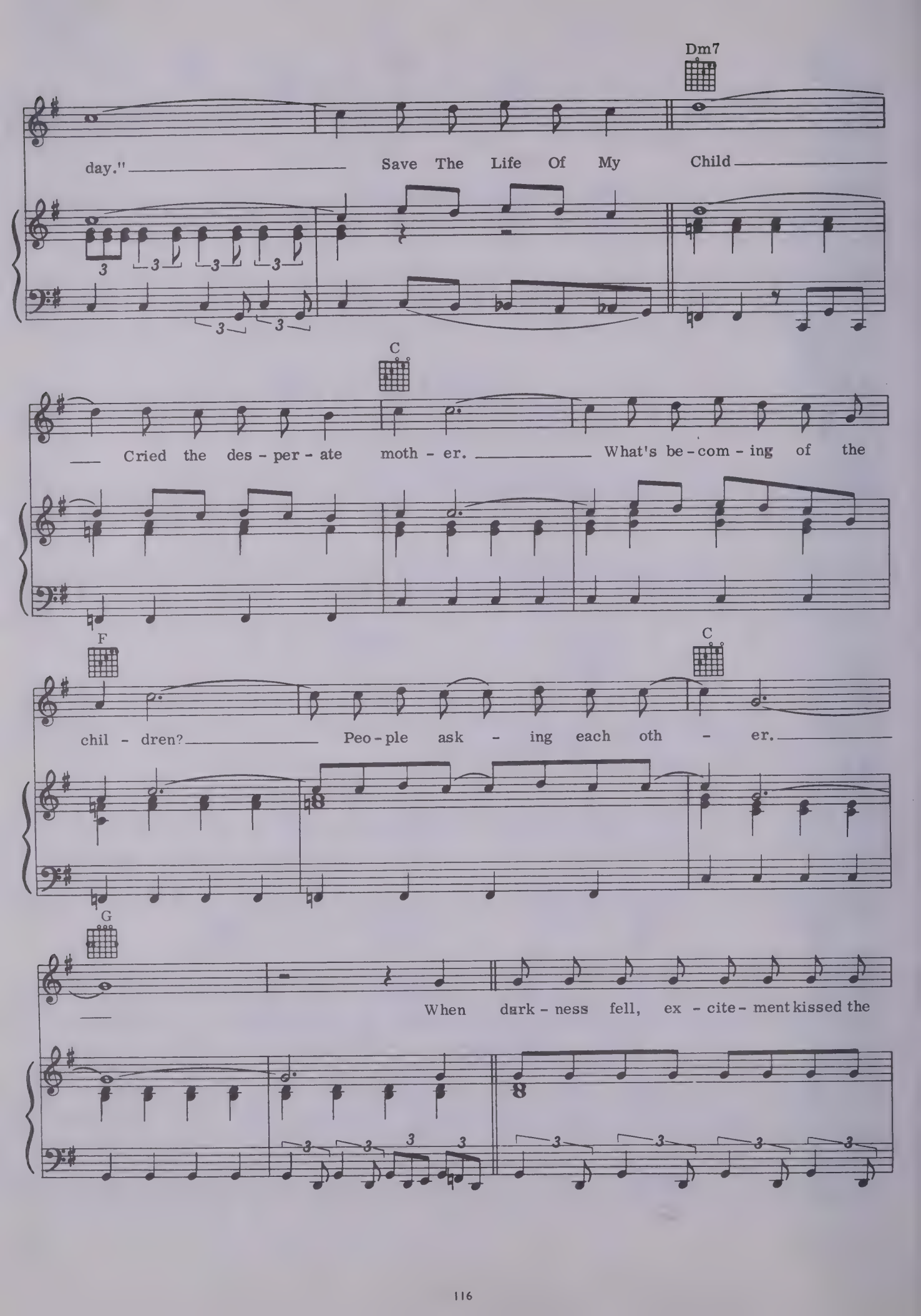
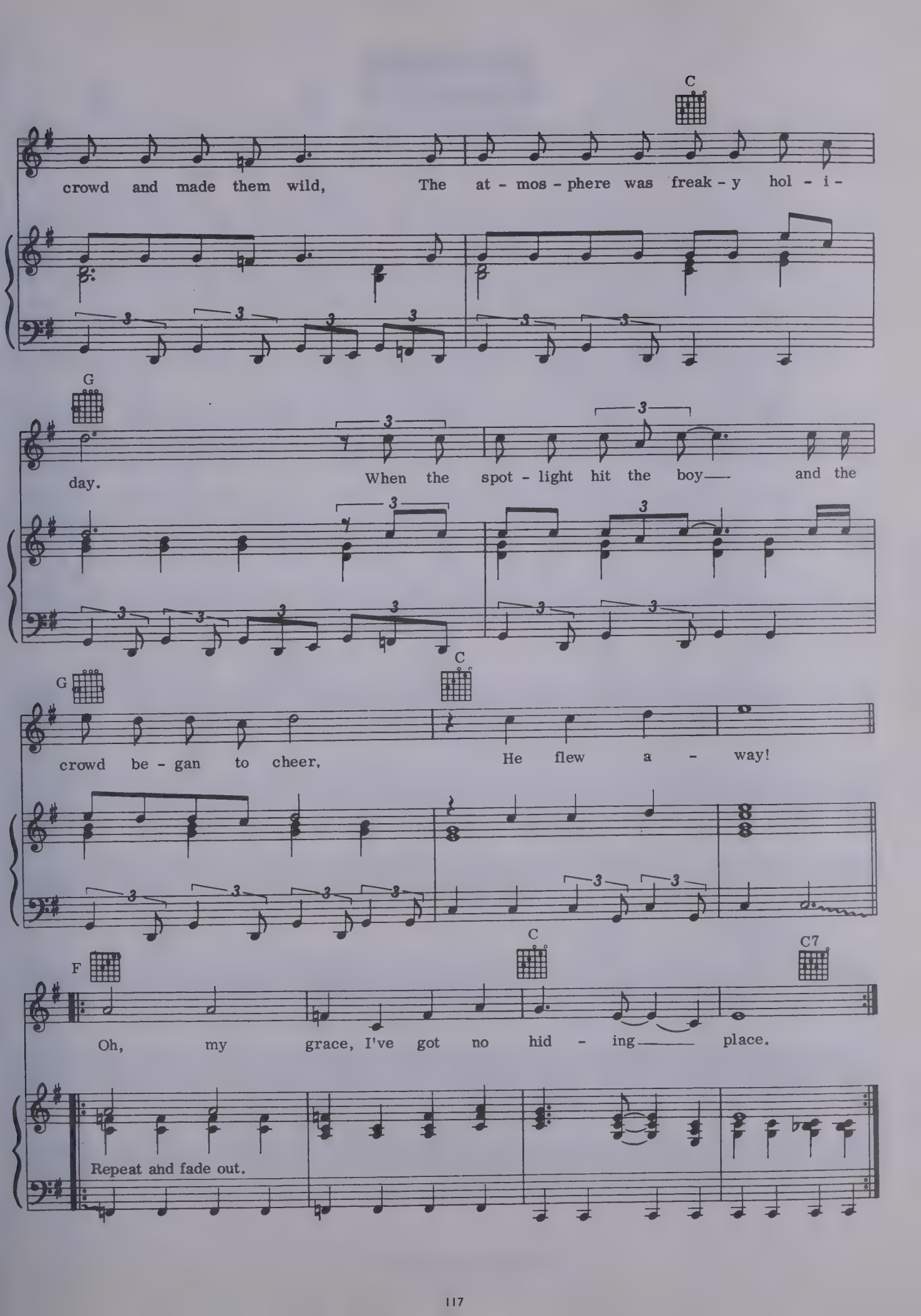

Dm7
Save The Life Of My Child, Cried the des - per - ate
C
F
moth - er. Ah, ah, ah,
C
G7
G
ah. A
wom - an from the sup - er - mark - et ran to call the cops. He


C
G
must be high on some - thing, some - one said. Though it
C
G
nev - er made the New York Times, In the Dail - y News the cap - tion
C
read Save The Life Of My
Dm7
C
Child, Cried the des - per - ate moth - er.

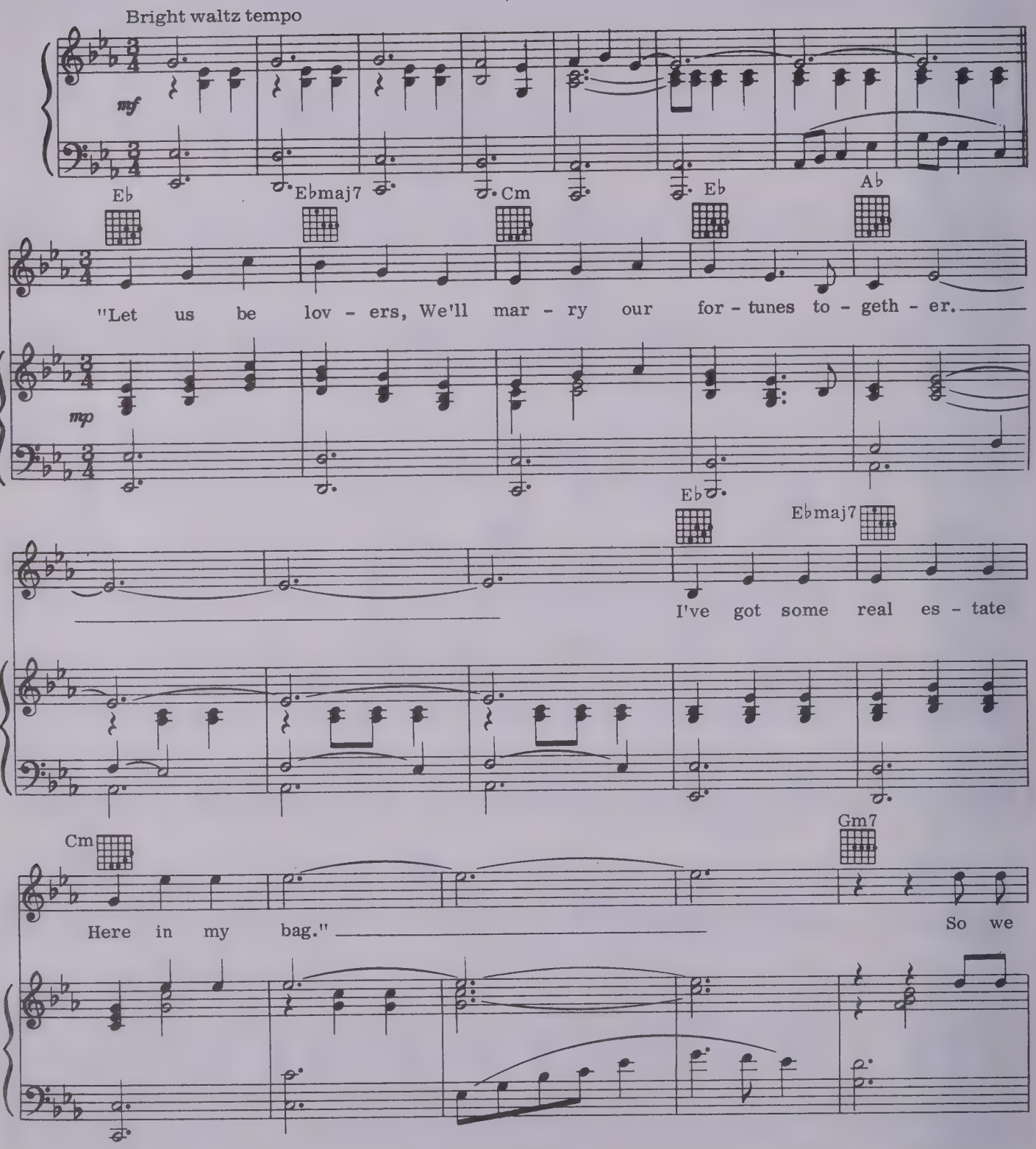

F
C
G7
Ah, ah, ah, ah.
G
A pa - trol car pass - ing by halt - ed to a stop. Said
C
G
of - fi - cer Mc - Dou - gal in dis - may, "The
G
C
G
G(sus)
force can't do a de - cent job 'Cause the kids got no re - spect for the law to -


Dm7
day." Save The Life Of My Child
C
Cried the des - per - ate moth - er. What's be - com - ing of the
F
C
chil - dren? Peo - ple ask - ing each oth - er.
G
When dark - ness fell, ex - cite - ment kissed the


C
crowd and made them wild, The at - mos - phere was freak - y hol - i -
G
day. When the spot - light hit the boy— and the
G
C
crowd be - gan to cheer, He flew a - way!
F
C
C7
Oh, my grace, I've got no hid - ing— place.
Repeat and fade out.

America.

Words and music by Paul Simon.



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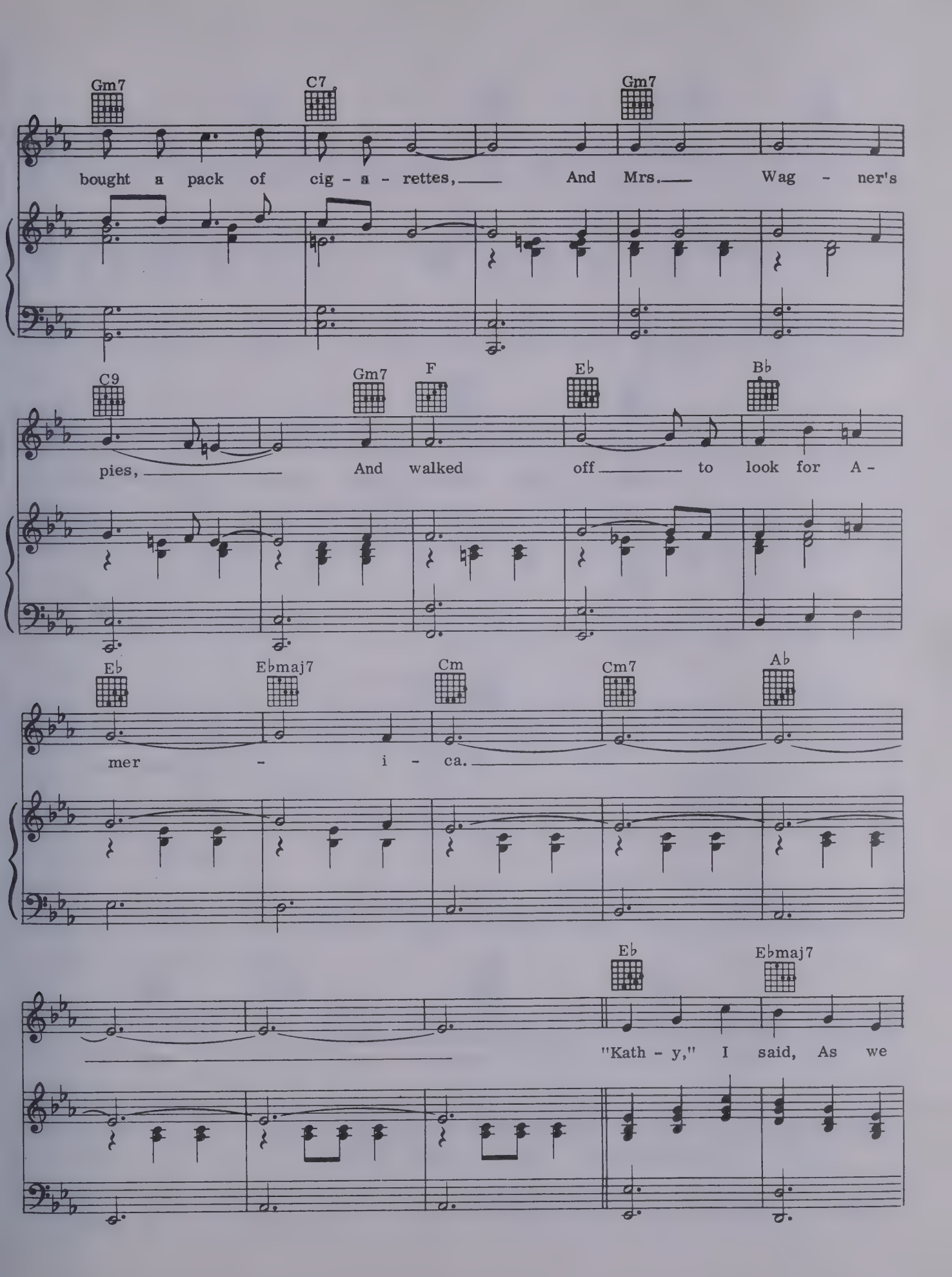
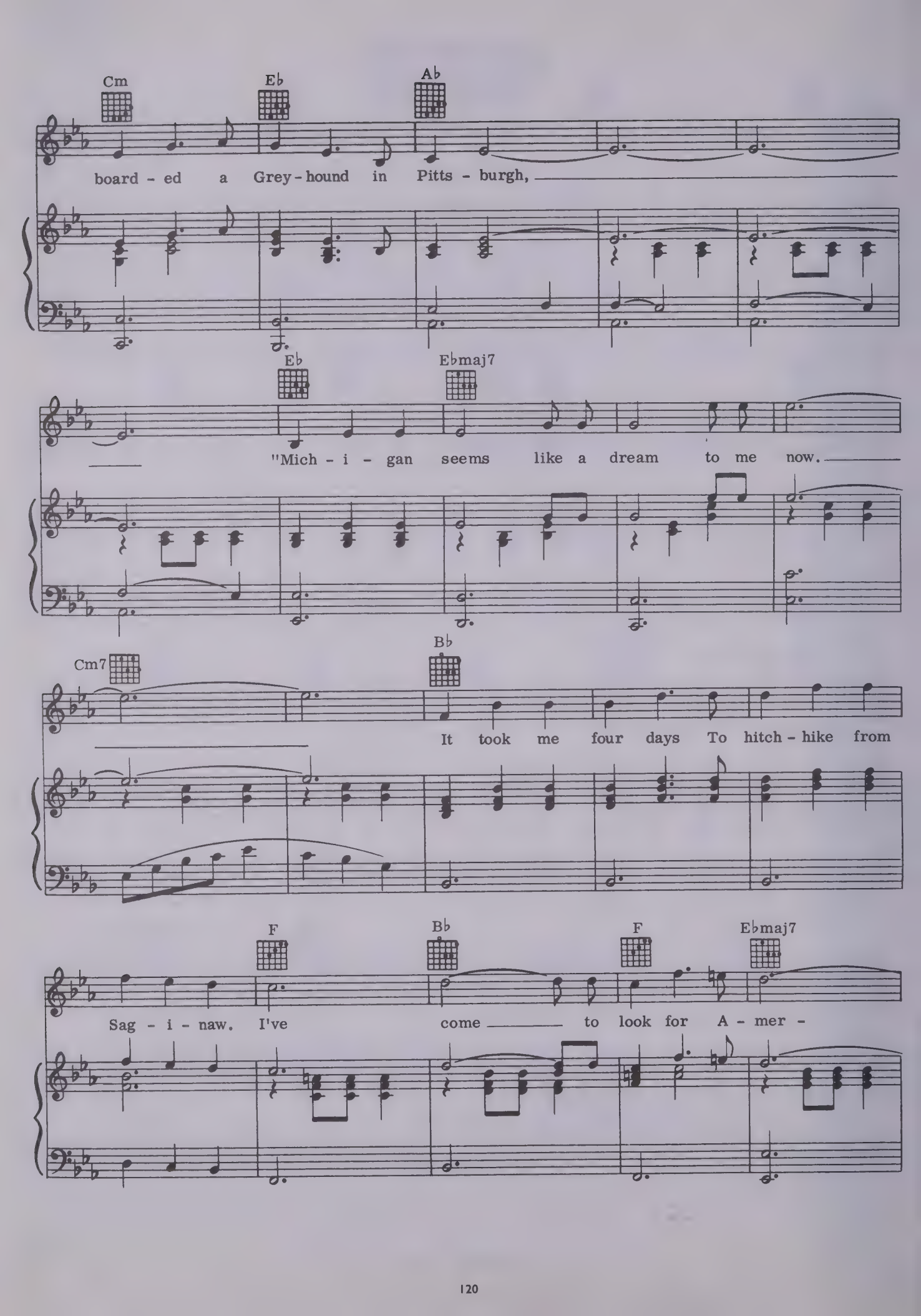
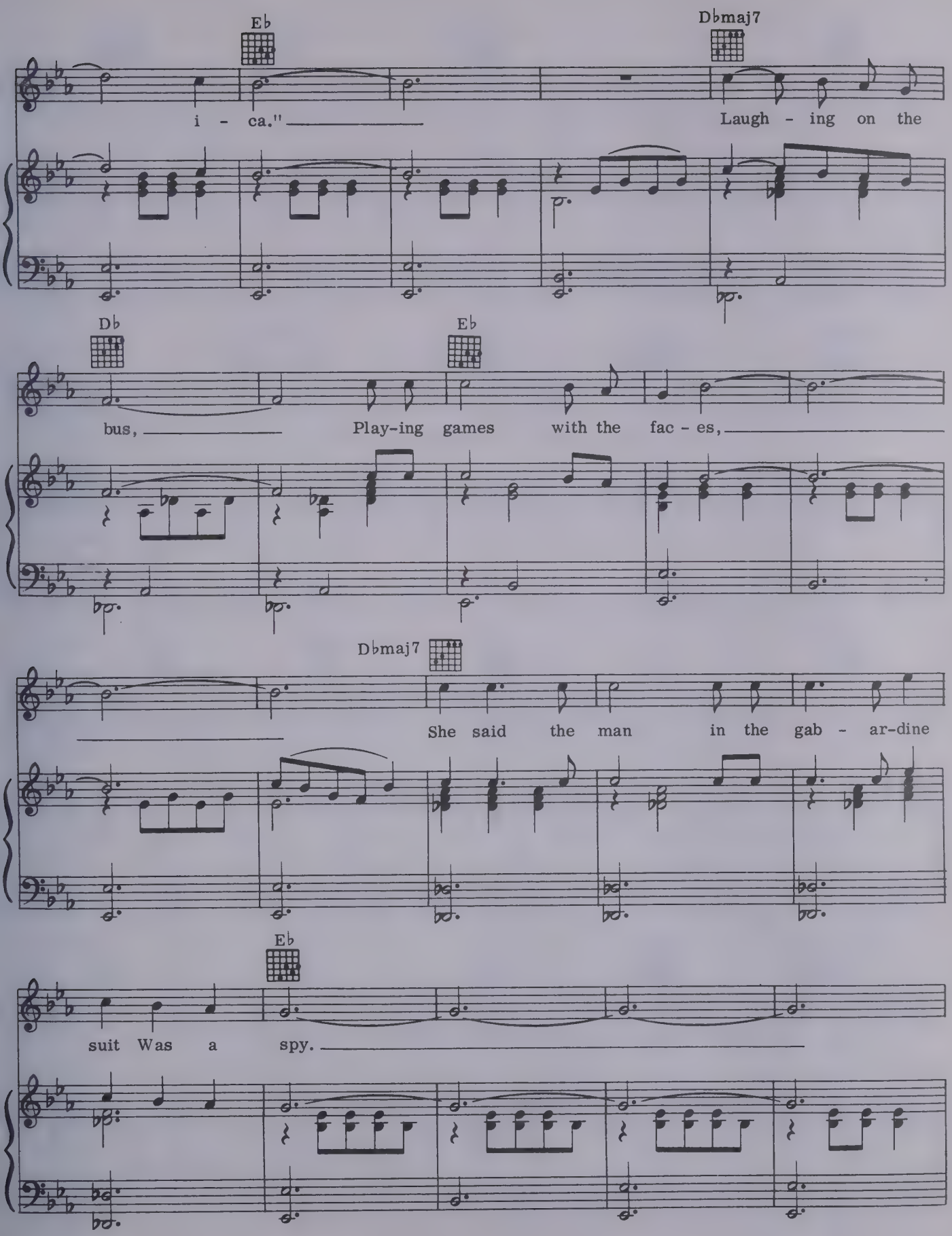
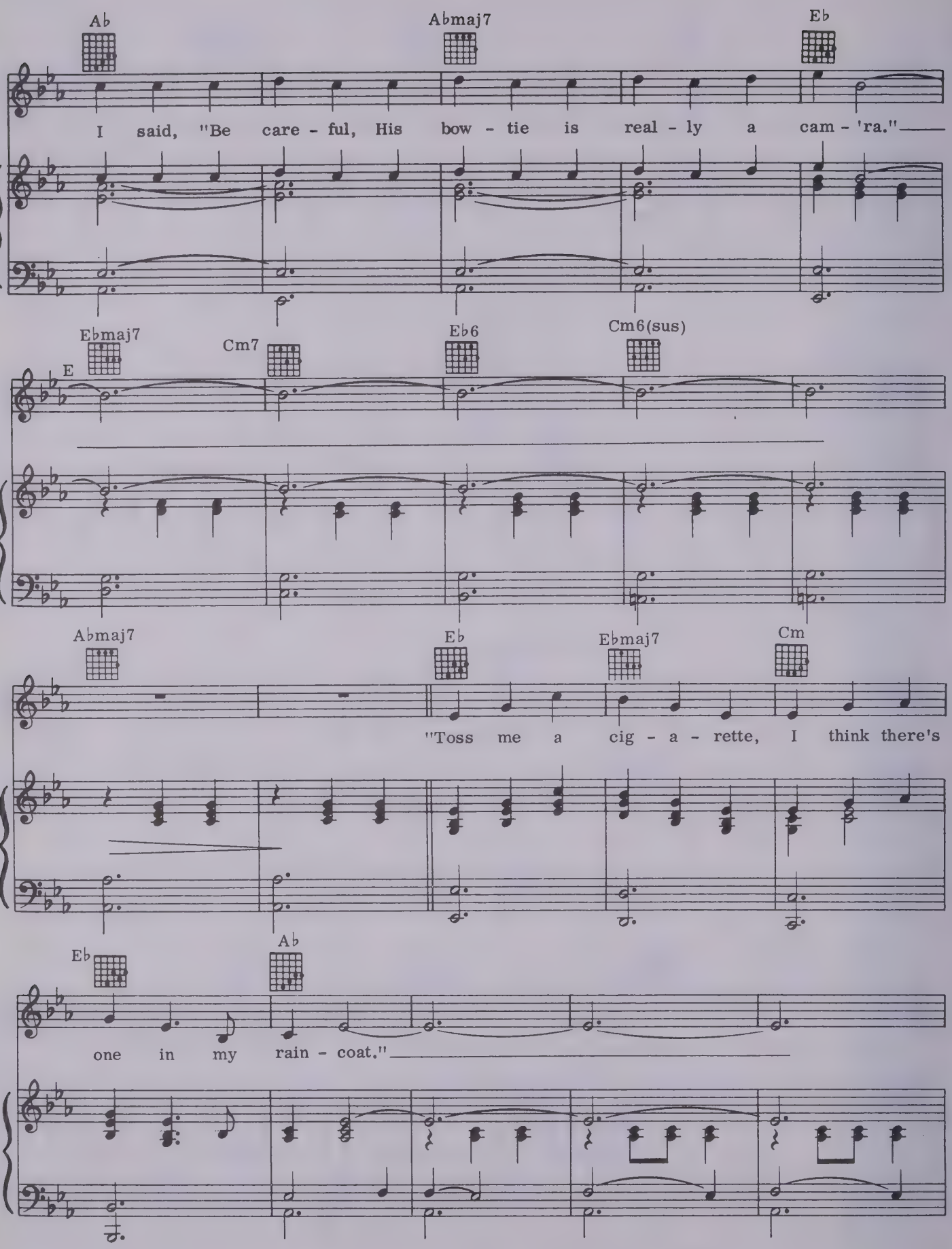
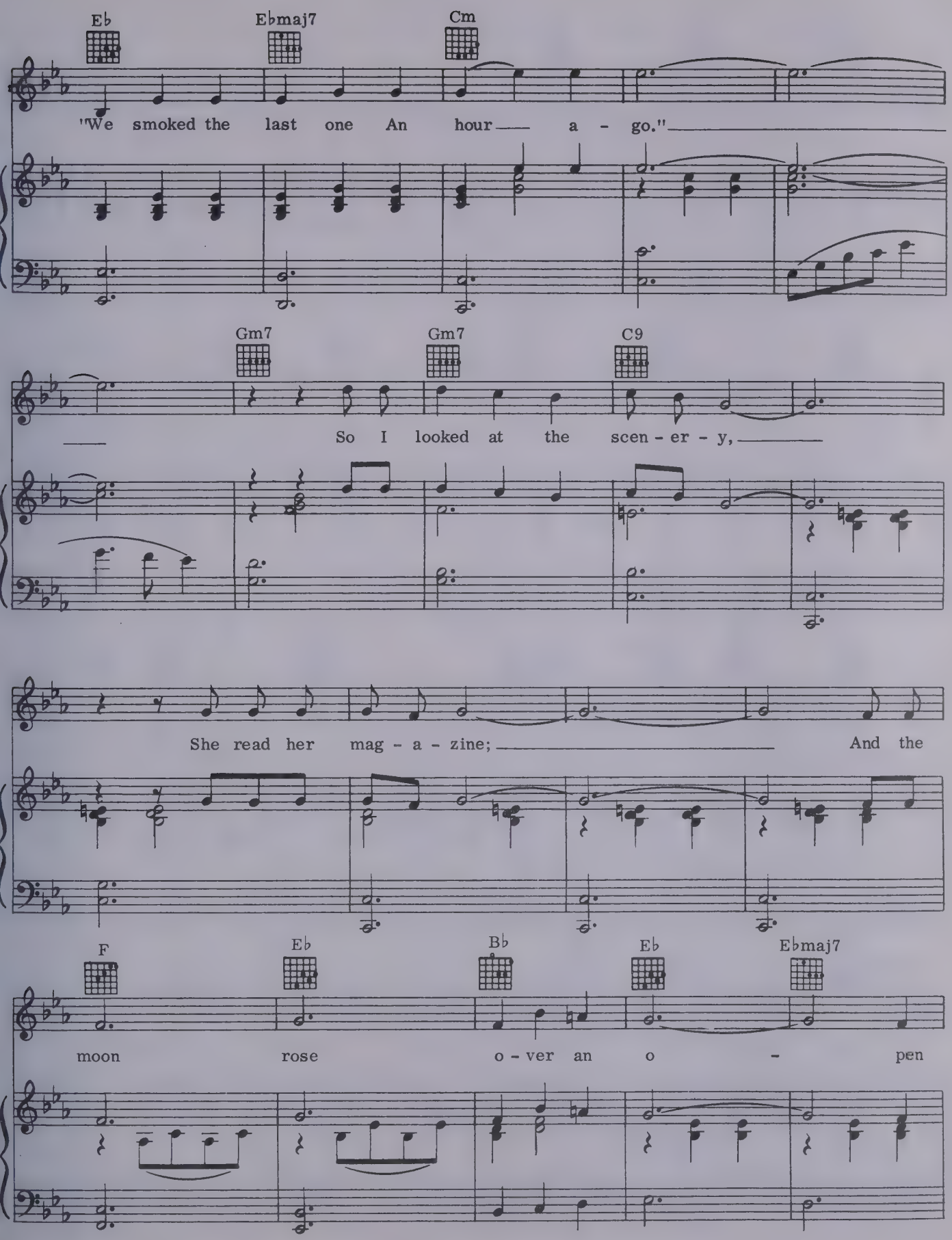
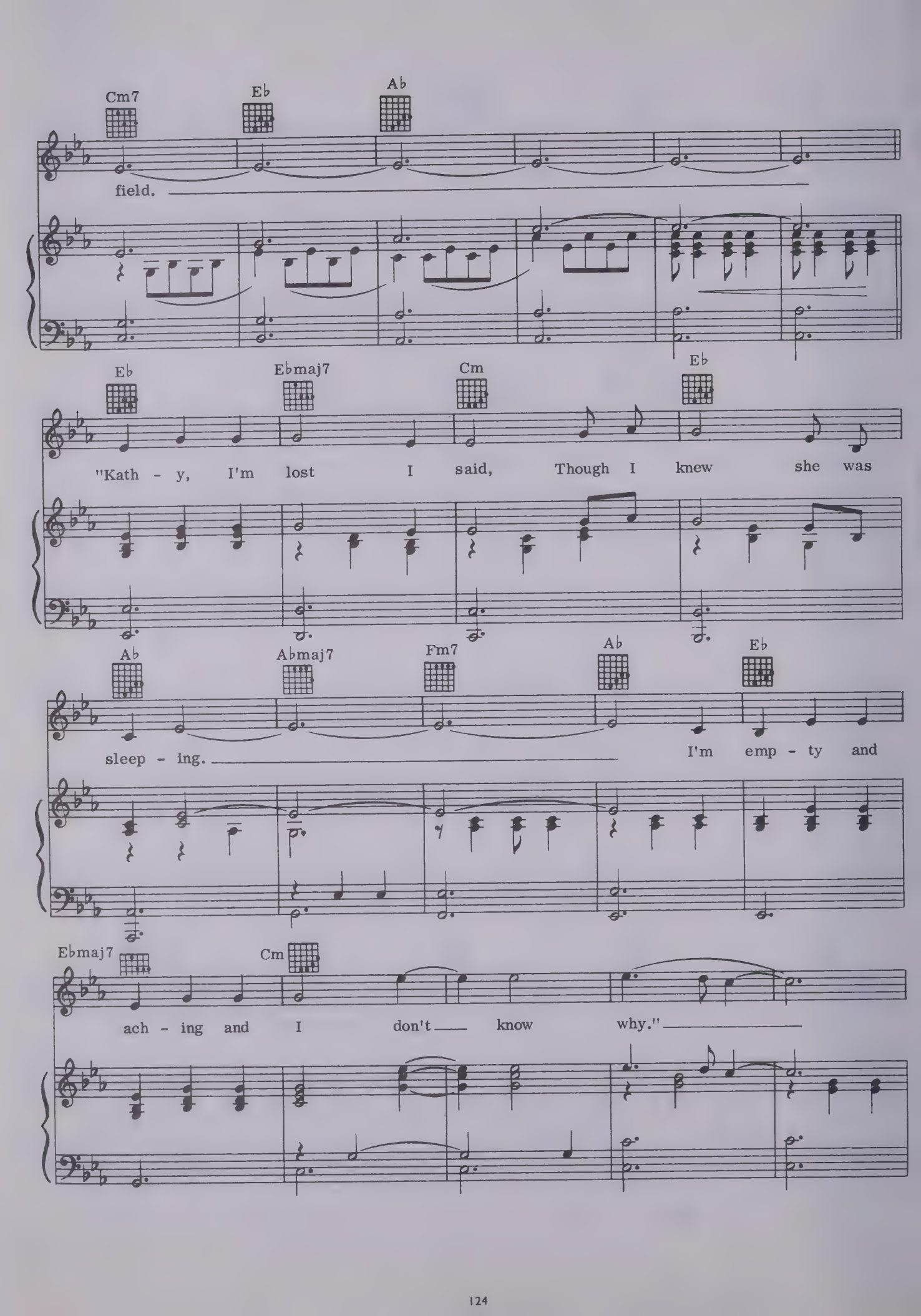

Gm7
C7
Gm7
bought a pack of cig - a - rettes, And Mrs. Wag - ner's
C9
Gm7
F
E♭
B♭
pies, And walked off to look for A -
E♭
E♭maj7
Cm
Cm7
A♭
mer - i - ca.
E♭
E♭maj7
"Kath - y," I said, As we

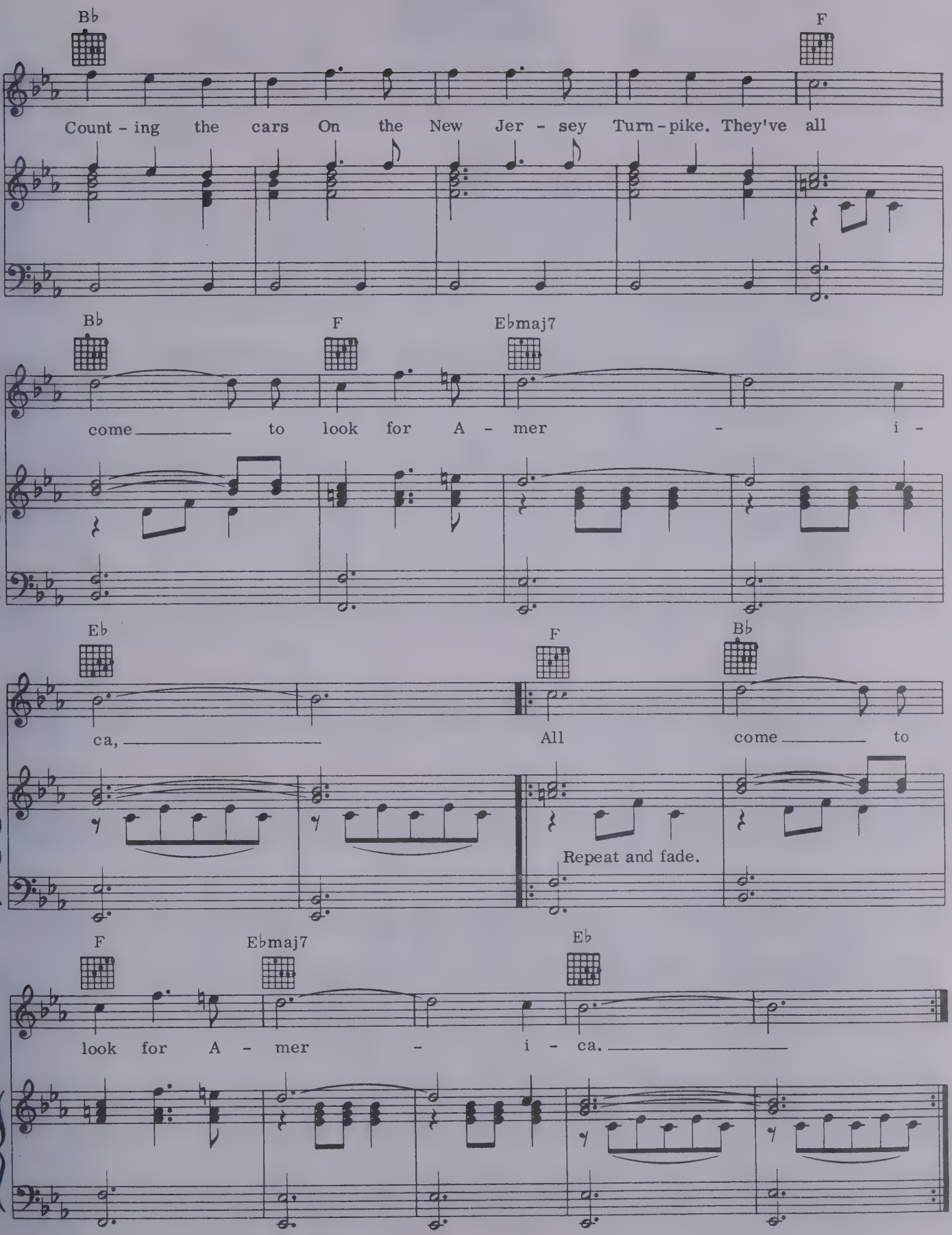

Cm
E♭
A♭
board - ed a Grey - hound in Pitts - burgh,
E♭
E♭maj7
"Mich - i - gan seems like a dream to me now.
Cm7
B♭
It took me four days To hitch - hike from
F
B♭
F
E♭maj7
Sag - i - naw. I've come to look for A - mer -


E♭
D♭maj7
i - ca."
Laugh - ing on the
D♭
E♭
bus,
Play-ing games with the fac - es,
D♭maj7
She said the man in the gab - ar-dine
E♭
suit Was a spy.


Ab
Abmaj7
Eb
I said, "Be care - ful, His bow - tie is real - ly a cam - 'ra."
Ebmaj7
E
Cm7
Eb6
Cm6(sus)
Abmaj7
Eb
Ebmaj7
Cm
"Toss me a cig - a - rette, I think there's
Eb
Ab
one in my rain - coat."

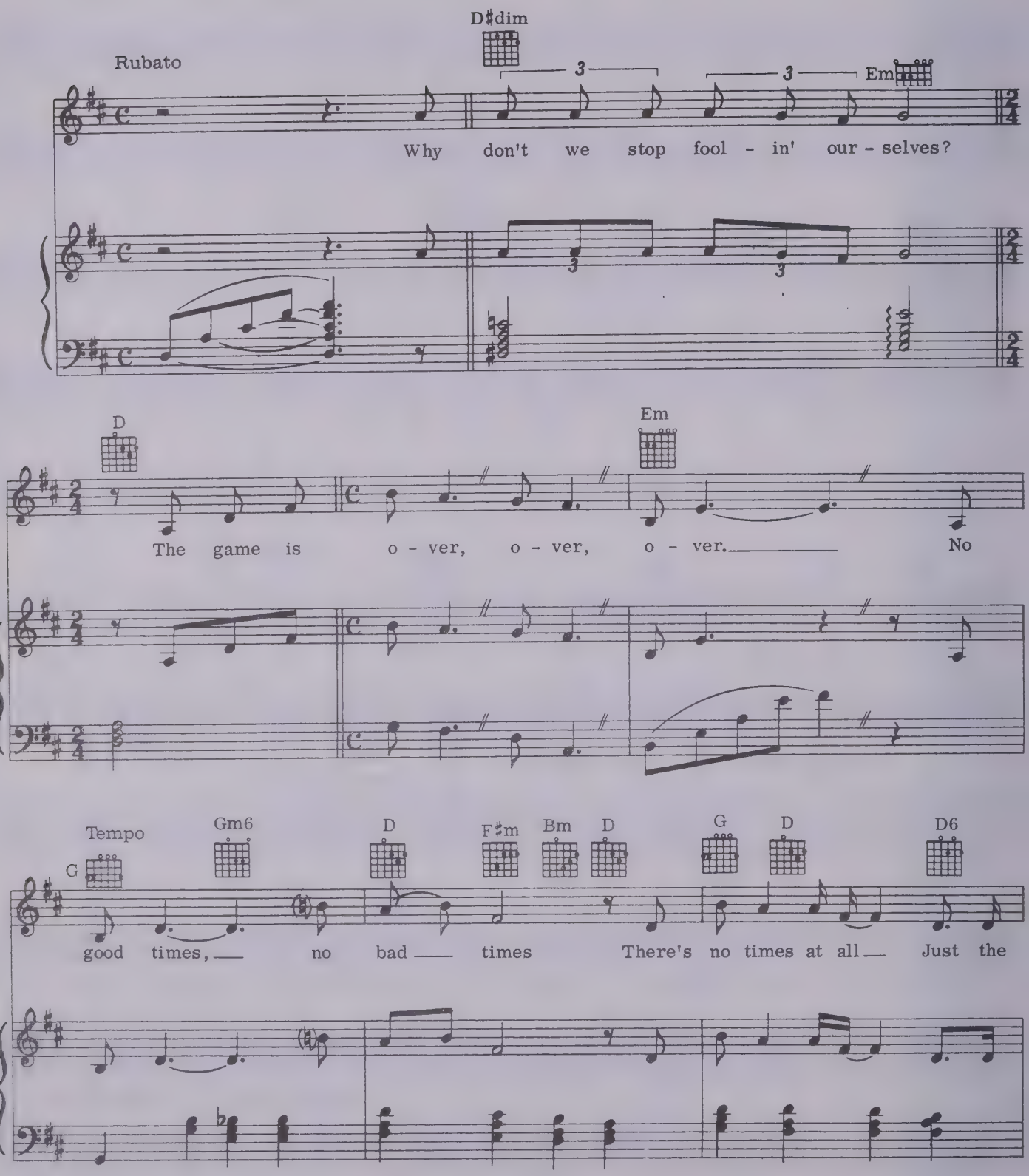

E♭
E♭maj7
Cm
"We smoked the last one An hour a - go."
Gm7
Gm7
C9
So I looked at the scen - er - y,
She read her mag - a - zine;
And the
F
E♭
B♭
E♭
E♭maj7
moon rose o - ver an o - pen


Cm7
Eb
Ab
field.
Eb
Ebmaj7
Cm
Eb
"Kath - y, I'm lost I said, Though I knew she was
Ab
Abmaj7
Fm7
Ab
Eb
sleep - ing. I'm emp - ty and
Ebmaj7
Cm
ach - ing and I don't know why."


Bb
F
Count - ing the cars On the New Jer - sey Turn - pike. They've all
Bb
F
Ebmaj7
come to look for A - mer - i -
Eb
F
Bb
ca, All come to
Repeat and fade.
F
Ebmaj7
Eb
look for A - mer - i - ca.

Overs.

Words and music by Paul Simon.



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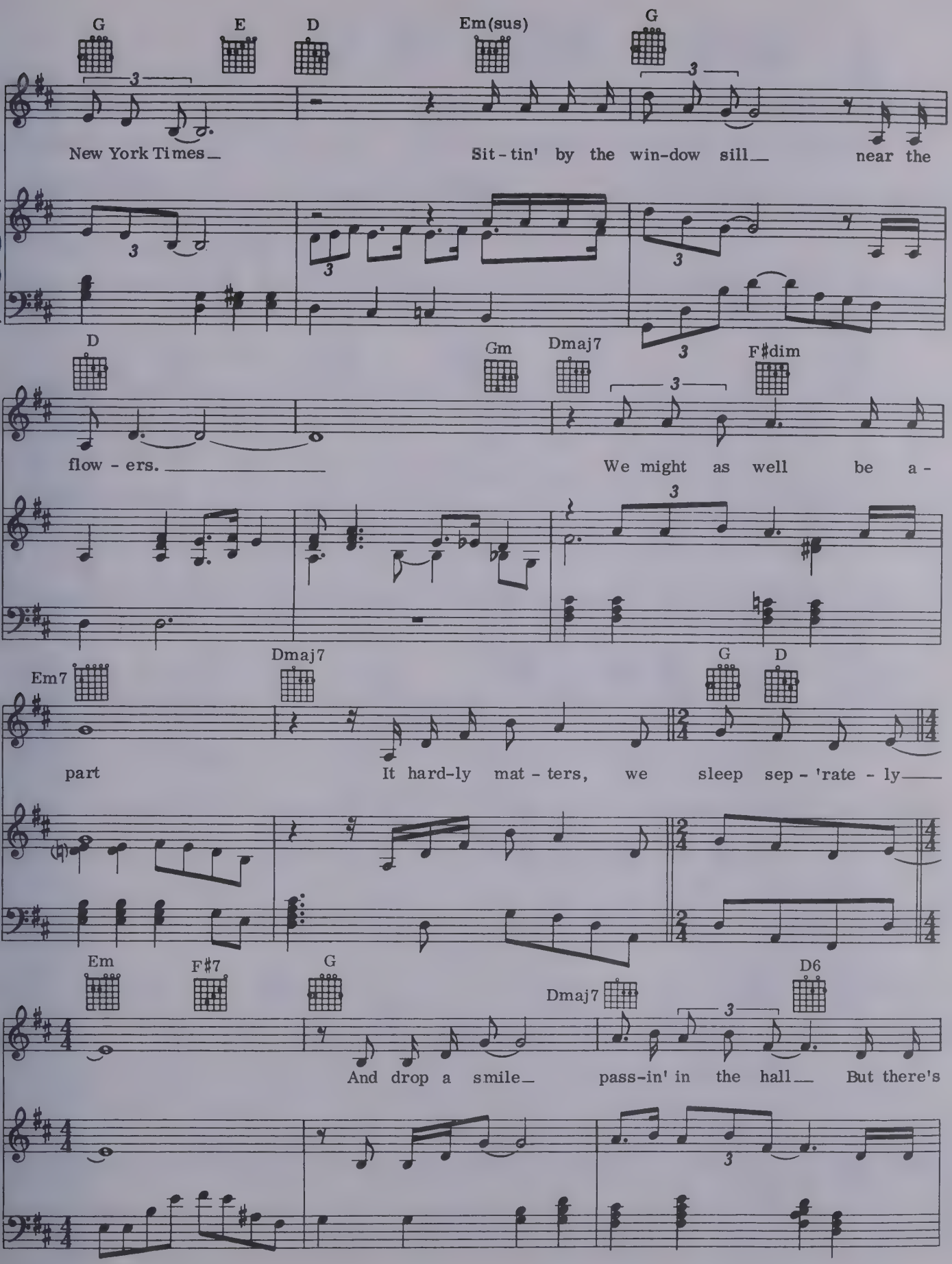
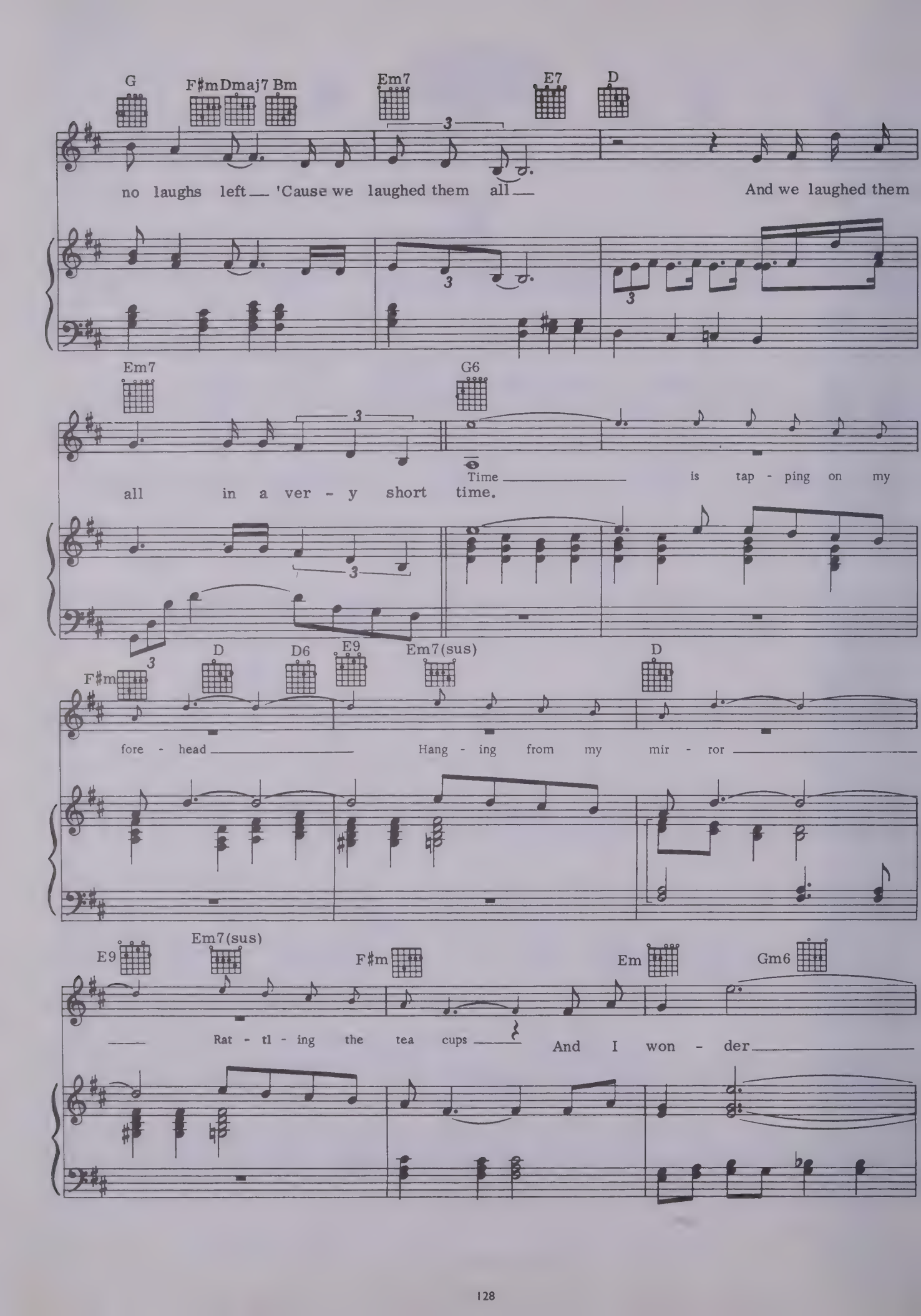
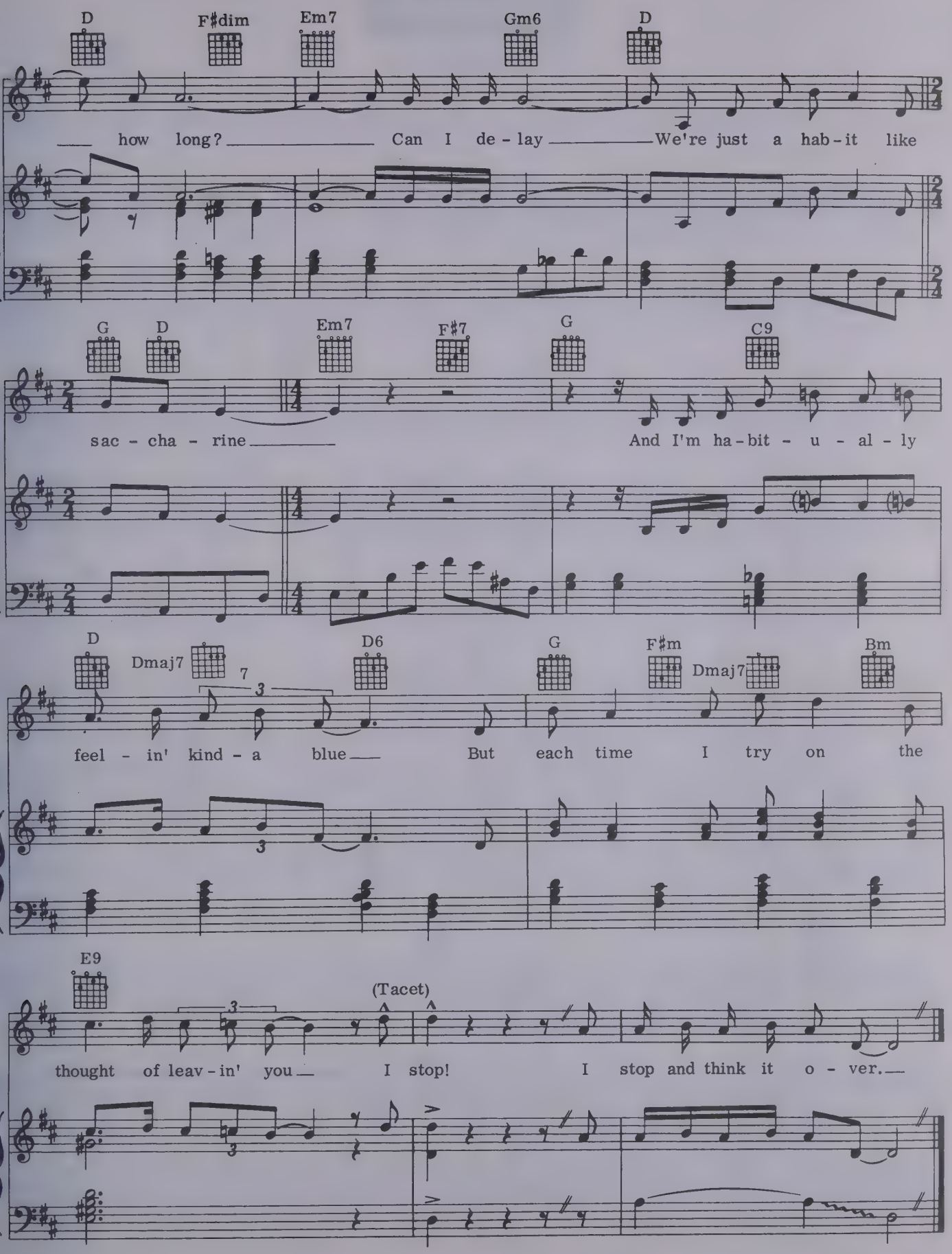
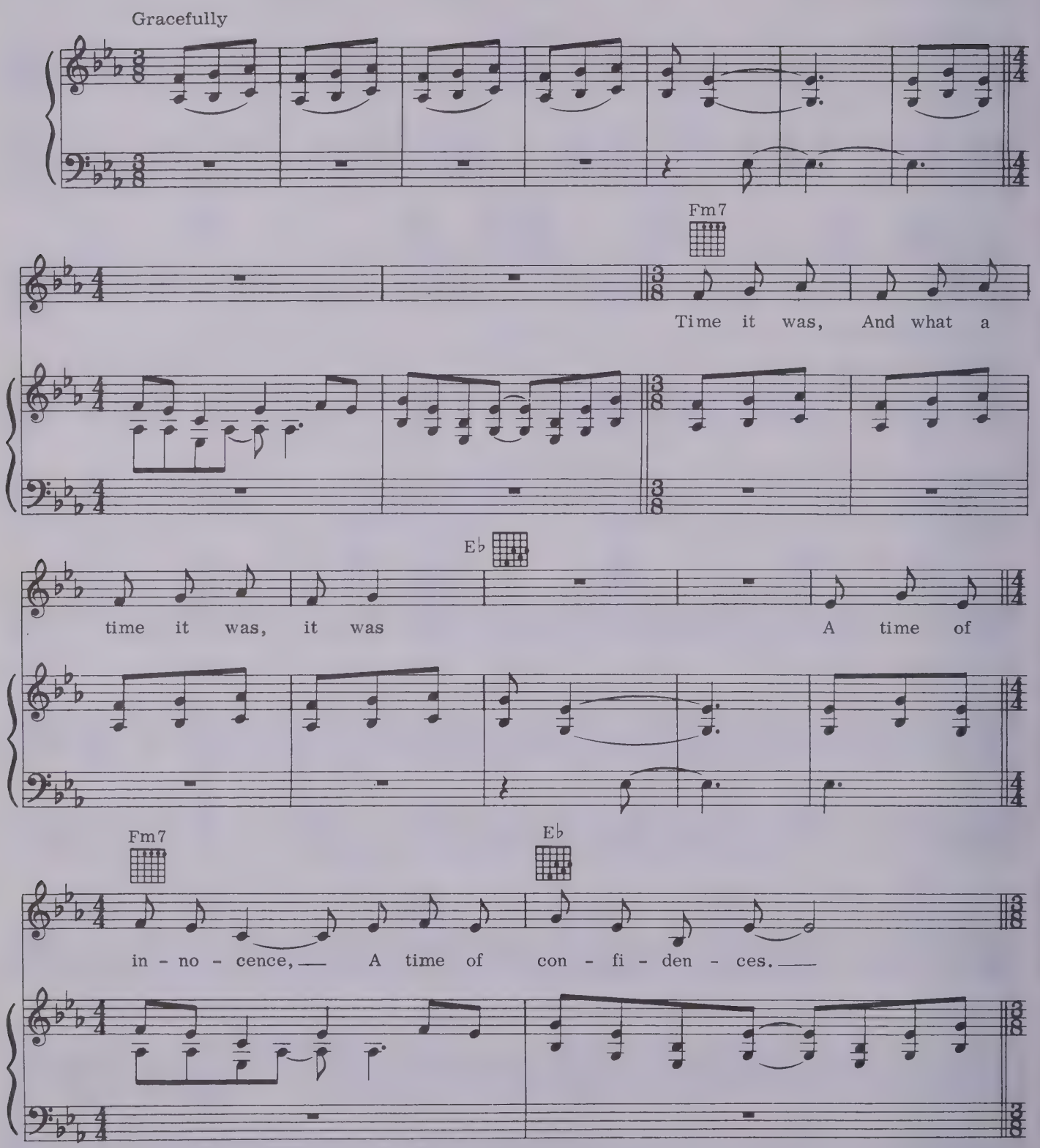

G E D Em(sus) G
New York Times Sit-tin' by the win-dow sill near the
D Gm Dmaj7 F♯dim
flow - ers. We might as well be a -
Em7 Dmaj7 G D
part It hard-ly mat - ters, we sleep sep - 'rate - ly
Em F♯7 G Dmaj7 D6
And drop a smile pass-in' in the hall But there's


G
F#m
Dmaj7
Bm
Em7
E7
D
no laughs left 'Cause we laughed them all
And we laughed them
Em7
G6
all in a ver - y short time.
Time is tap - ping on my
F#m
D
D6
E9
Em7(sus)
D
fore - head
Hang - ing from my mir - ror
E9
Em7(sus)
F#m
Em
Gm6
Rat - tl - ing the tea cups
And I won - der


D
F♯dim
Em7
Gm6
D
how long? Can I de - lay We're just a hab - it like
G
D
Em7
F♯7
G
C9
sac - cha - rine And I'm ha - bit - u - al - ly
D
Dmaj7
D6
G
F♯m
Dmaj7
Bm
feel - in' kind - a blue But each time I try on the
E9
(Tacet)
thought of leav - in' you I stop! I stop and think it o - ver.

Bookends.

Words and music by Paul Simon.



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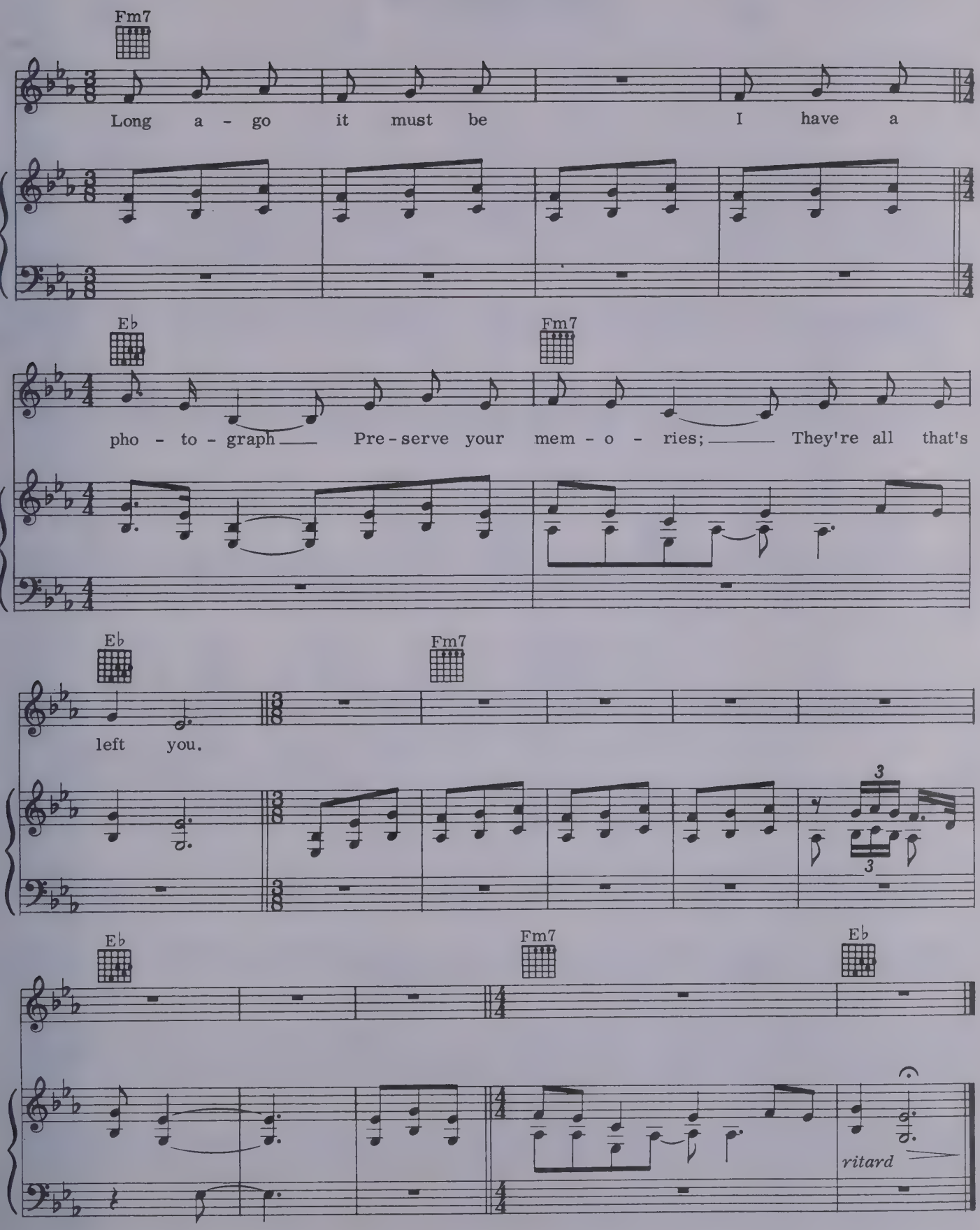
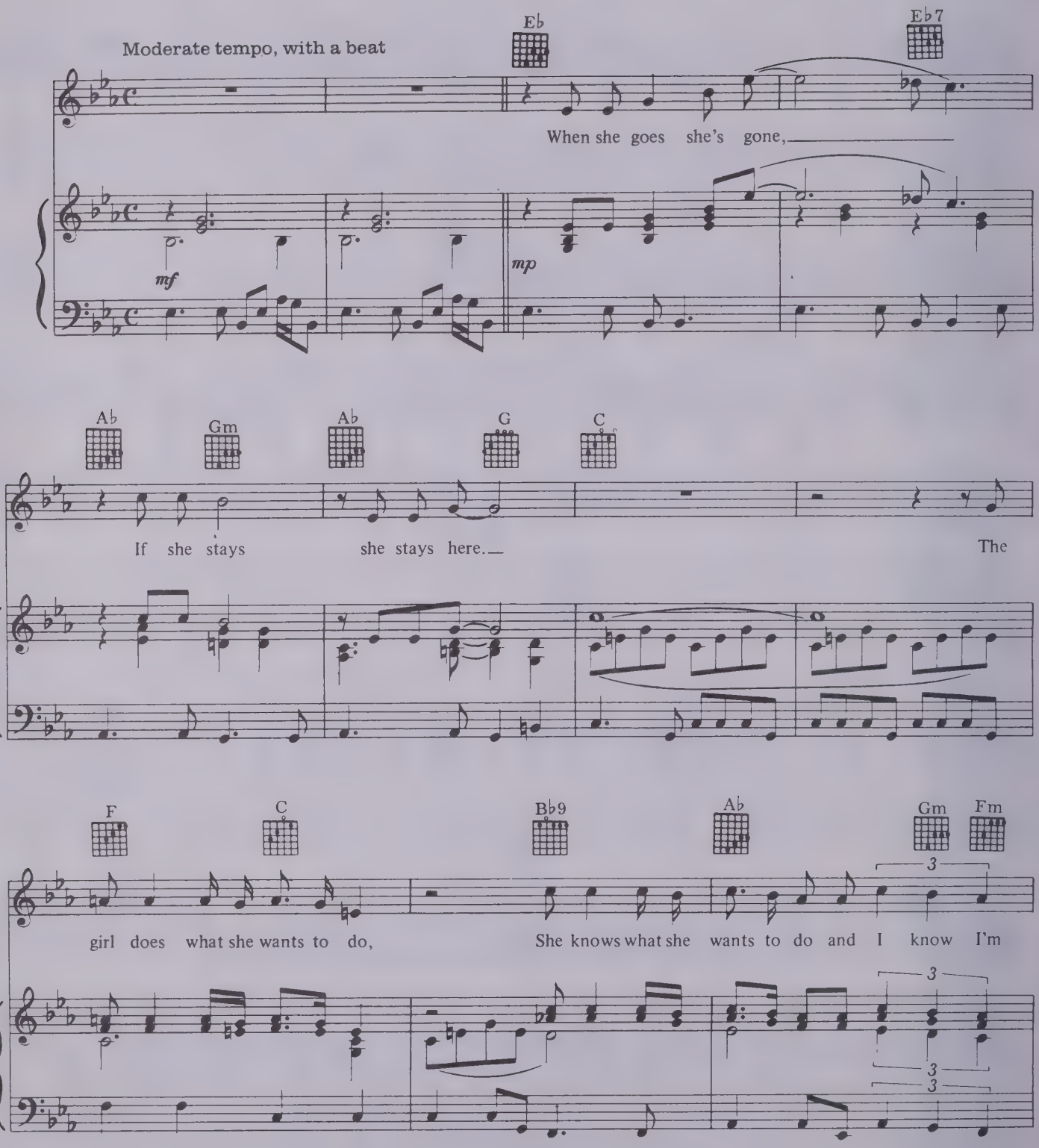

Fm7
Long a - go it must be I have a
E♭
Fm7
pho - to - graph Pre - serve your mem - o - ries; They're all that's
E♭
Fm7
left you.
3
3
E♭
Fm7
E♭
ritard

Fakin' It.

Words and music by Paul Simon.



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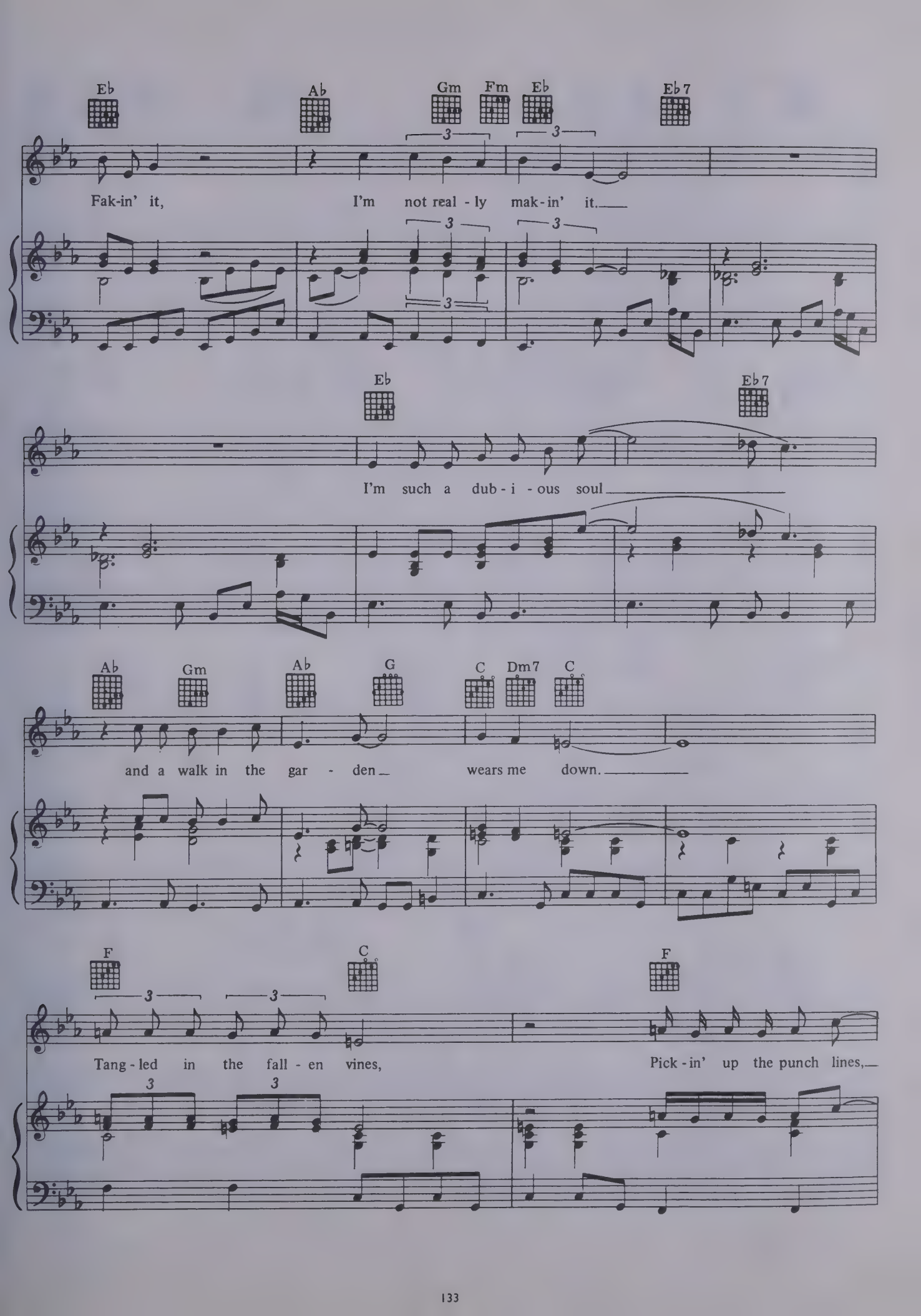
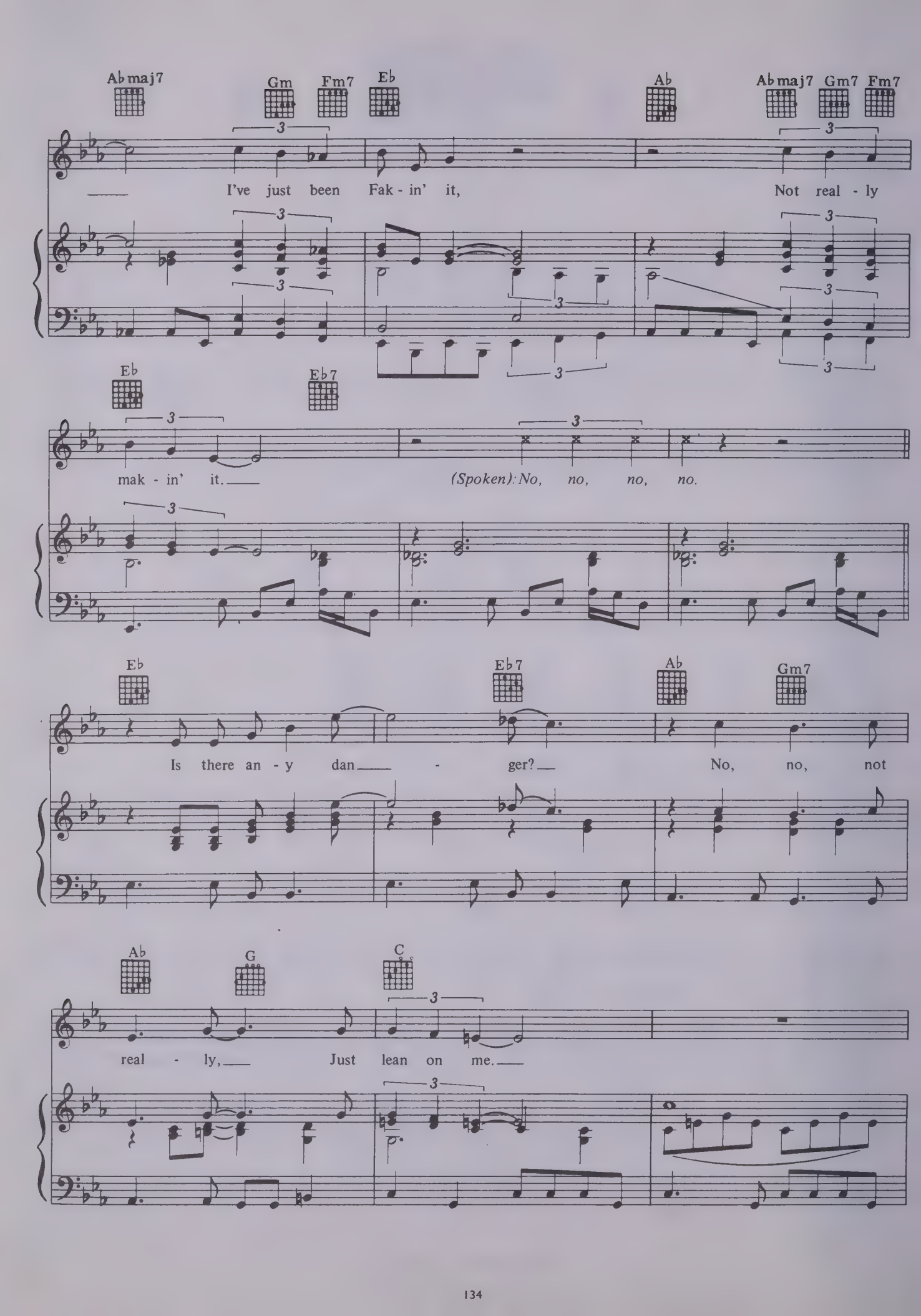
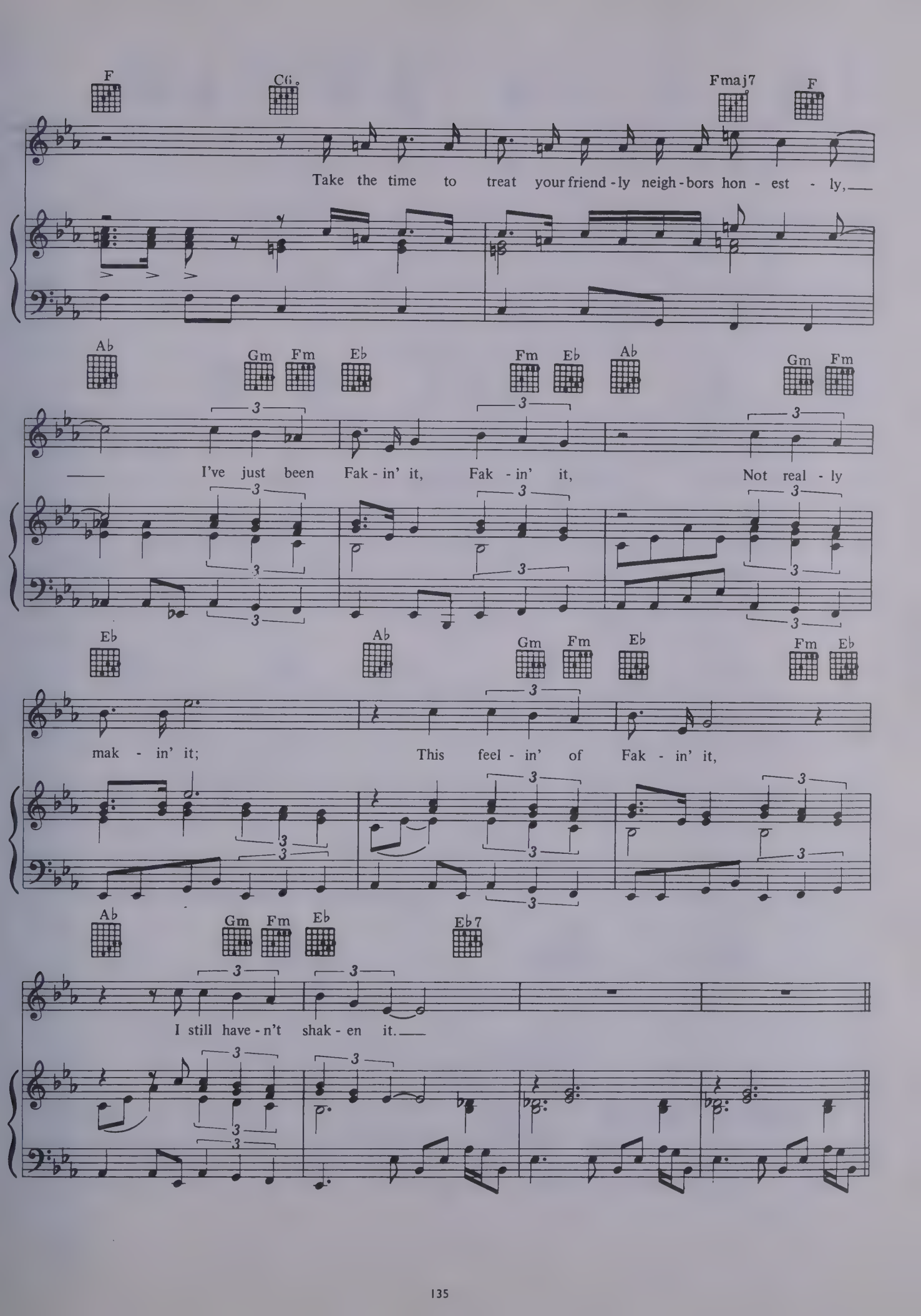
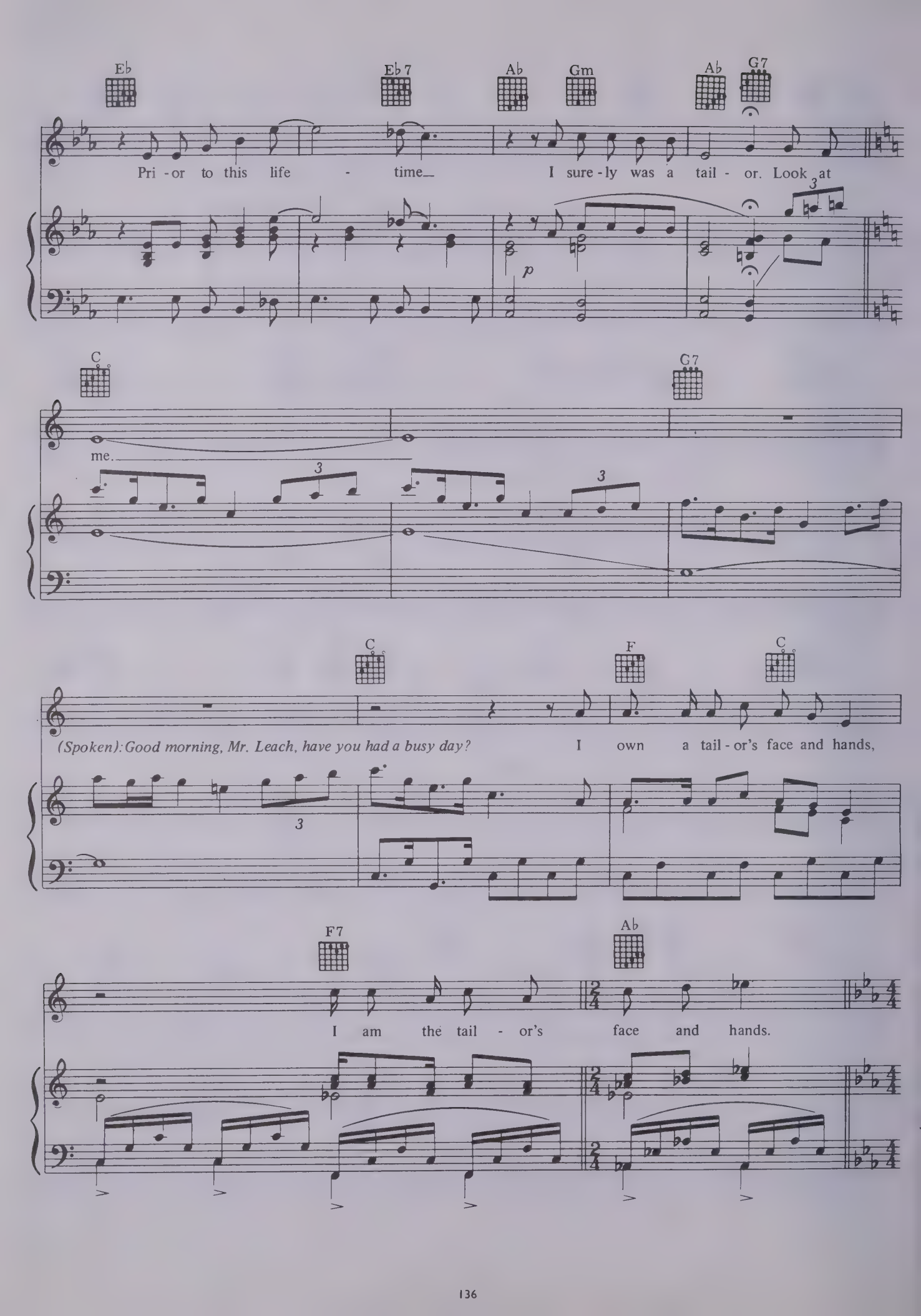
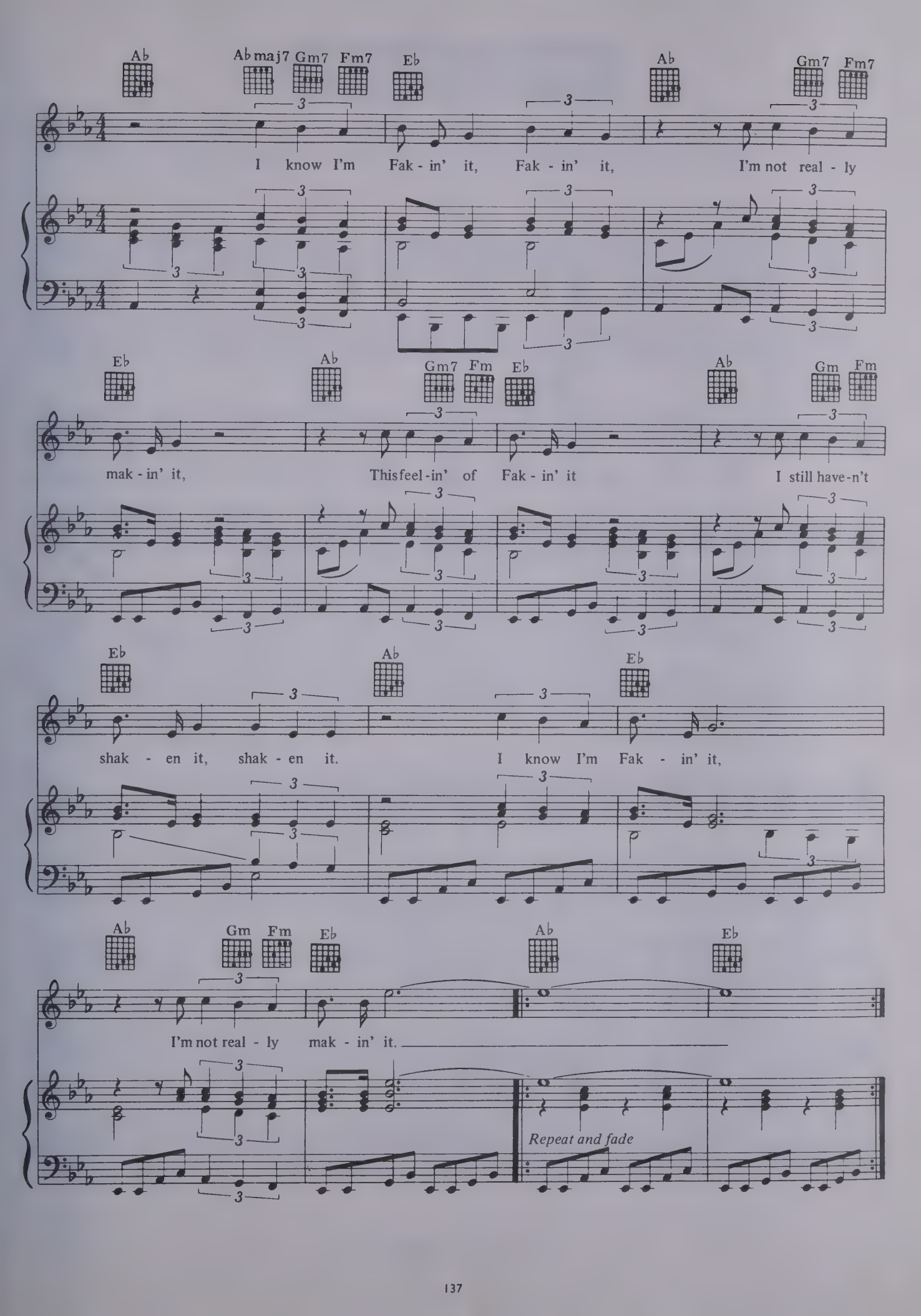

Eb
Ab
Gm
Fm
Eb
Eb7
Fak-in' it, I'm not real - ly mak - in' it.
Eb
Eb7
I'm such a dub - i - ous soul
Ab
Gm
Ab
G
C
Dm7
C
and a walk in the gar - den wears me down.
F
C
F
Tang - led in the fall - en vines, Pick - in' up the punch lines,


Ab maj7
Gm
Fm7
Eb
Ab
Ab maj7
Gm7
Fm7
I've just been Fak - in' it,
Not real - ly
Eb
Eb7
mak - in' it.
(Spoken): No, no, no, no.
Eb
Eb7
Ab
Gm7
Is there an - y dan - ger?
No, no, not
Ab
G
C
real - ly,
Just lean on me.

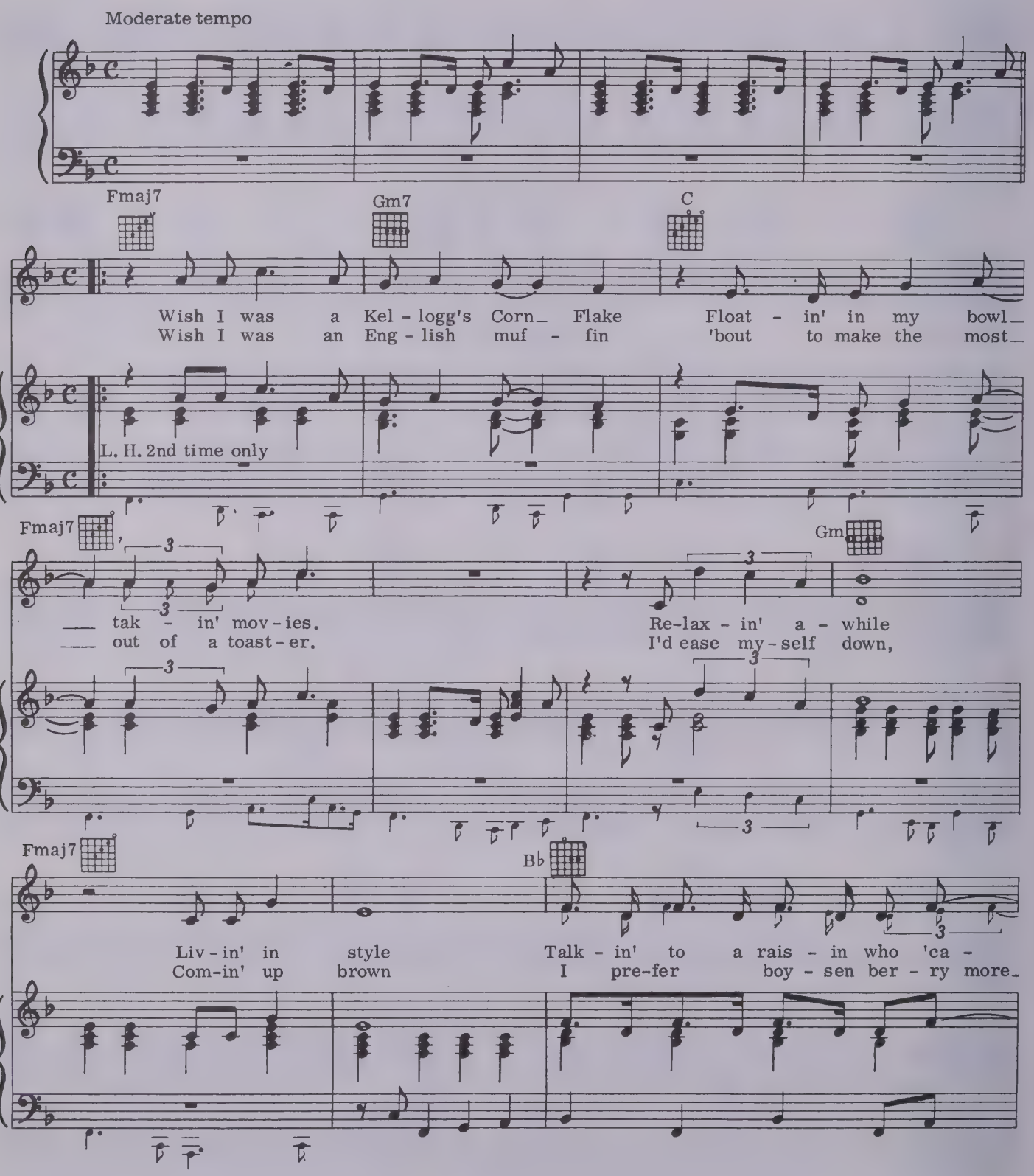

F
C6
Fmaj7
F
Take the time to treat your friend - ly neigh - bors hon - est - ly,
Ab
Gm
Fm
Eb
Fm
Eb
Ab
Gm
Fm
I've just been Fak - in' it, Fak - in' it, Not real - ly
Eb
Ab
Gm
Fm
Eb
Fm
Eb
mak - in' it; This feel - in' of Fak - in' it,
Ab
Gm
Fm
Eb
Eb7
I still have - n't shak - en it.


Eb
Eb7
Ab
Gm
Ab
G7
Pri - or to this life - time I sure - ly was a tail - or. Look at
p
C
G7
me.
C
F
C
(Spoken): Good morning, Mr. Leach, have you had a busy day?
I own a tail - or's face and hands,
F7
Ab
I am the tail - or's face and hands.


Ab
Abmaj7 Gm7 Fm7
Eb
Ab
Gm7 Fm7
I know I'm Fak - in' it, Fak - in' it, I'm not real - ly
Eb
Ab
Gm7 Fm
Eb
Ab
Gm Fm
mak - in' it, This feel - in' of Fak - in' it I still have - n't
Eb
Ab
Eb
shak - en it, shak - en it. I know I'm Fak - in' it,
Ab
Gm Fm
Eb
Ab
Eb
I'm not real - ly mak - in' it.
Repeat and fade

Punky's Dilemma.

Words and music by Paul Simon.



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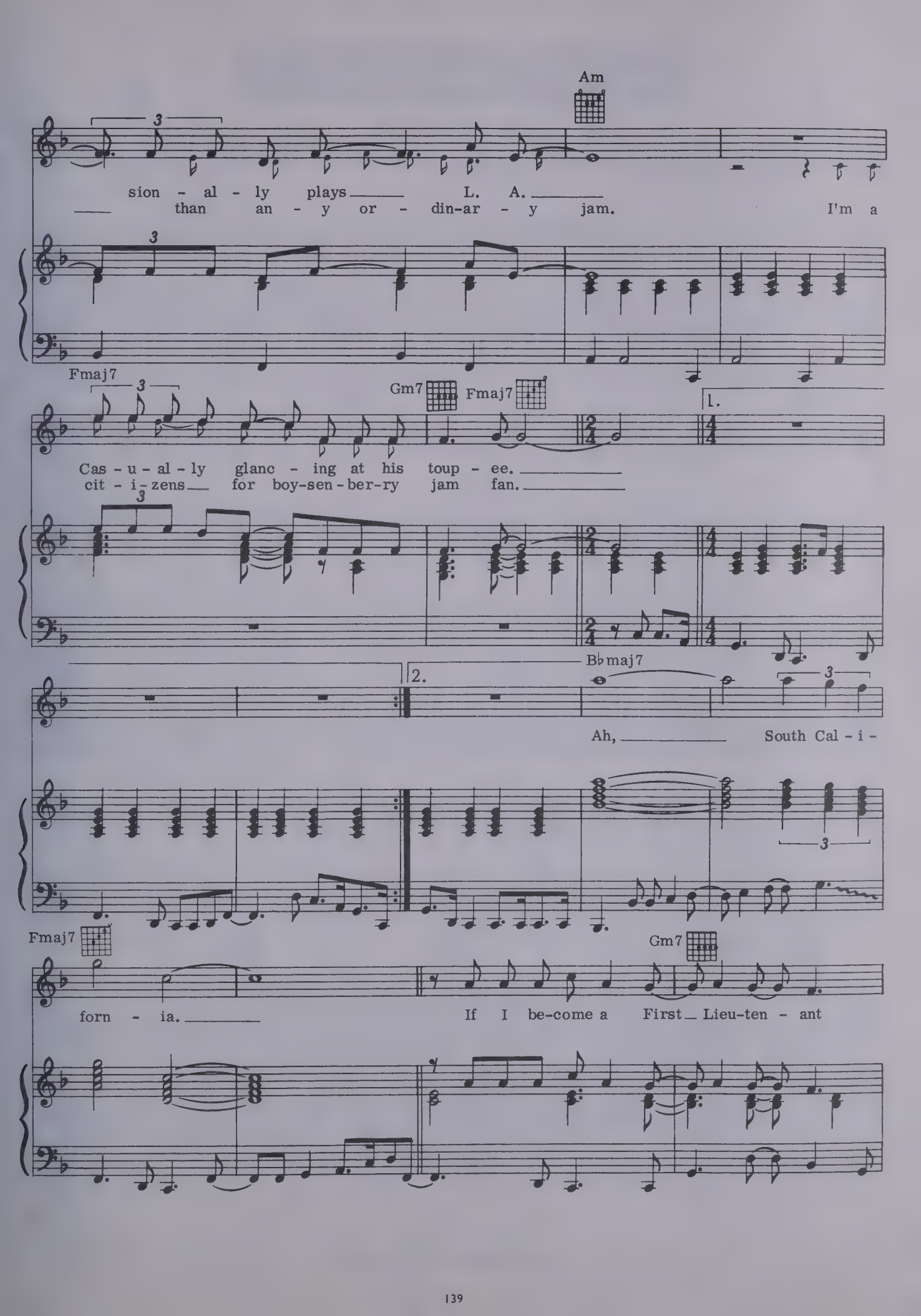
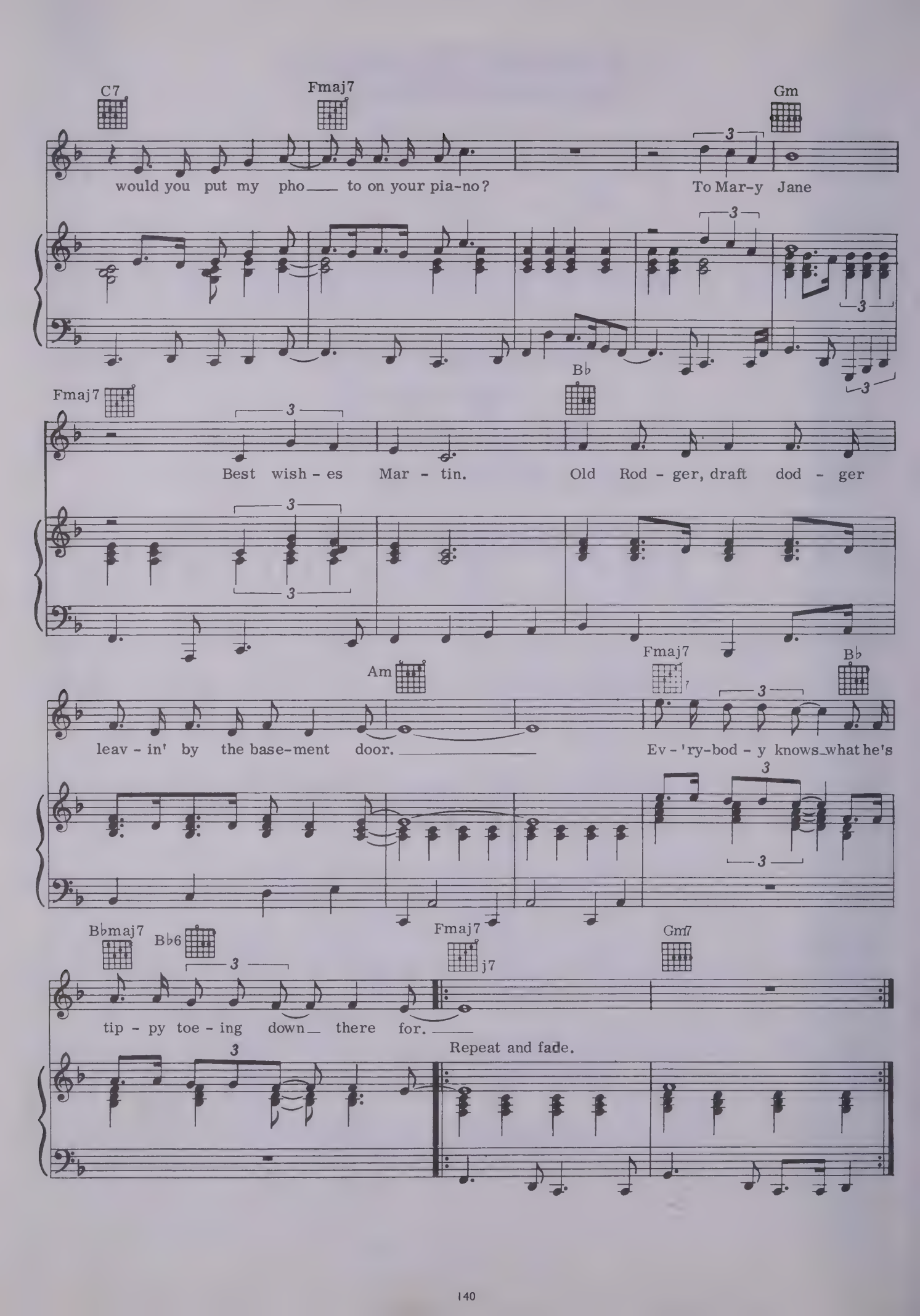
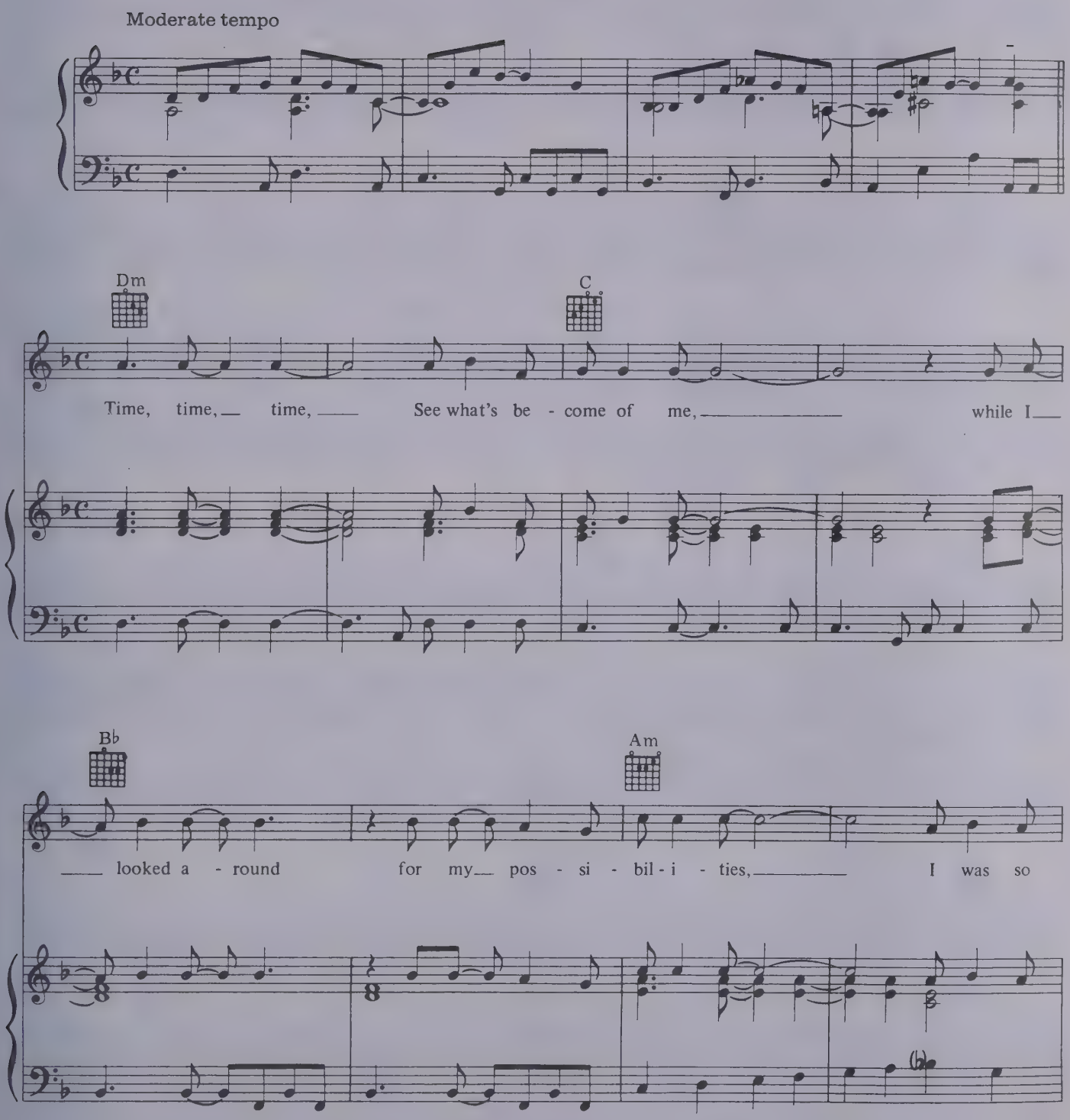

Am
sion - al - ly plays L. A.
than an - y or - din-ar - y jam.
I'm a
Fmaj7
Gm7
Fmaj7
1.
Cas - u - al - ly glanc - ing at his toup - ee.
cit - i - zens for boy-sen - ber-ry jam fan.
2.
B♭maj7
Ah, South Cal - i -
Fmaj7
Gm7
forn - ia.
If I be-come a First Lieu-ten - ant


C7
Fmaj7
Gm
would you put my pho___ to on your pia-no?
To Mar-y Jane
Fmaj7
Bb
Best wish - es Mar - tin.
Old Rod - ger, draft dod - ger
Am
Fmaj7
Bb
leav - in' by the base-ment door.
Ev - 'ry-bod - y knows what he's
Bbmaj7
Bb6
Fmaj7
Gm7
tip - py toe - ing down there for.
Repeat and fade.

A Hazy Shade Of Winter.

Words and music by Paul Simon.



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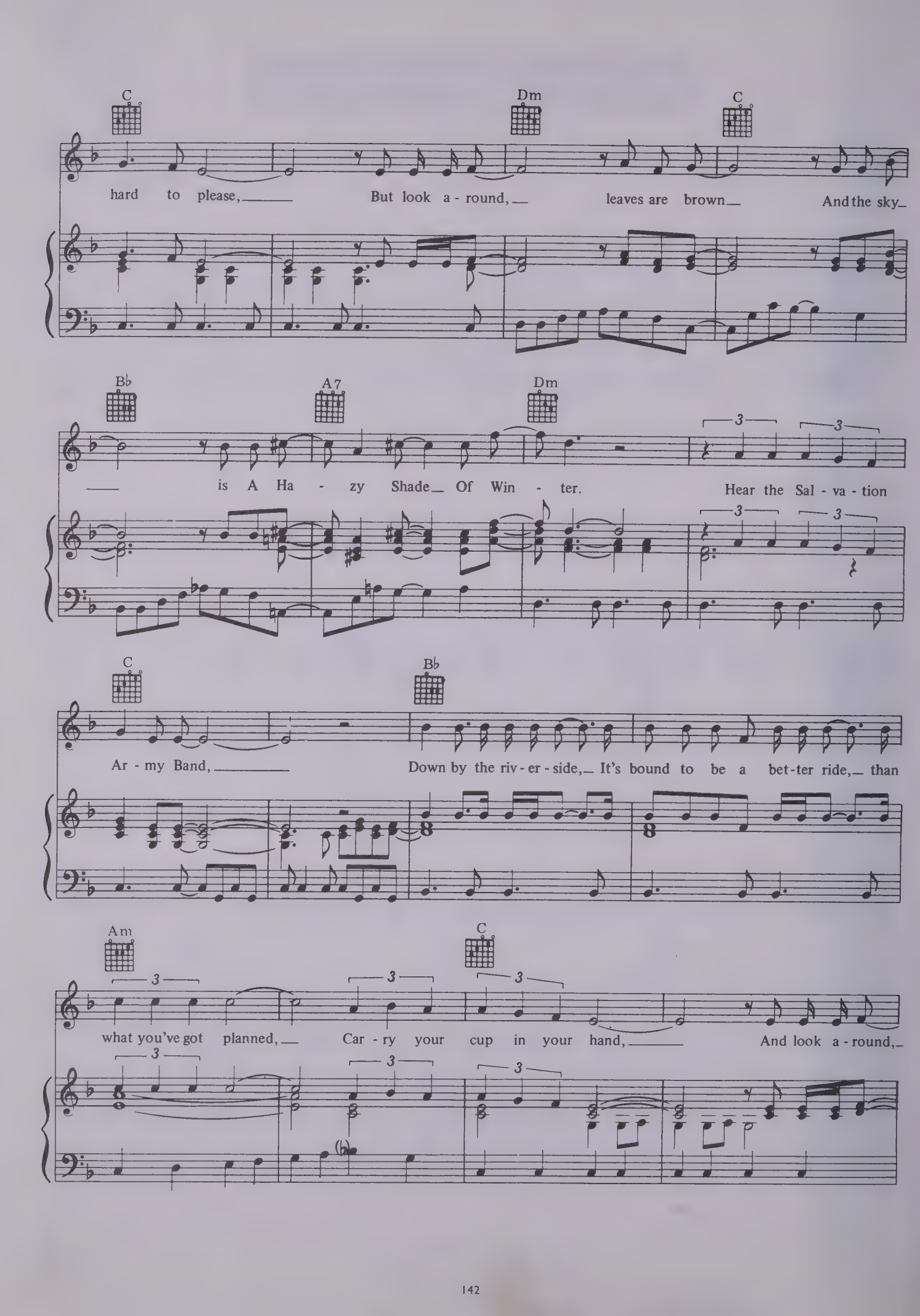

C
Dm
C
hard to please, But look a - round, leaves are brown And the sky
Bb
A7
Dm
is A Ha - zy Shade Of Win - ter. Hear the Sal - va - tion
C
Bb
Ar - my Band, Down by the riv - er - side, It's bound to be a bet - ter ride, than
Am
C
what you've got planned, Car - ry your cup in your hand, And look a - round,

Dm C B♭7 A7

leaves are brown now, And the sky is a Ha - zy Shade Of Win -

Dm C

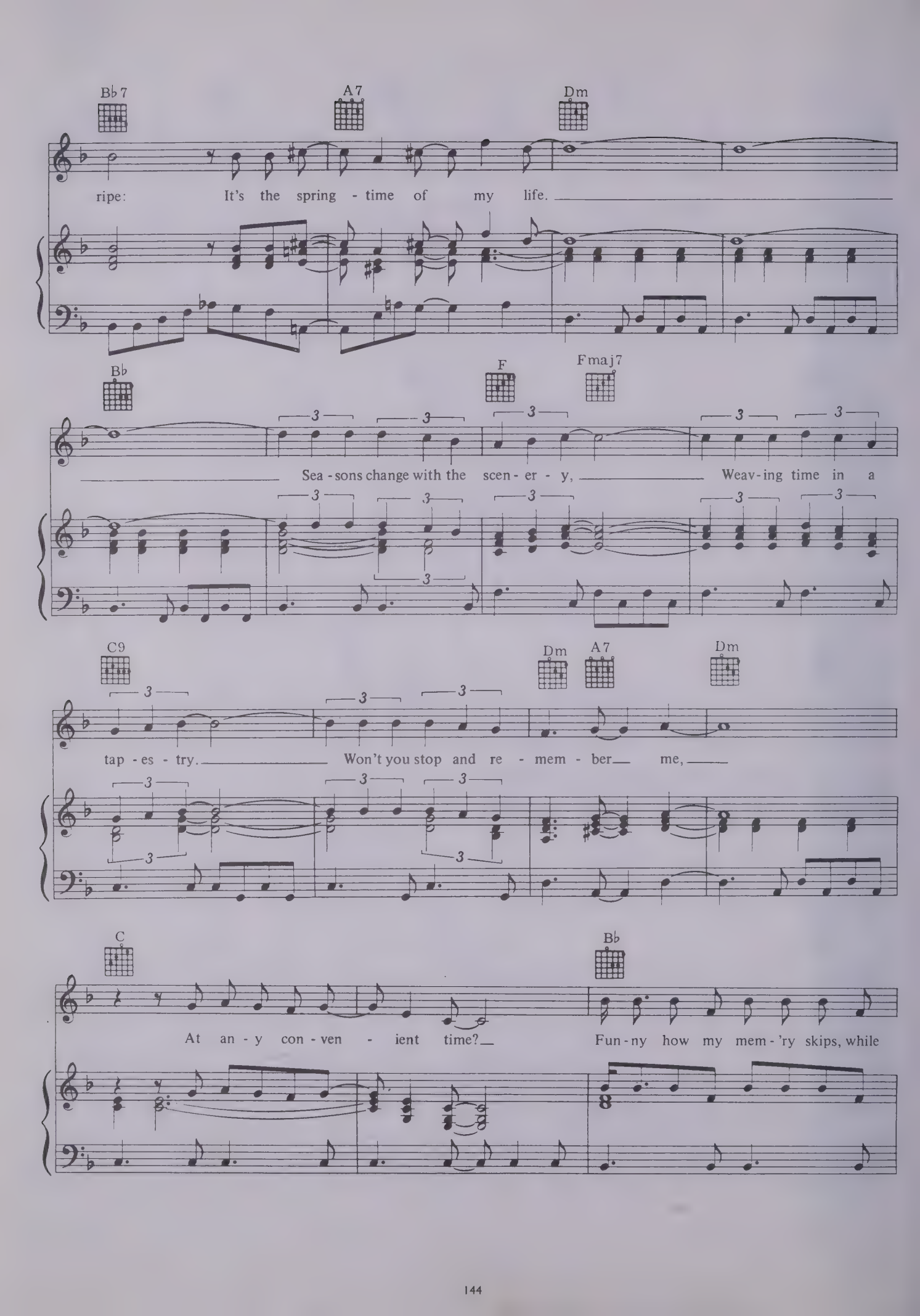
- ter. Hang on - to your hopes, my friend,

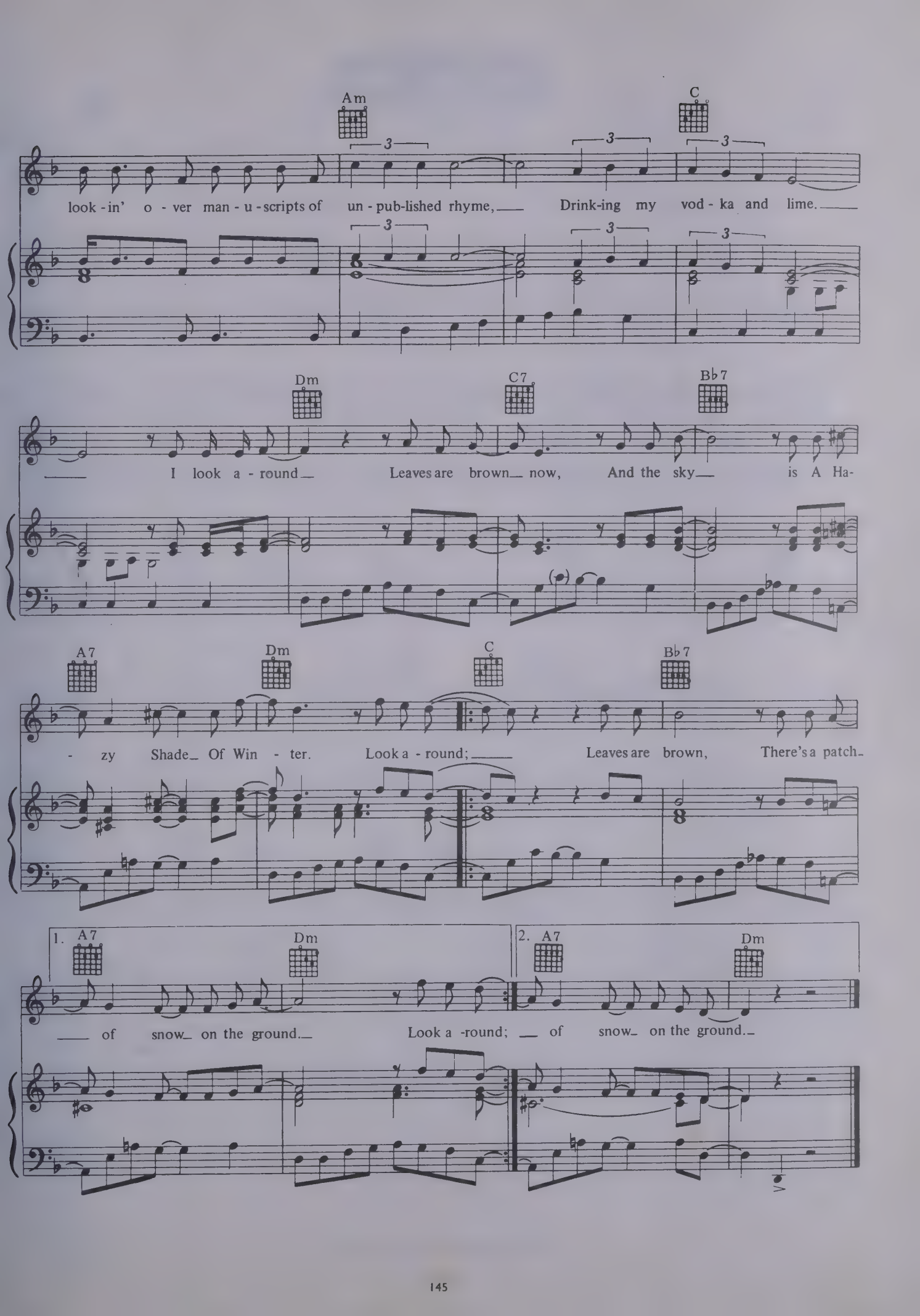
B♭ Am

That's an eas - y thing to say, but if your hopes should pass a - way, Simp - ly pre - tend that you can

C Dm C7

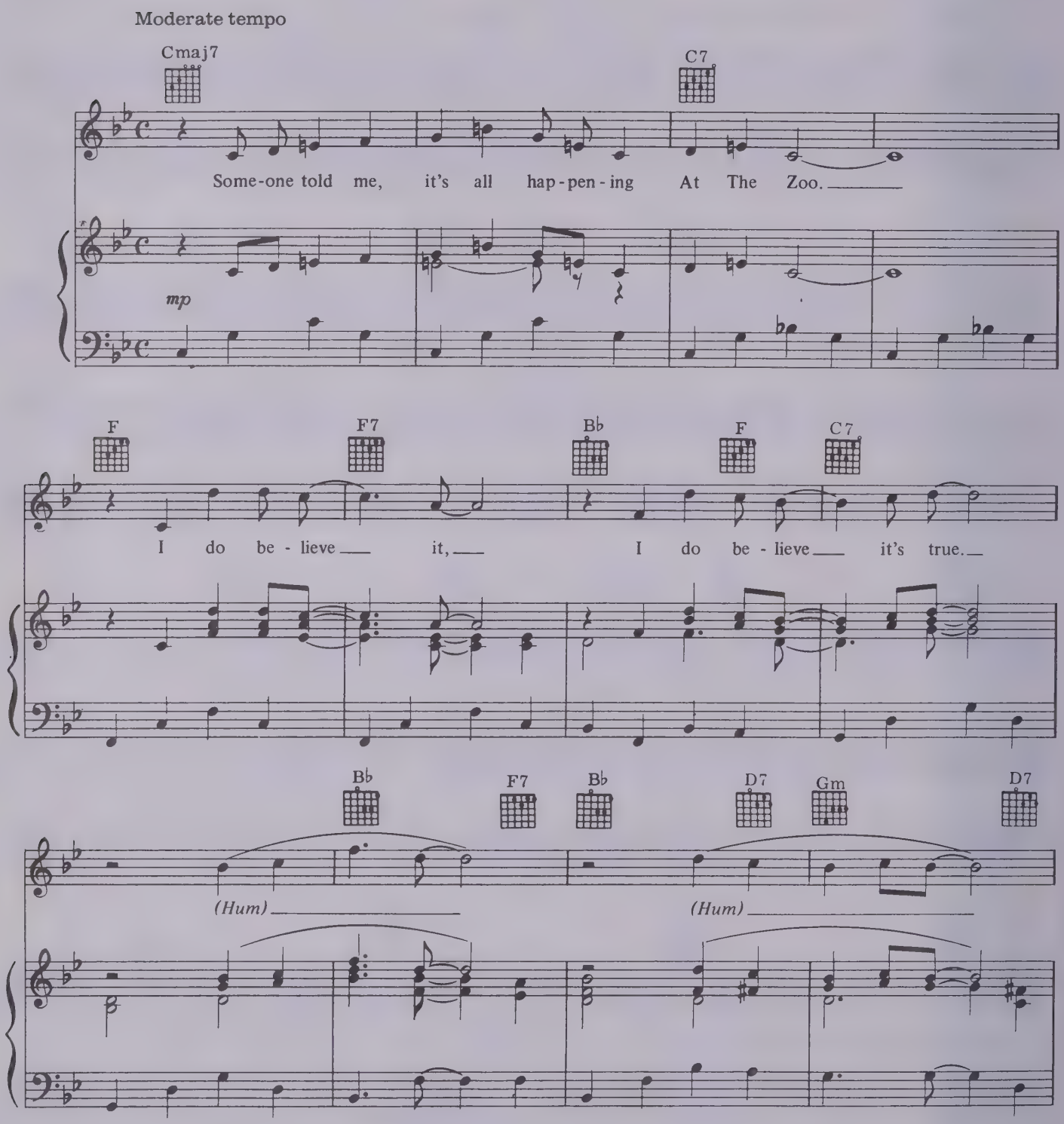
build them a - gain. Look a - round; The grass is high, the fields are


Bb7
A7
Dm
ripe: It's the spring - time of my life.
Bb
F
Fmaj7
Sea - sons change with the scen - er - y, Weav - ing time in a
C9
Dm
A7
Dm
tap - es - try. Won't you stop and re - mem - ber me,
C
Bb
At an - y con - ven - ient time? Fun - ny how my mem - 'ry skips, while


Am
C
look - in' o - ver man - u - scripts of un - pub-lished rhyme, Drink-ing my vod - ka and lime.
Dm
C7
B♭7
I look a - round Leaves are brown now, And the sky is A Ha-
A7
Dm
C
B♭7
- zy Shade Of Win - ter. Look a - round; Leaves are brown, There's a patch-
1. A7
Dm
of snow on the ground. Look a -round; of snow on the ground.
2. A7
Dm

At The Zoo.

Words and music by Paul Simon.



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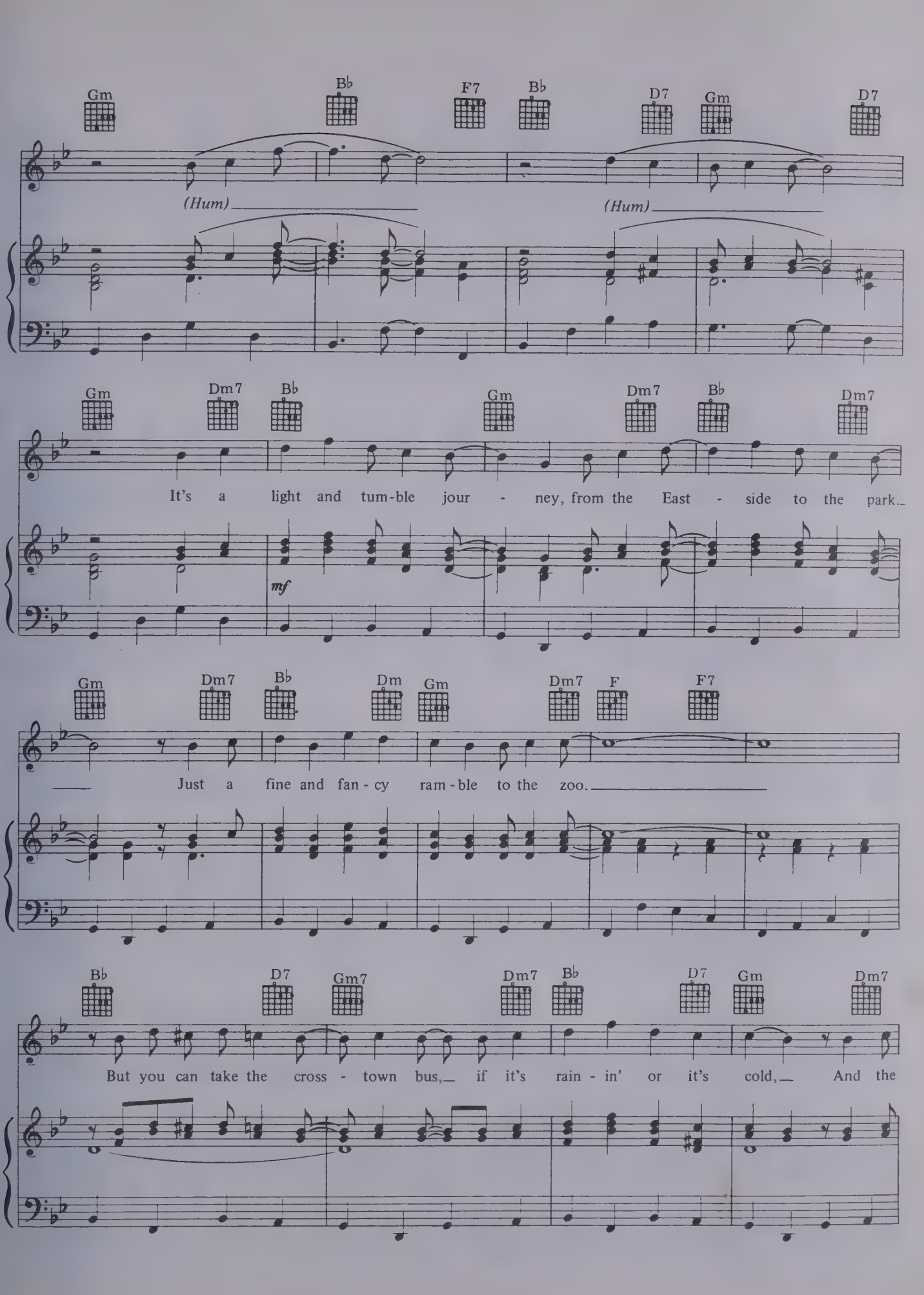
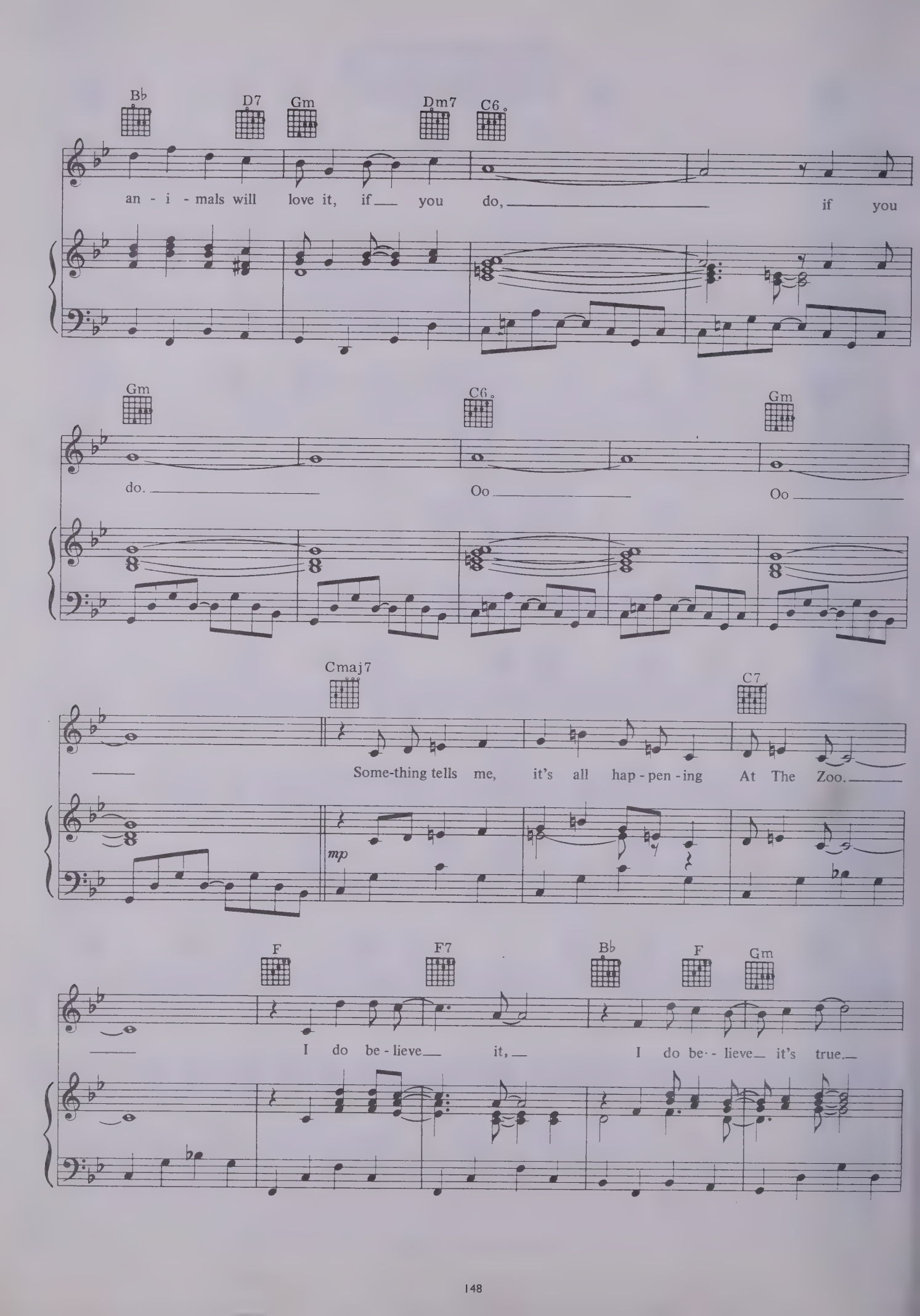
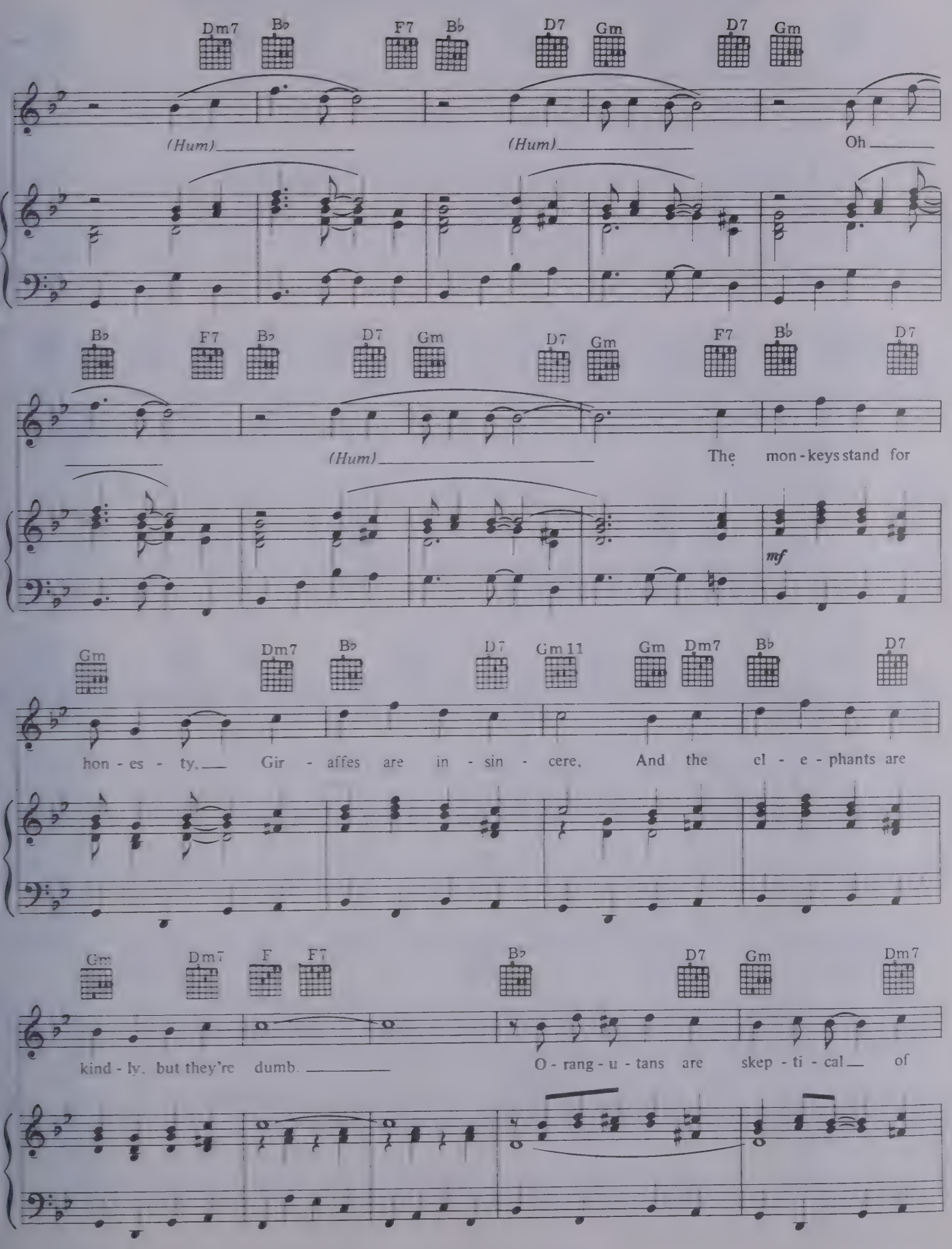
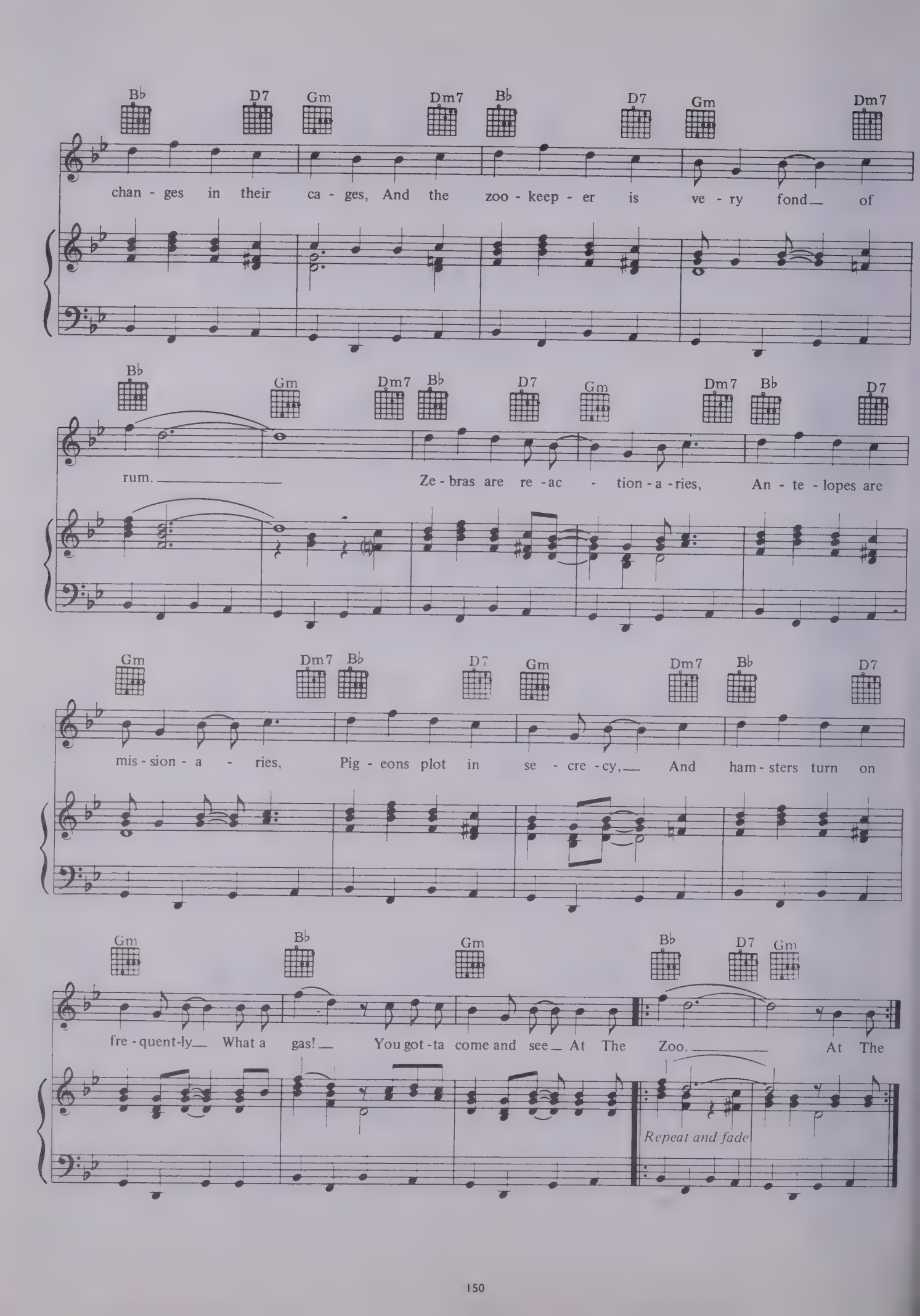

Gm Bb F7 Bb D7 Gm D7
(Hum) (Hum)
Gm Dm7 Bb Gm Dm7 Bb Dm7
It's a light and tum-ble jour - ney, from the East - side to the park.
mf
Gm Dm7 Bb Dm Gm Dm7 F F7
Just a fine and fan - cy ram - ble to the zoo.
Bb D7 Gm7 Dm7 Bb D7 Gm Dm7
But you can take the cross - town bus, if it's rain - in' or it's cold, And the

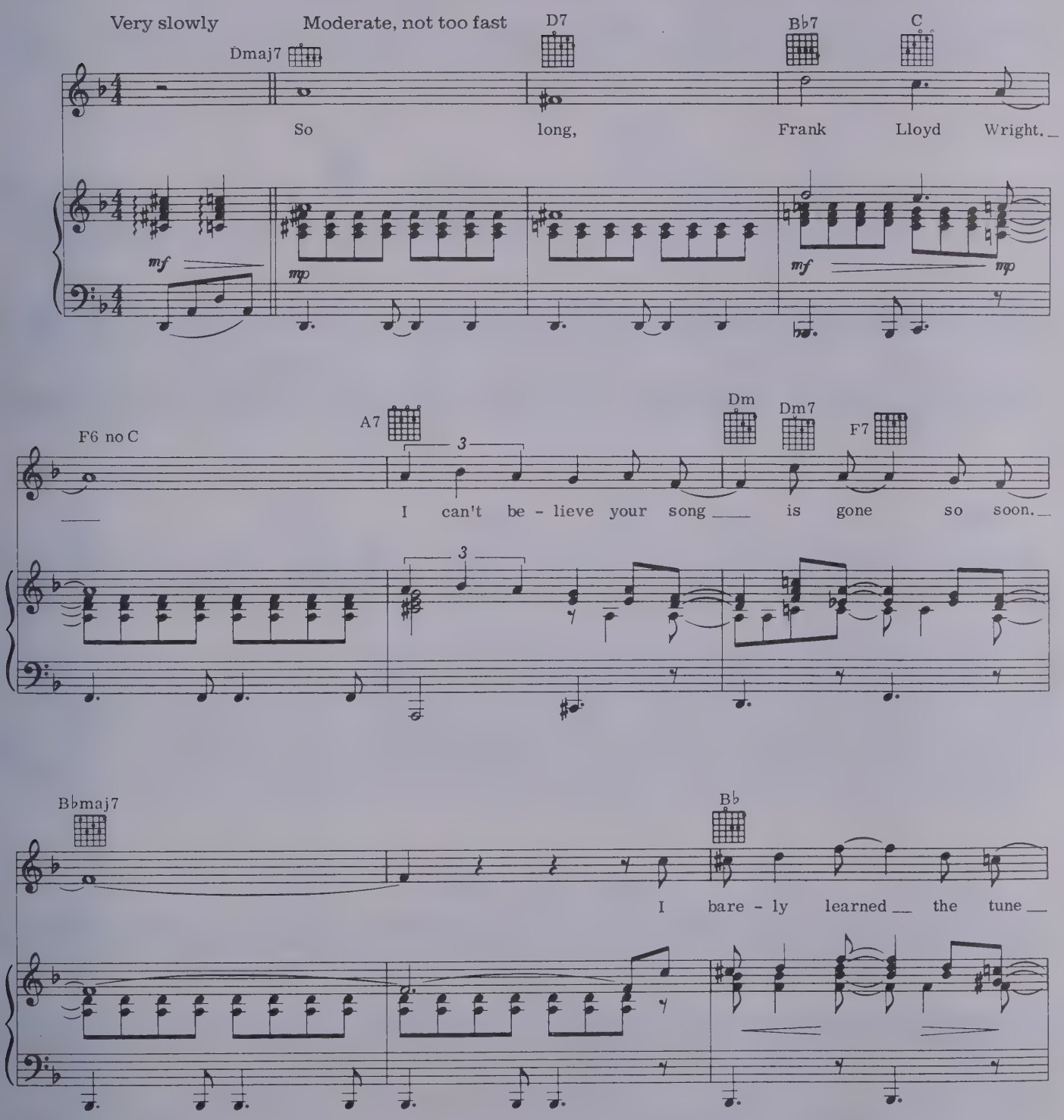

B♭ D7 Gm Dm7 C6
an - i - mals will love it, if you do, if you
Gm C6 Gm
do. Oo Oo
Cmaj7 C7
Some-thing tells me, it's all hap - pen - ing At The Zoo.
mp
F F7 B♭ F Gm
I do be - lieve it, I do be - lieve it's true.


Dm7 B♭ F7 B♭ D7 Gm D7 Gm
(Hum) (Hum) Oh
B♭ F7 B♭ D7 Gm D7 Gm F7 B♭ D7
(Hum) The mon - keys stand for
mf
Gm Dm7 B♭ D7 Gm11 Gm Dm7 B♭ D7
hon - es - ty, Gir - affes are in - sin - cere, And the el - e - phants are
Gm Dm7 F F7 B♭ D7 Gm Dm7
kind - ly, but they're dumb. O - rang - u - tans are skep - ti - cal of


Bb D7 Gm Dm7 Bb D7 Gm Dm7
chan - ges in their ca - ges, And the zoo - keep - er is ve - ry fond of
Bb Gm Dm7 Bb D7 Gm Dm7 Bb D7
rum. Ze - bras are re - ac - tion - a - ries, An - te - lopes are
Gm Dm7 Bb D7 Gm Dm7 Bb D7
mis - sion - a - ries, Pig - eons plot in se - cre - cy, And ham - sters turn on
Gm Bb Gm Bb D7 Gm
fre - quent-ly What a gas! You got - ta come and see At The Zoo. At The
Repeat and fade

So Long, Frank Lloyd Wright.

Words and music by Paul Simon.



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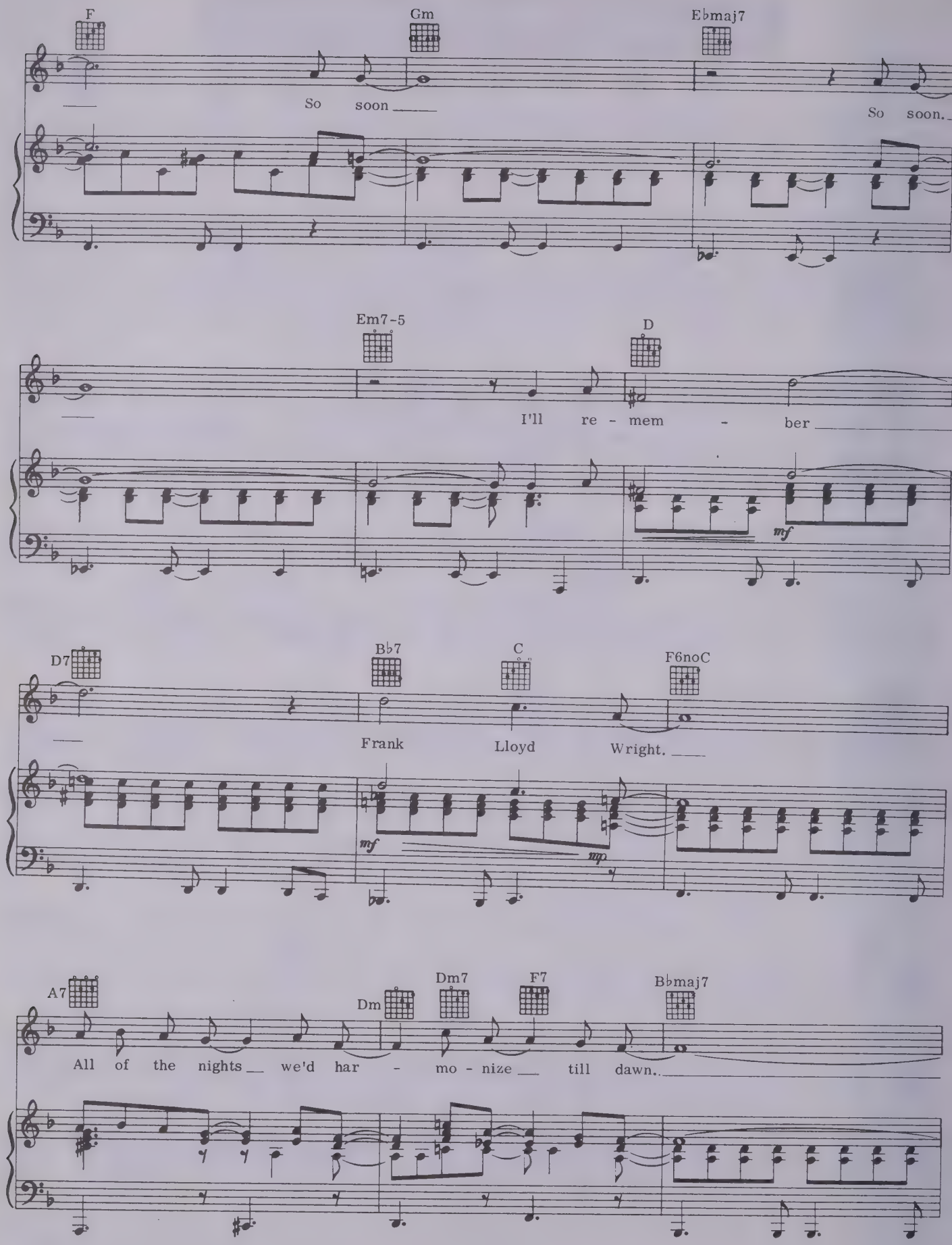
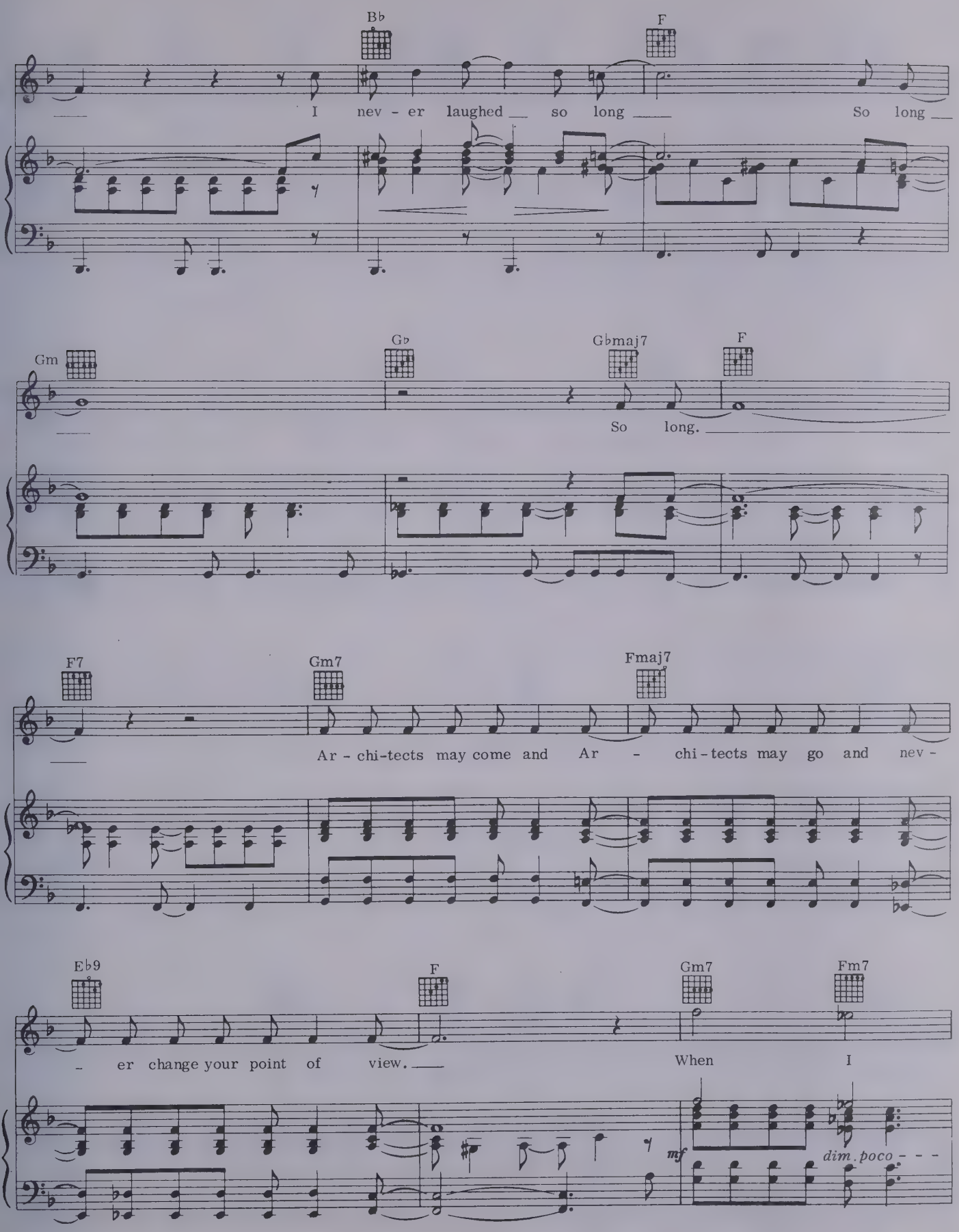
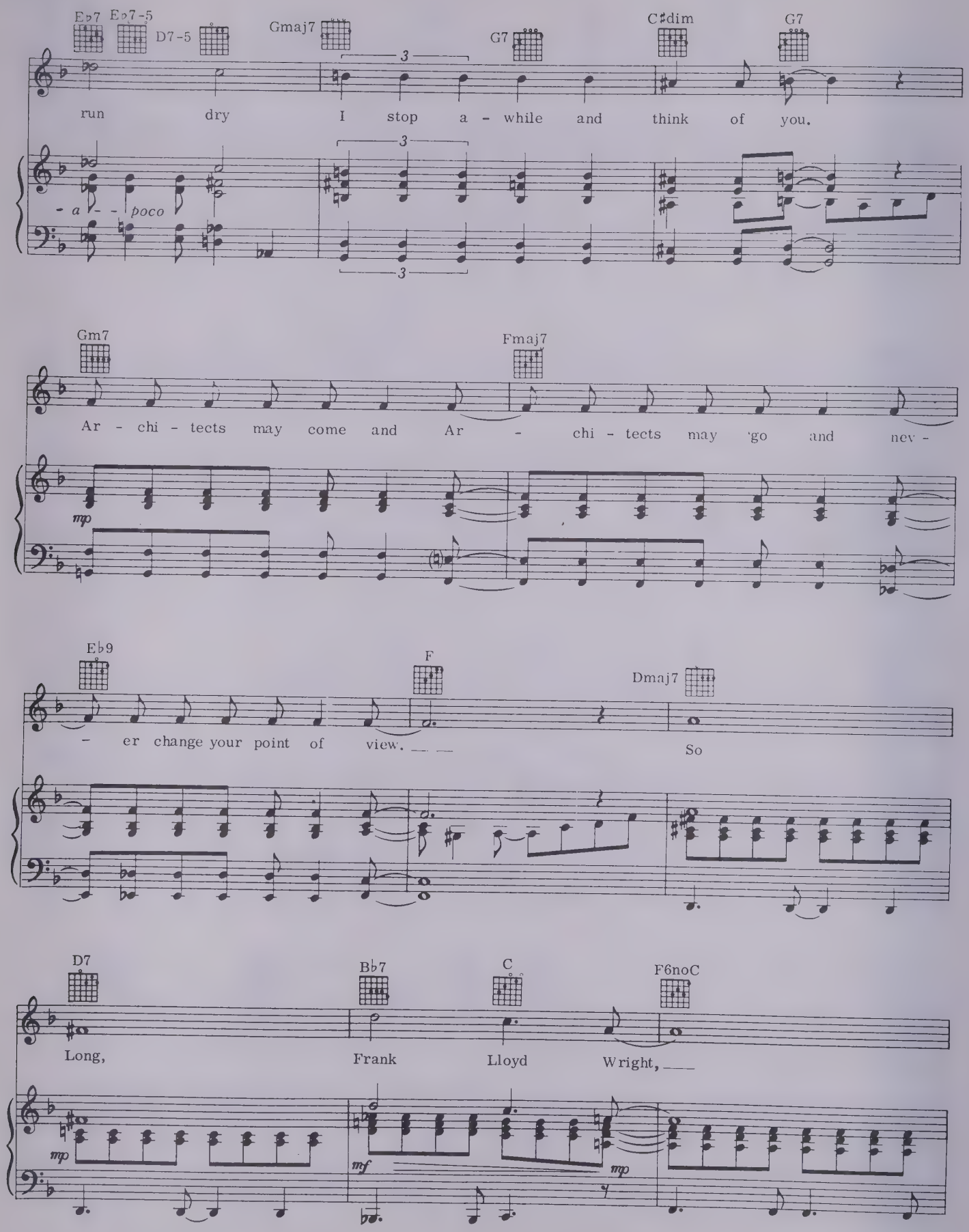
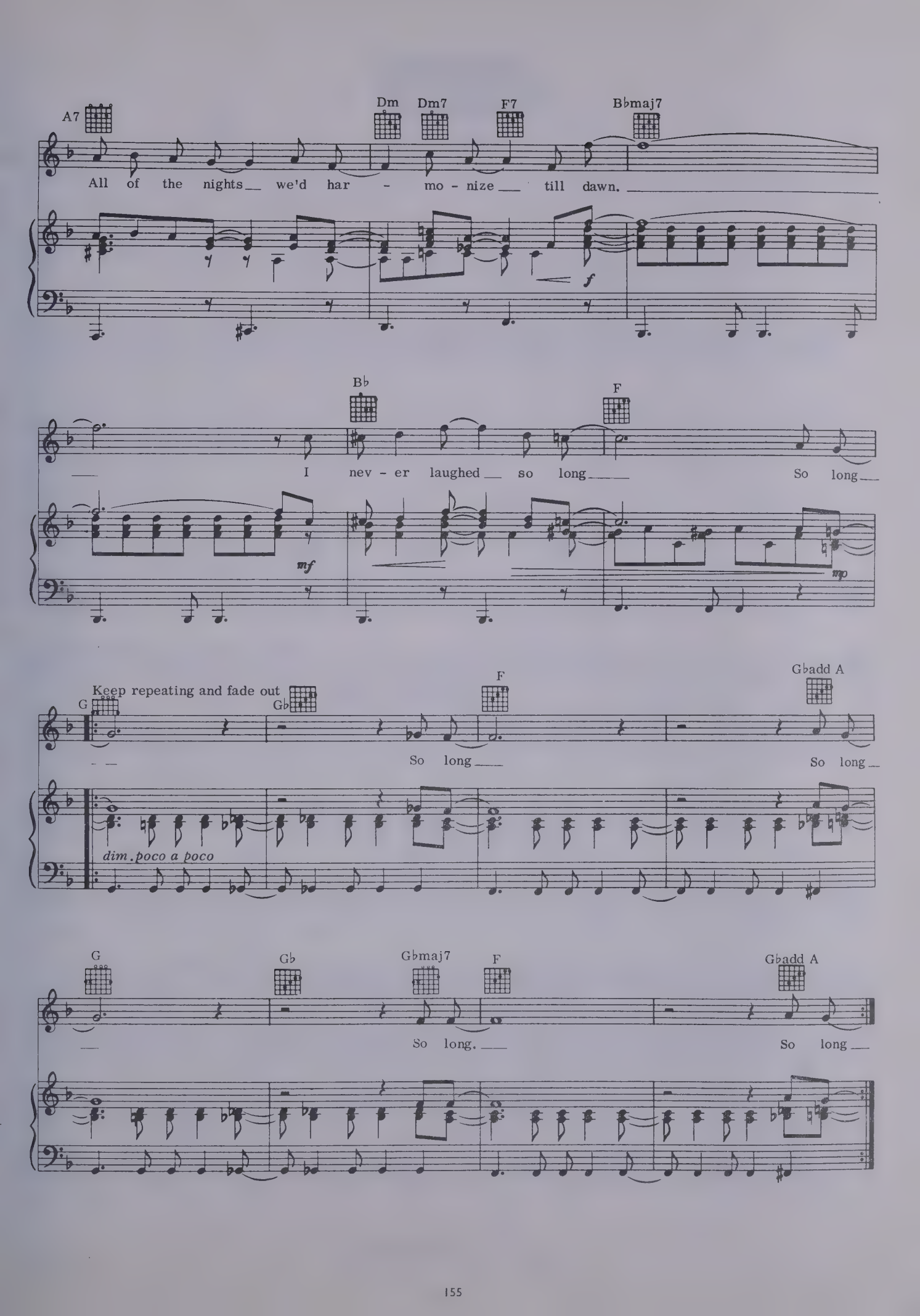

F
Gm
E♭maj7
So soon
So soon.
Em7-5
D
I'll re - mem - ber
mf
D7
B♭7
C
F6noC
Frank Lloyd Wright.
mf
mp
A7
Dm
Dm7
F7
B♭maj7
All of the nights we'd har - mo - nize till dawn.


Bb
F
I nev - er laughed so long
So long
Gm
Gb
Gbmaj7
F
So long.
F7
Gm7
Fmaj7
Ar - chi-tects may come and Ar - chi-tects may go and nev -
Eb9
F
Gm7
Fm7
- er change your point of view.
When I
mf
dim. poco - - -

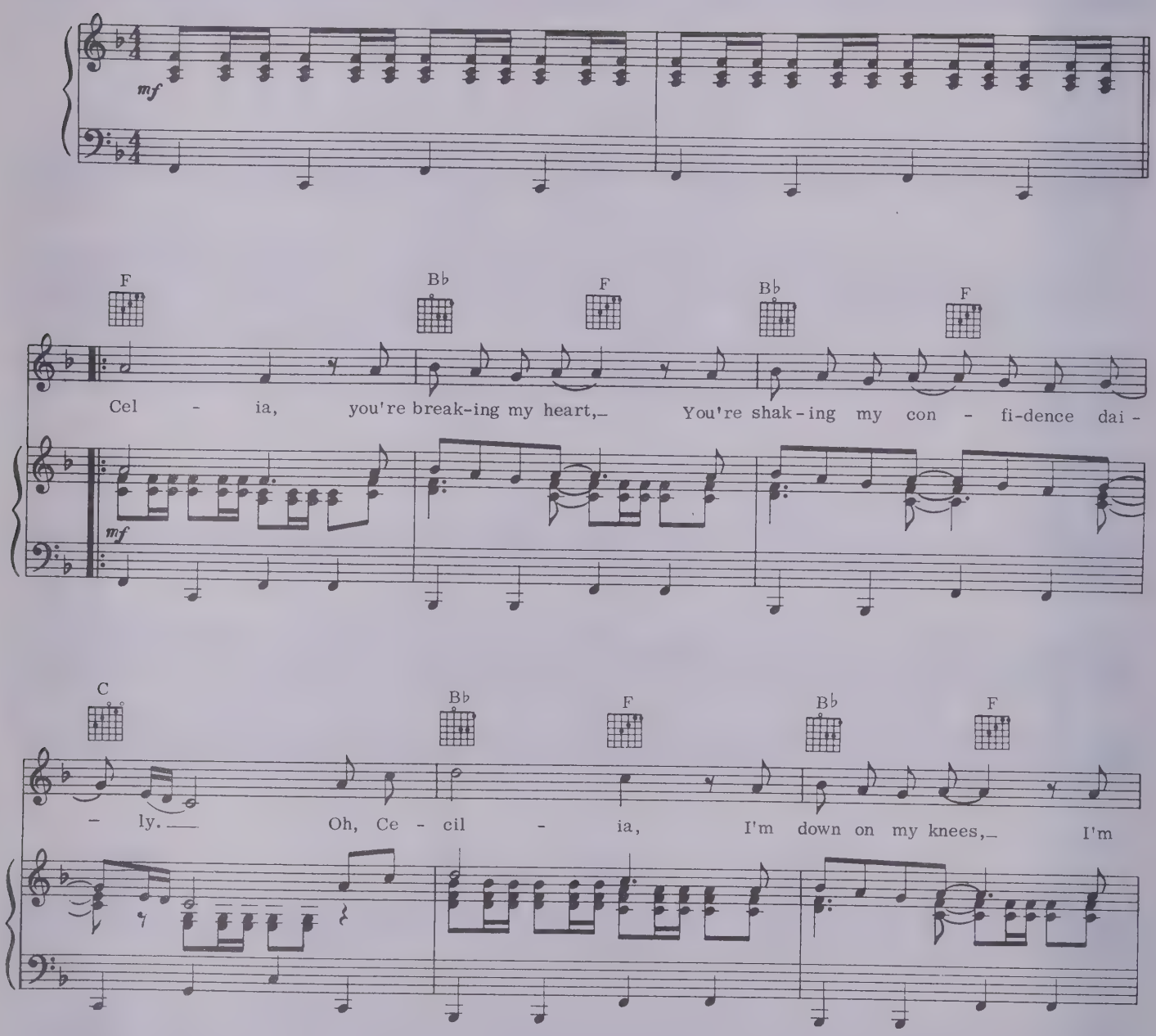

E♭7 E♭7-5 D7-5 Gmaj7 G7 C♯dim G7
run dry I stop a - while and think of you.
- a - - poco
Gm7 Fmaj7
Ar - chi - tects may come and Ar - chi - tects may go and nev -
mp
E♭9 F Dmaj7
- er change your point of view. So
D7 B♭7 C F6noC
Long, Frank Lloyd Wright,
mp mf mp


A7
Dm
Dm7
F7
B♭maj7
All of the nights we'd har - mo - nize till dawn.
f
B♭
F
I nev - er laughed so long
So long
mf
mp
Keep repeating and fade out
G
G♭
F
G♭add A
So long
So long
dim. poco a poco
G
G♭
G♭maj7
F
G♭add A
So long.
So long

Cecilia.

Words and music by Paul Simon.

Moderate, not too fast, rhythmically



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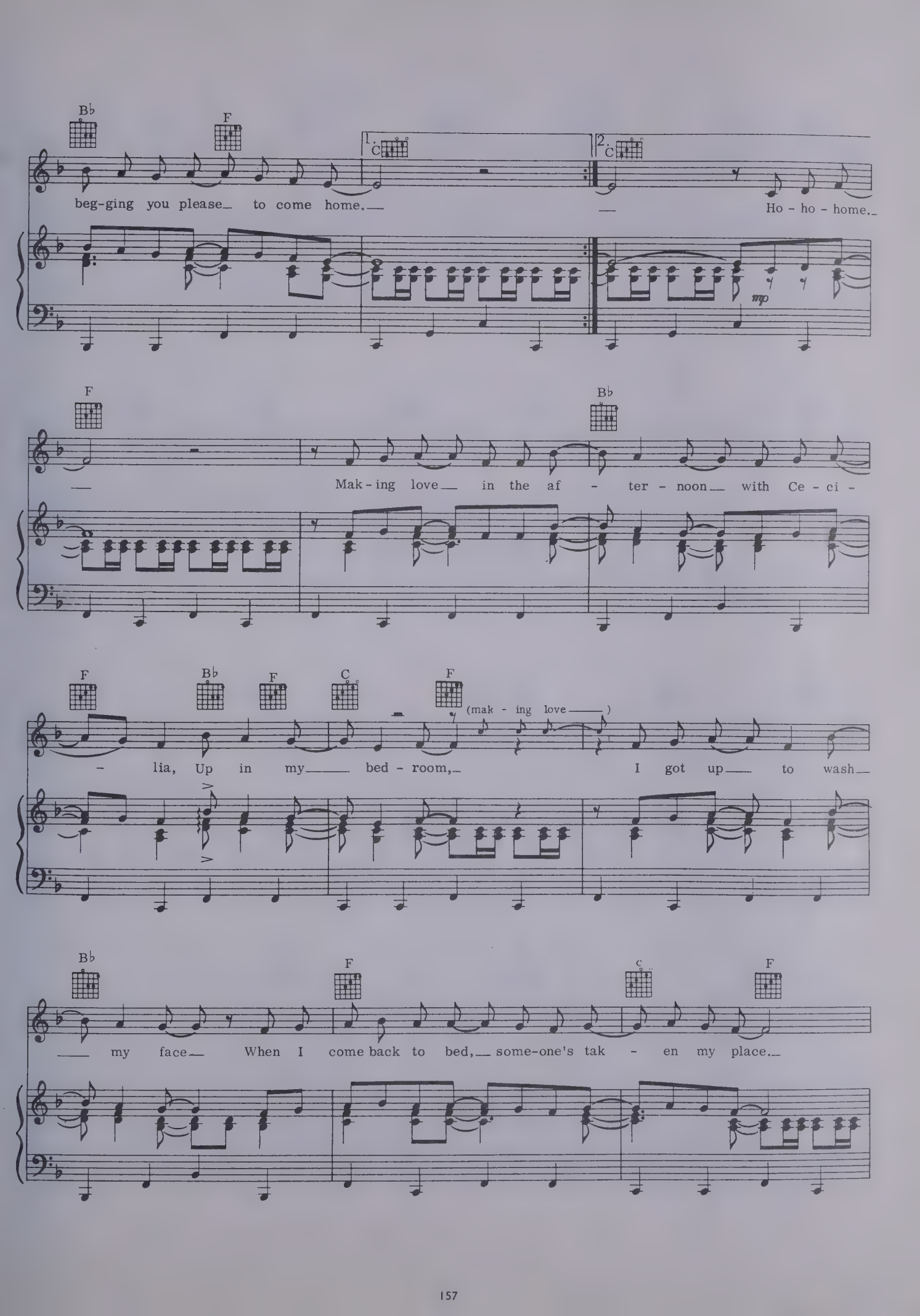

Bb
F
1. C
2. C
beg-ging you please to come home.
Ho - ho - home.
mp
F
Bb
Mak - ing love in the af - ter - noon with Ce - ci -
F
Bb
F
C
F
(mak - ing love)
- lia, Up in my bed - room,
I got up to wash
Bb
F
C
F
my face When I come back to bed, some-one's tak - en my place.

F B♭ F B♭ F

Cel - ia, You're break-ing my heart, You're shak-ing my con - fi-dence dai -

mf

C B♭ F B♭ F

- ly. Oh, Ce - cil - ia, I'm down on my knees, I'm

B♭ F C F

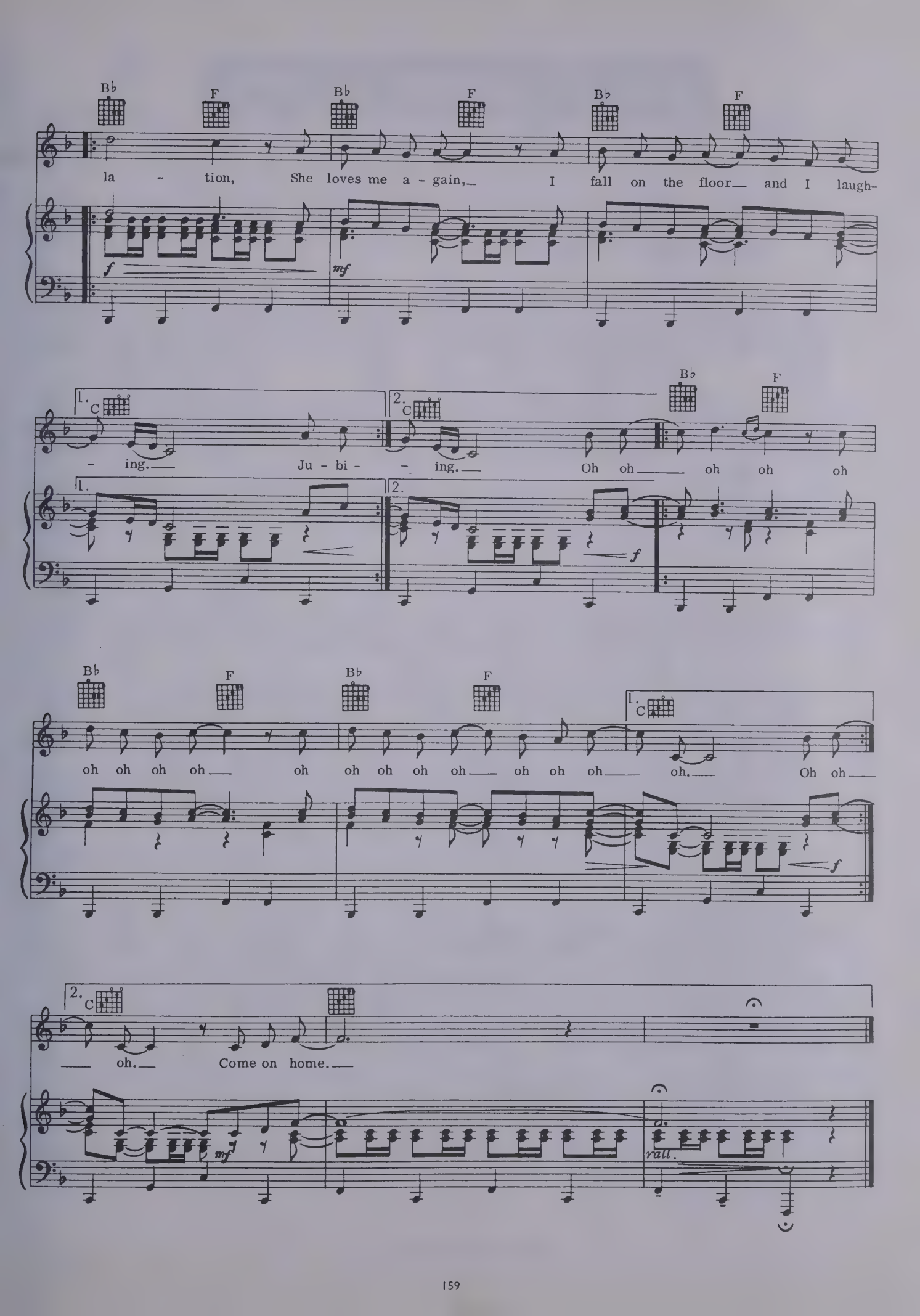
beg-ging you please to come home. Come on home. Poh poh

mp *mf*

F B♭ C

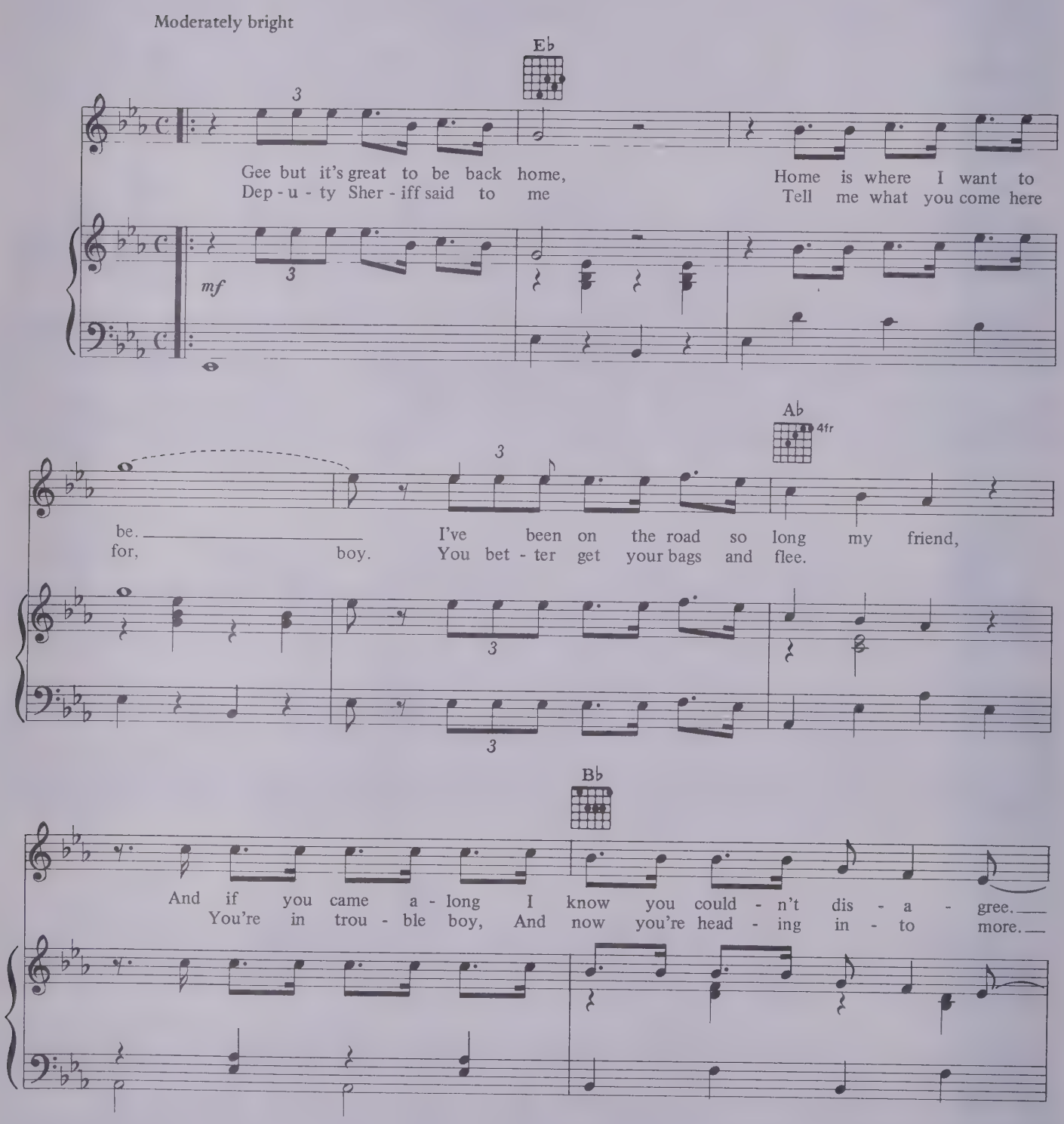
Fsus

poh poh poh poh poh poh poh poh poh poh poh. Ju - bi -


Bb F Bb F Bb F
la - tion, She loves me a - gain, I fall on the floor and I laugh-
f mf
1. C 2. C Bb F
- ing. Ju - bi - - ing. Oh oh oh oh oh oh
1. 2. f
Bb F Bb F 1. C
oh oh oh oh oh oh oh oh oh oh oh oh oh. Oh oh
f
2. C
oh. Come on home.
mf rall.

Keep The Customer Satisfied.

Words and music by Paul Simon.



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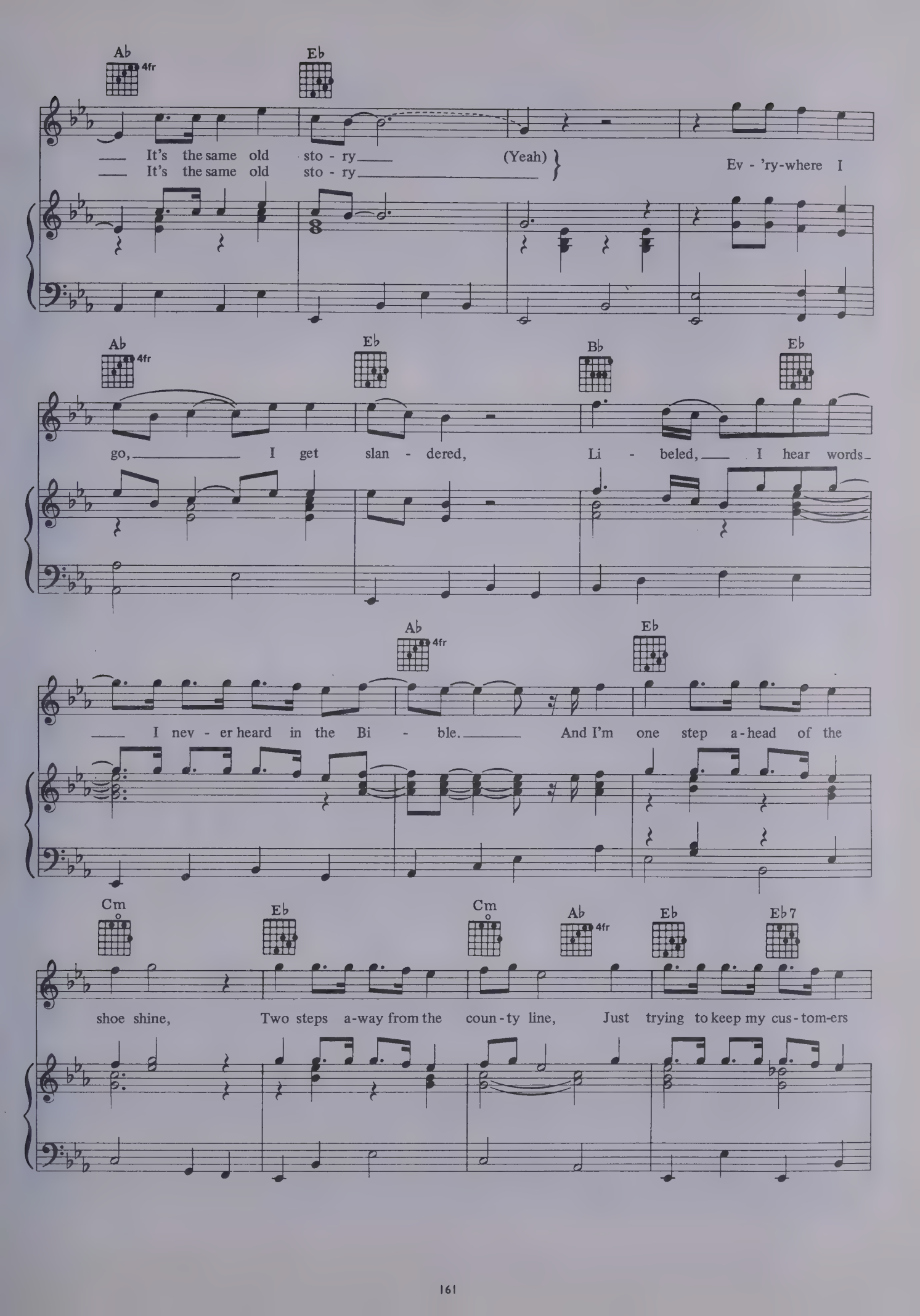
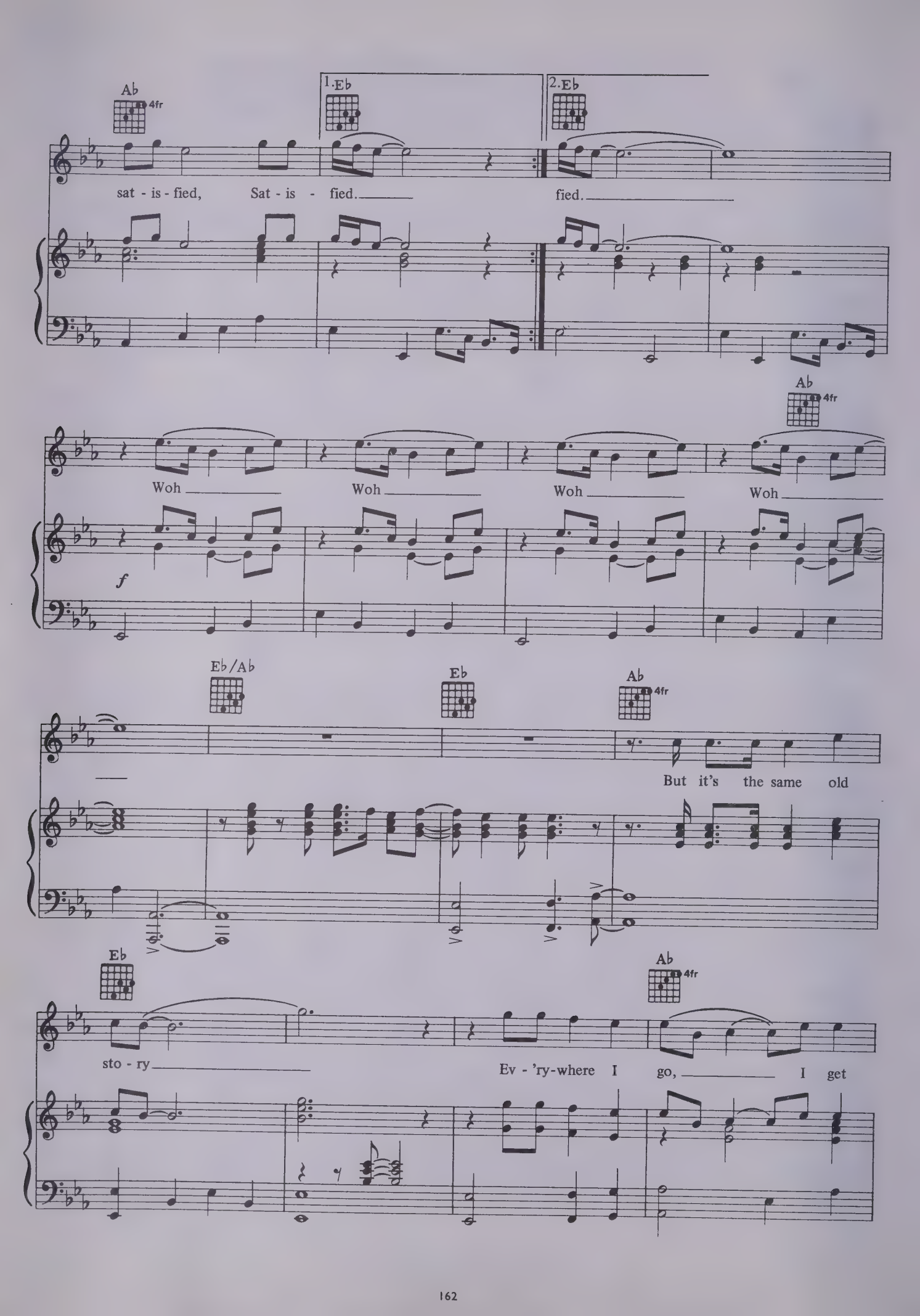
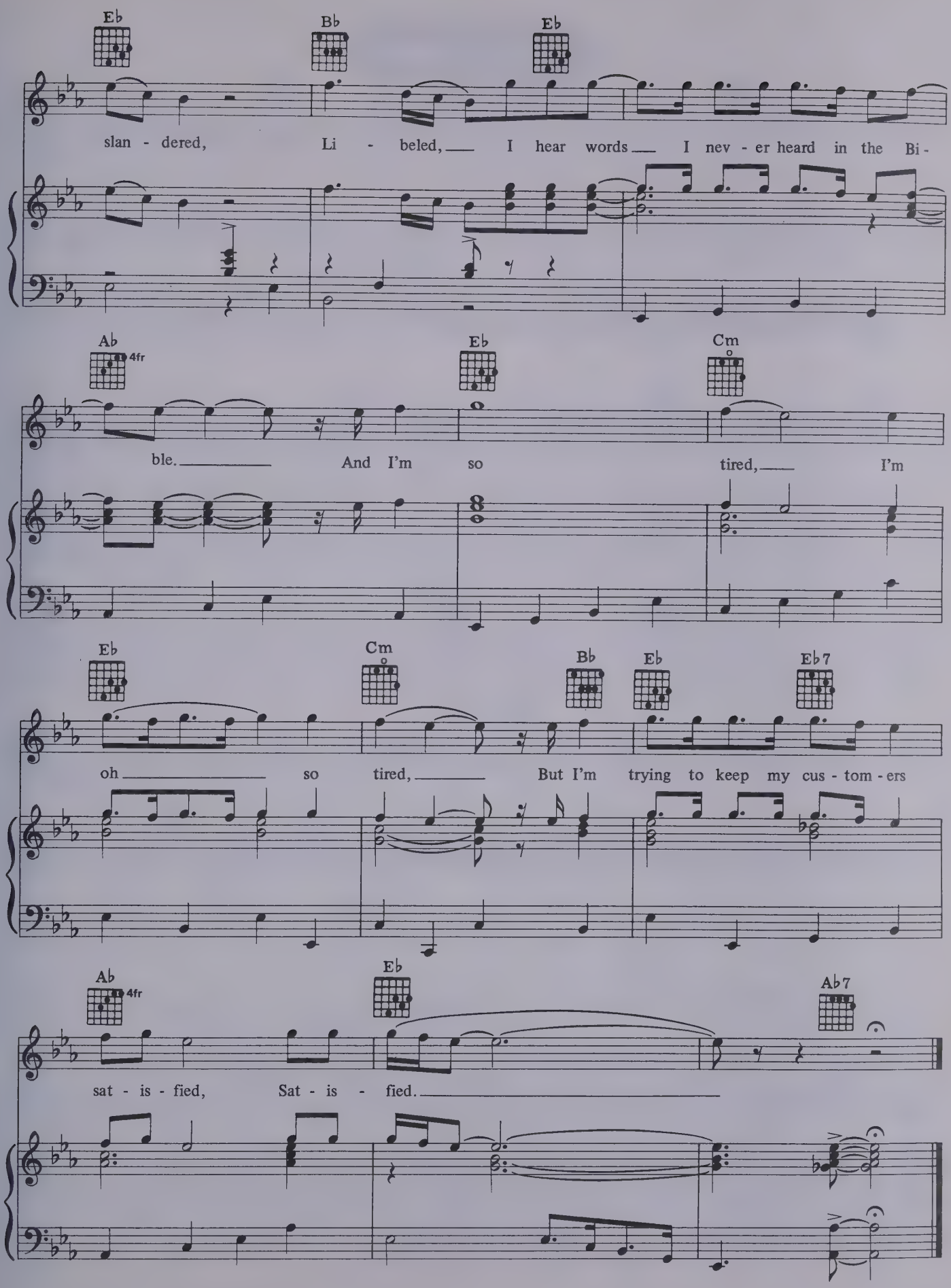
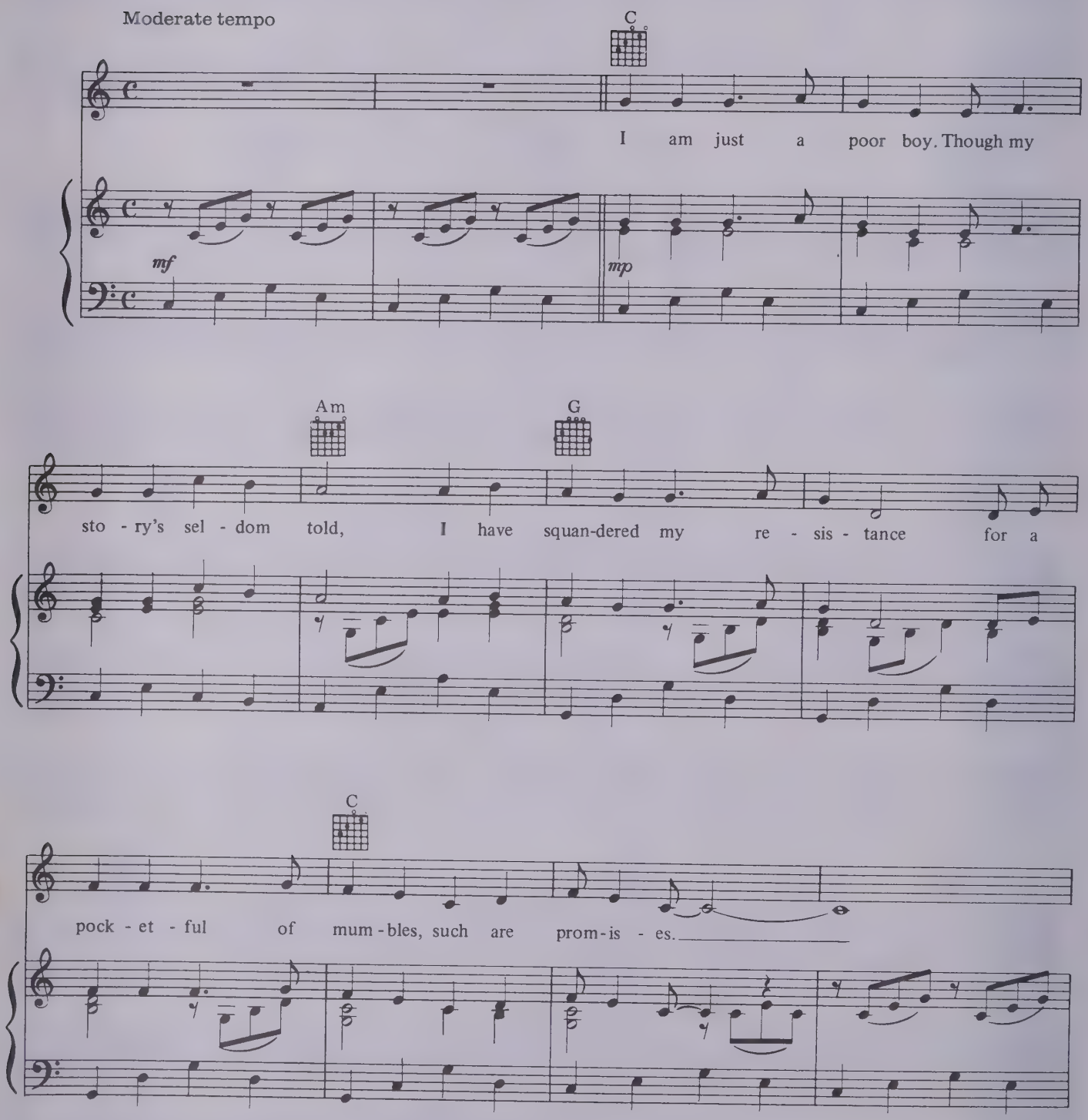

Ab
4fr
Eb
It's the same old sto - ry (Yeah)
It's the same old sto - ry
Ev - 'ry-where I
Ab
4fr
Eb
Bb
Eb
go, I get slan - dered, Li - beled, I hear words
Ab
4fr
Eb
I nev - er heard in the Bi - ble. And I'm one step a-head of the
Cm
Eb
Cm
Ab
4fr
Eb
Eb7
shoe shine, Two steps a-way from the coun-ty line, Just trying to keep my cus-tom-ers


Ab
4fr
1. Eb
2. Eb
sat - is - fied, Sat - is - fied.
fied.
Ab
4fr
Woh
Woh
Woh
Woh
f
Eb/Ab
Eb
Ab
4fr
But it's the same old
Eb
Ab
4fr
sto - ry
Ev - 'ry-where I go,
I get


Eb
Bb
Eb
slan - dered, Li - beled, I hear words I nev - er heard in the Bi-
Ab 4fr
Eb
Cm
ble. And I'm so tired, I'm
Eb
Cm
Bb
Eb
Eb7
oh so tired, But I'm trying to keep my cus - tom - ers
Ab 4fr
Eb
Ab7
sat - is - fied, Sat - is - fied.

The Boxer.

Words and music by Paul Simon.



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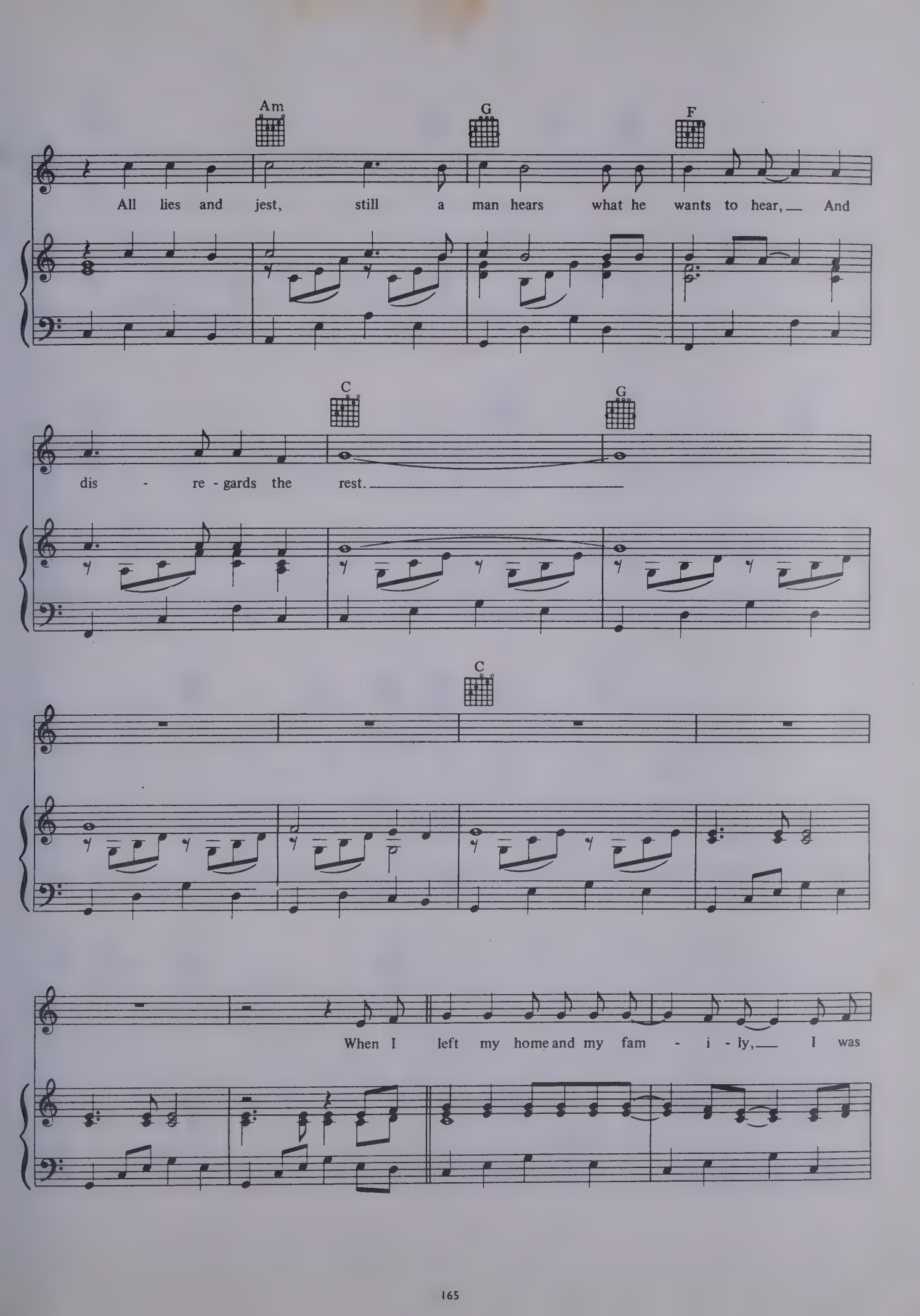
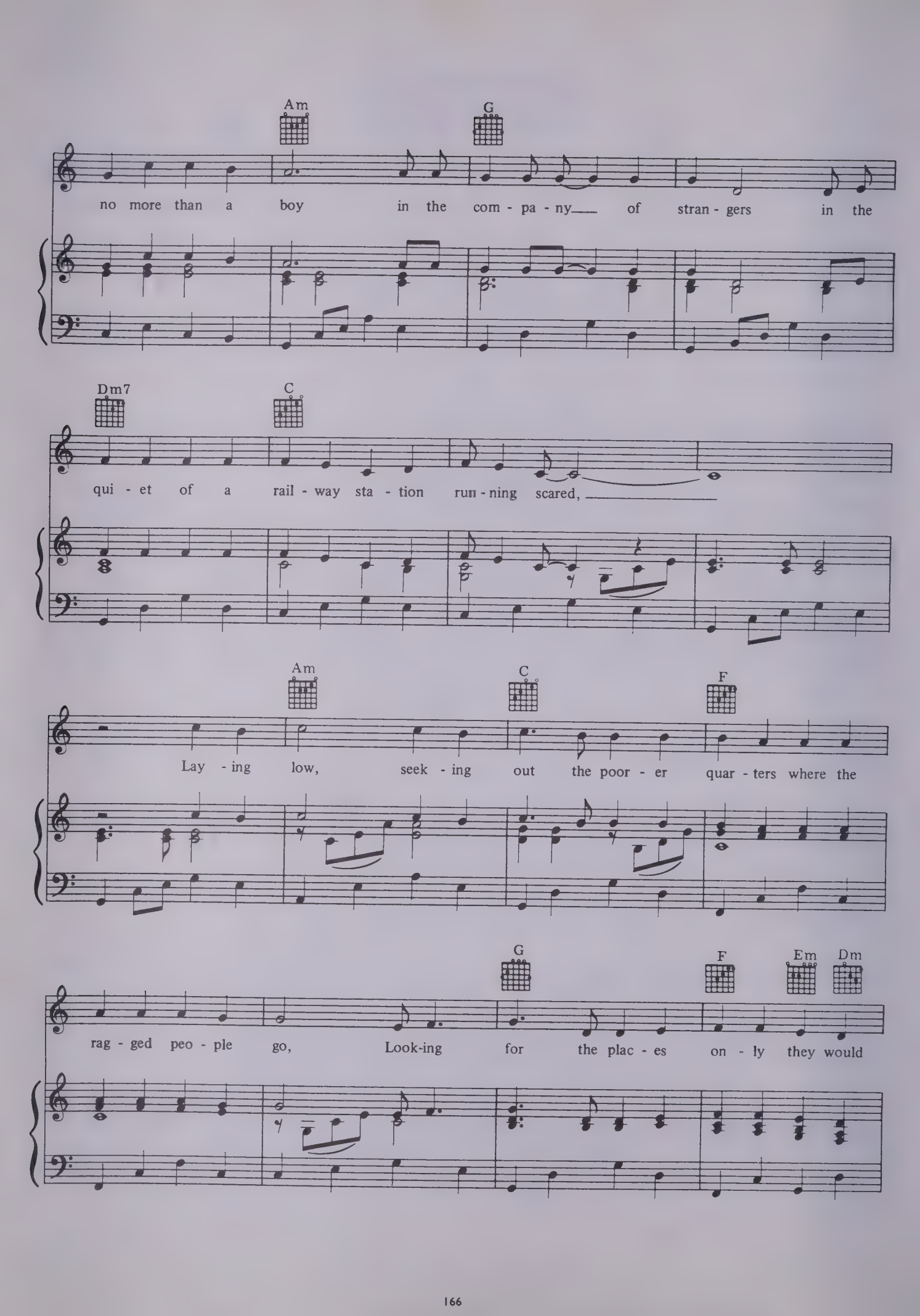
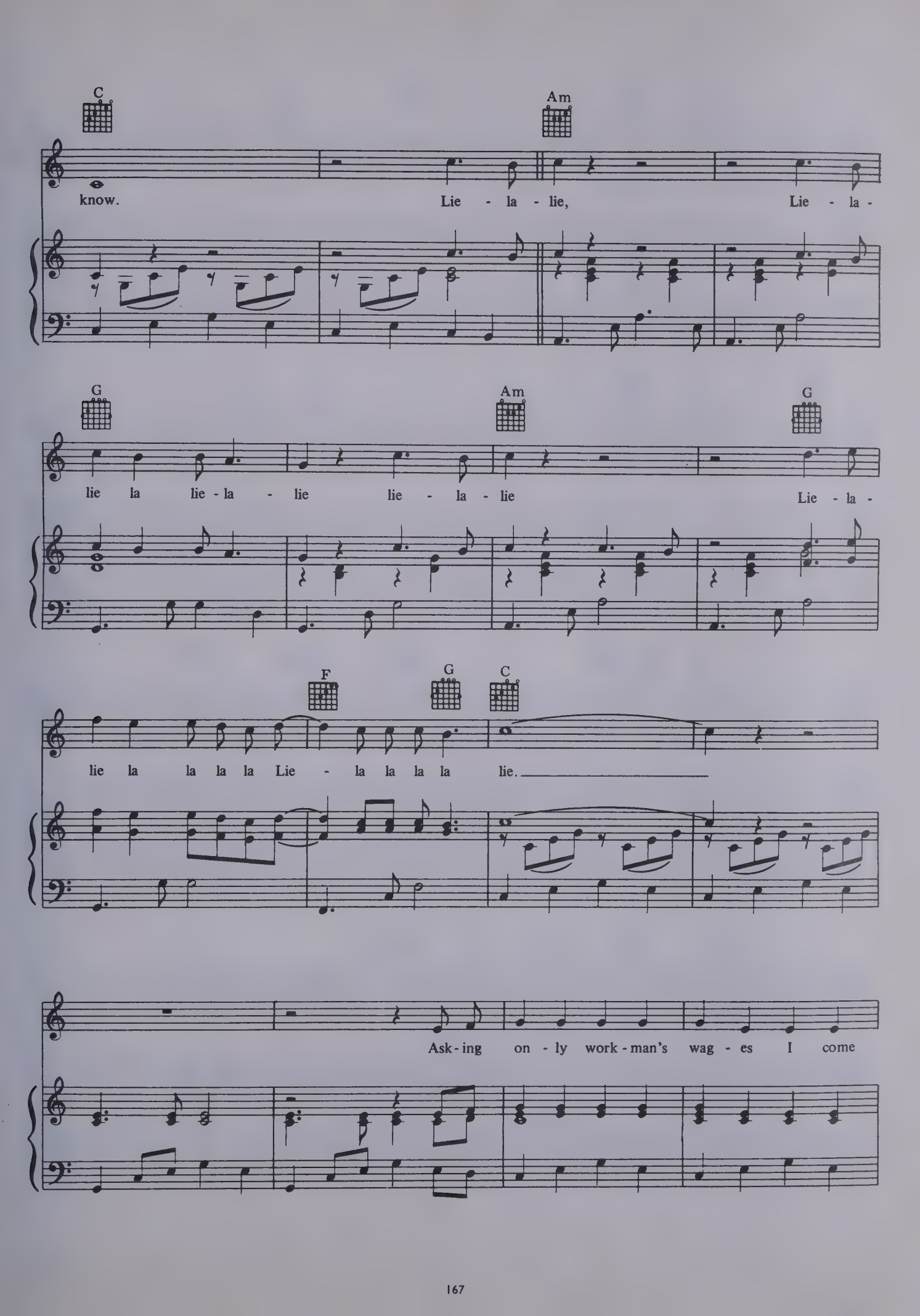
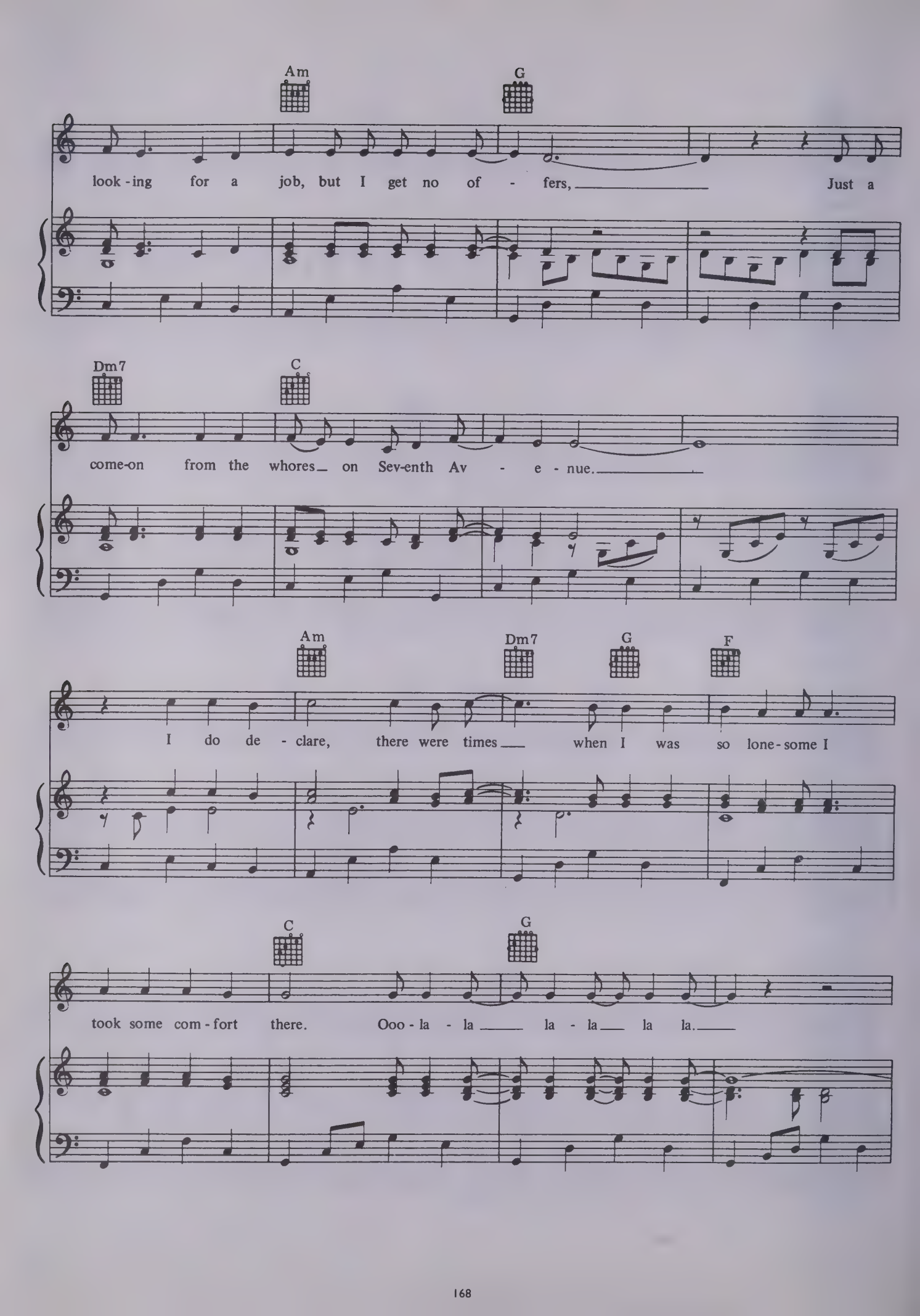
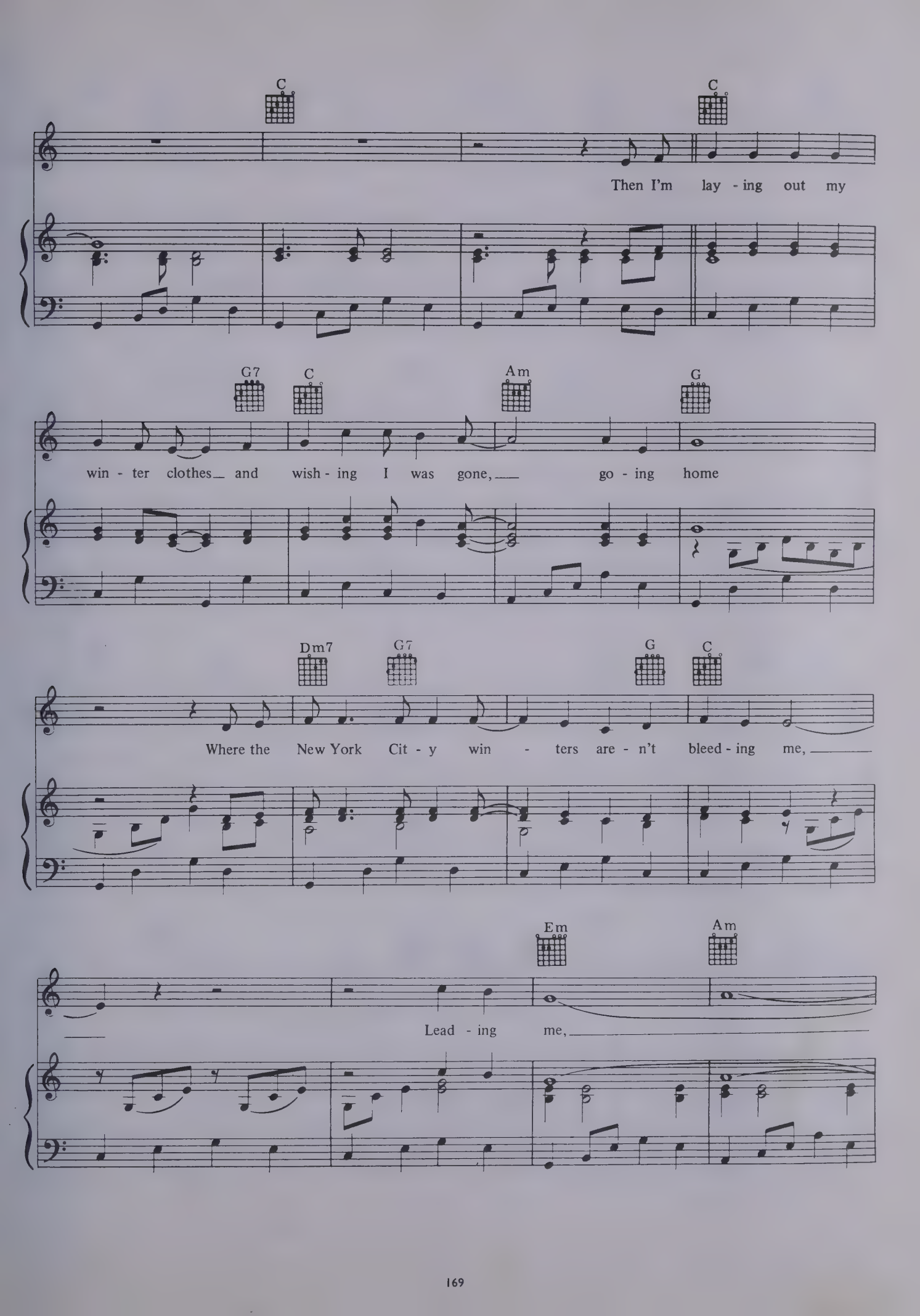
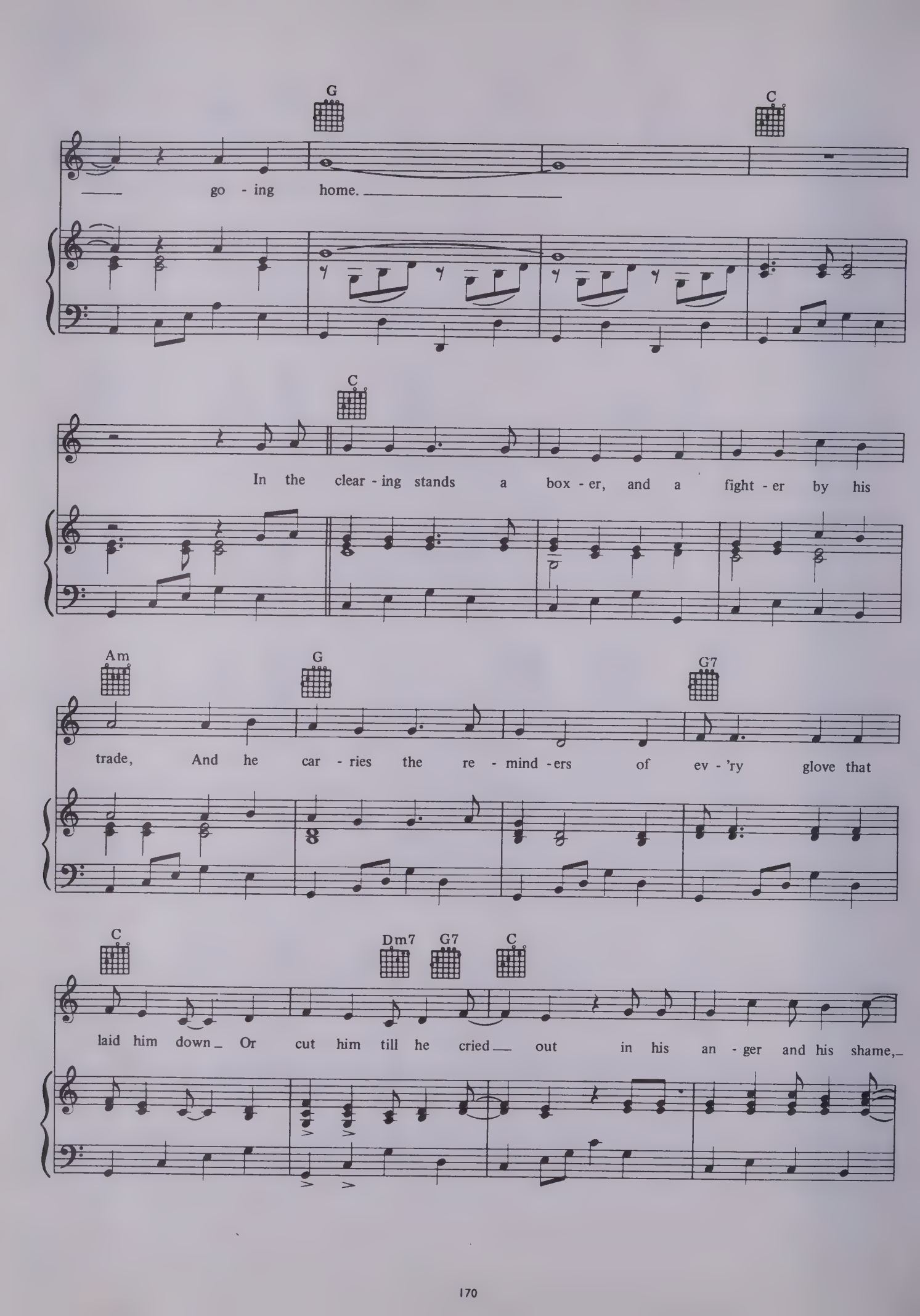

Am
G
F
All lies and jest, still a man hears what he wants to hear, And
C
G
dis - re - gards the rest.
C
When I left my home and my fam - i - ly, I was

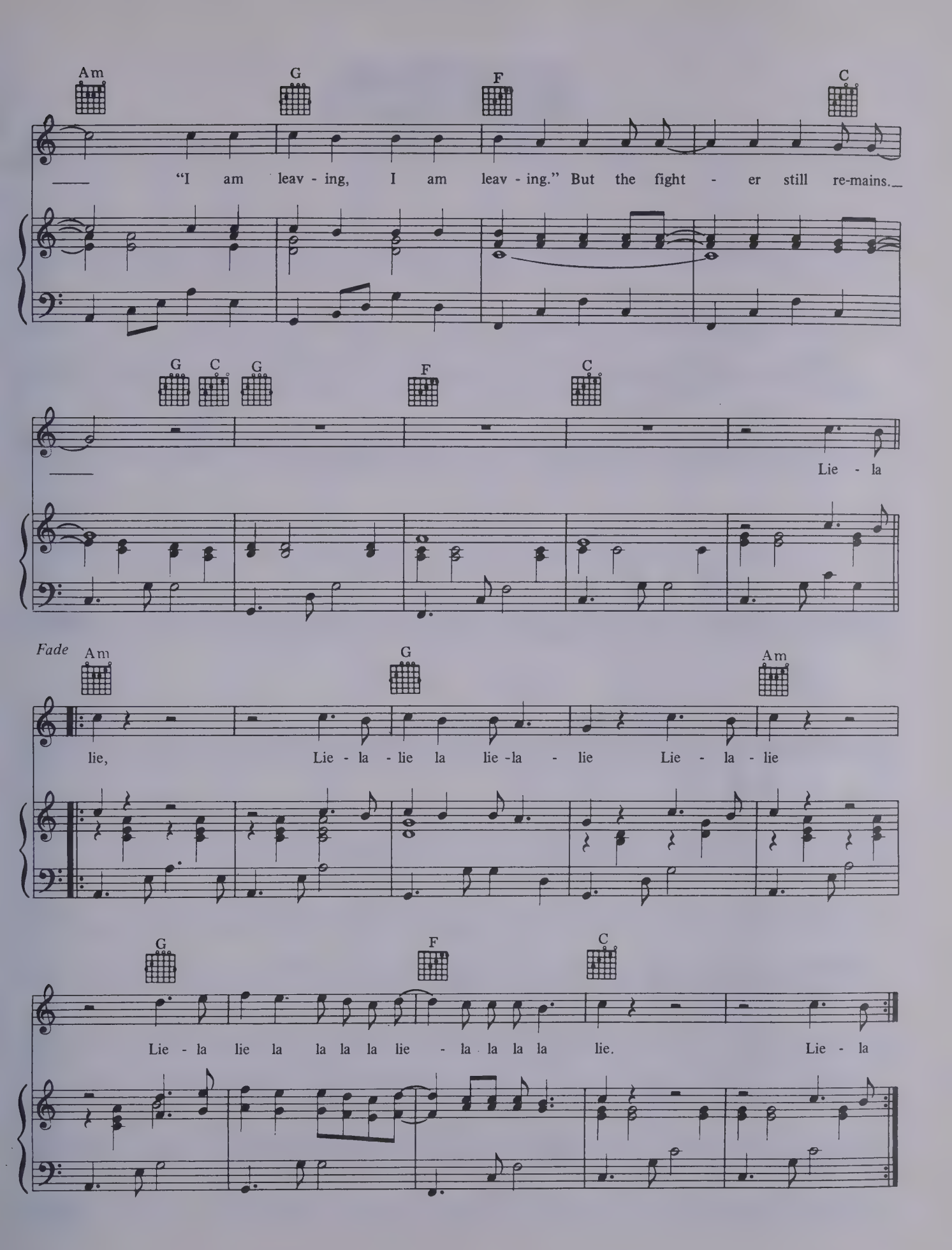

Am
G
no more than a boy in the com - pa - ny of stran - gers in the
Dm7
C
qui - et of a rail - way sta - tion run - ning scared,
Am
C
F
Lay - ing low, seek - ing out the poor - er quar - ters where the
G
F
Em
Dm
rag - ged peo - ple go, Look-ing for the plac - es on - ly they would


C
Am
know.
Lie - la - lie,
Lie - la -
G
Am
G
lie la lie - la - lie lie - la - lie
Lie - la -
F
G
C
lie la la la la Lie - la la la la lie.
Ask - ing on - ly work - man's wag - es I come


Am
G
look - ing for a job, but I get no of - fers, Just a
Dm7
C
come-on from the whores on Sev-enth Av - e - nue.
Am
Dm7
G
F
I do de - clare, there were times when I was so lone-some I
C
G
took some com - fort there. Ooo - la - la la - la la la.


C
C
Then I'm lay - ing out my
G7
C
Am
G
win - ter clothes and wish - ing I was gone, go - ing home
Dm7
G7
G
C
Where the New York Cit - y win - ters are - n't bleed - ing me,
Em
Am
Lead - ing me,


G
C
go - ing home.
C
In the clear - ing stands a box - er, and a fight - er by his
Am
G
G7
trade, And he car - ries the re - mind - ers of ev - 'ry glove that
C
Dm7
G7
C
laid him down Or cut him till he cried out in his an - ger and his shame,


Am G F C
"I am leav - ing, I am leav - ing." But the fight - er still re-mains.
G C G F C
Lie - la
Fade
Am G Am
lie, Lie - la - lie la lie -la - lie Lie - la - lie
G F C
Lie - la lie la la la la lie - la la la la lie. Lie - la

Baby Driver.

Words and music by Paul Simon.

Moderate bright tempo

mf

D

1. My dad - dy was a fam - i - ly bass - man, My ma - ma was an en - gi - neer, And I was born one dark
2. (My) dad - dy was a prom - i - nent frog - man, My ma - ma's in the Na - val re - serve, When I was young I car -
3. (My) dad - dy got a big pro - mo - tion, My ma - ma got a raise in pay, There's no one home, we're all

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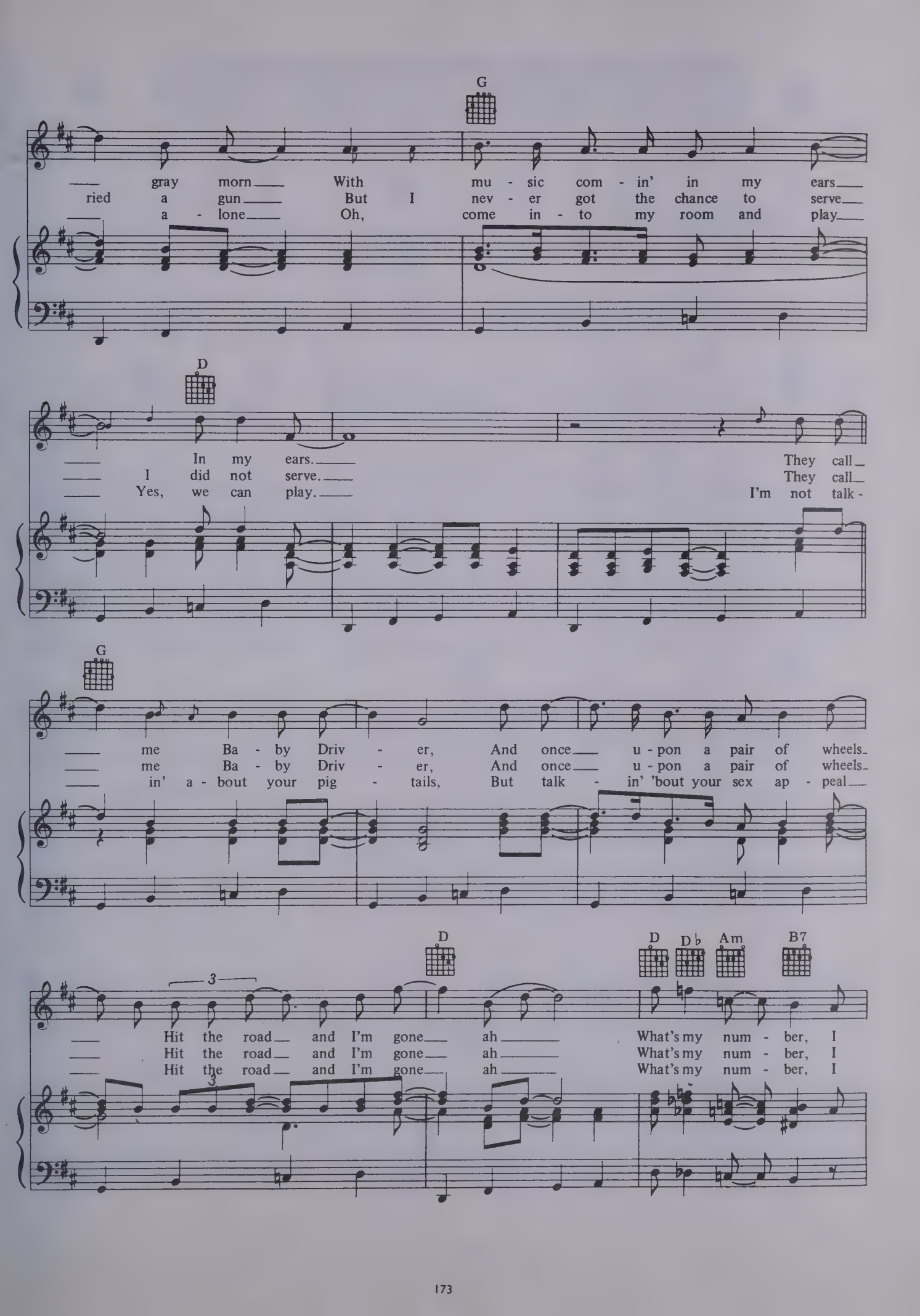
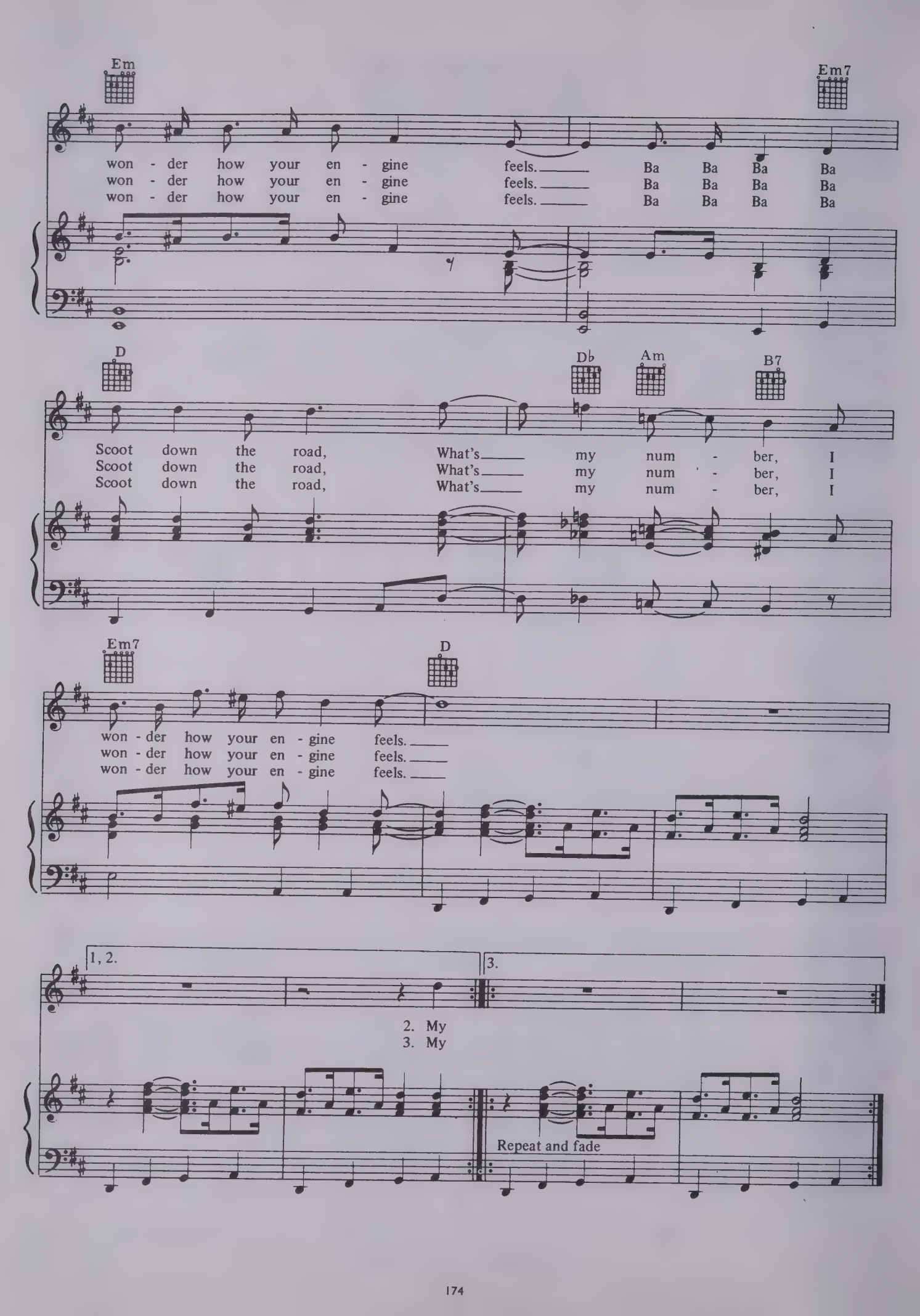
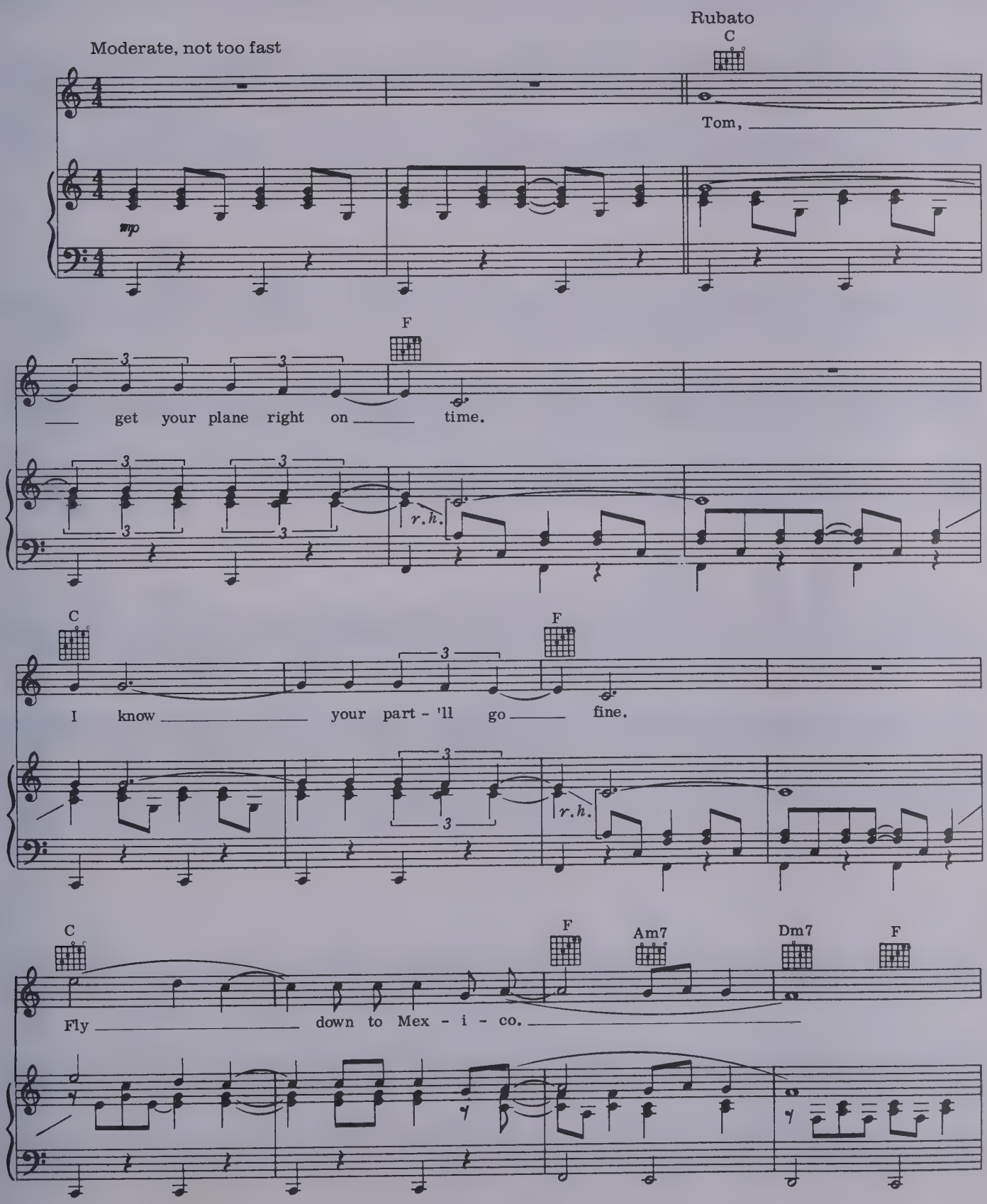

G
gray morn With mu - sic com - in' in my ears
ried a gun But I nev - er got the chance to serve
a - lone Oh, come in - to my room and play
D
In my ears. They call
I did not serve. They call
Yes, we can play. I'm not talk -
G
me Ba - by Driv - er, And once u - pon a pair of wheels
me Ba - by Driv - er, And once u - pon a pair of wheels
in' a - bout your pig - tails, But talk - in' 'bout your sex ap - peal
D
D Db Am B7
3
Hit the road and I'm gone ah What's my num - ber, I
Hit the road and I'm gone ah What's my num - ber, I
Hit the road and I'm gone ah What's my num - ber, I


Em
Em7
won - der how your en - gine feels. Ba Ba Ba Ba
won - der how your en - gine feels. Ba Ba Ba Ba
won - der how your en - gine feels. Ba Ba Ba Ba
D
Db
Am
B7
Scoot down the road, What's my num - ber, I
Scoot down the road, What's my num - ber, I
Scoot down the road, What's my num - ber, I
Em7
D
won - der how your en - gine feels.
won - der how your en - gine feels.
won - der how your en - gine feels.
1, 2.
3.
2. My
3. My
Repeat and fade

The Only Living Boy In New York.

Words and music by Paul Simon.



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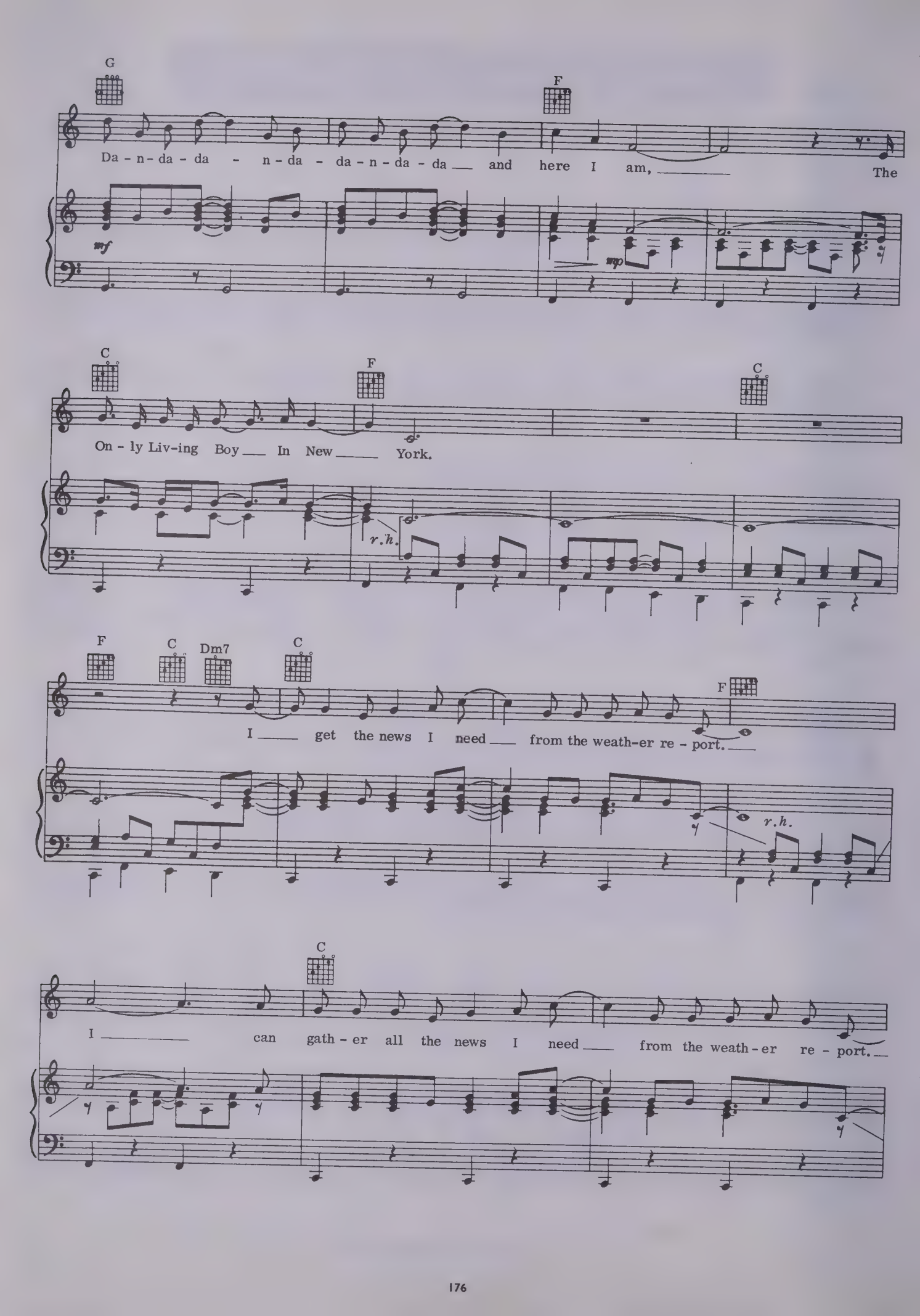
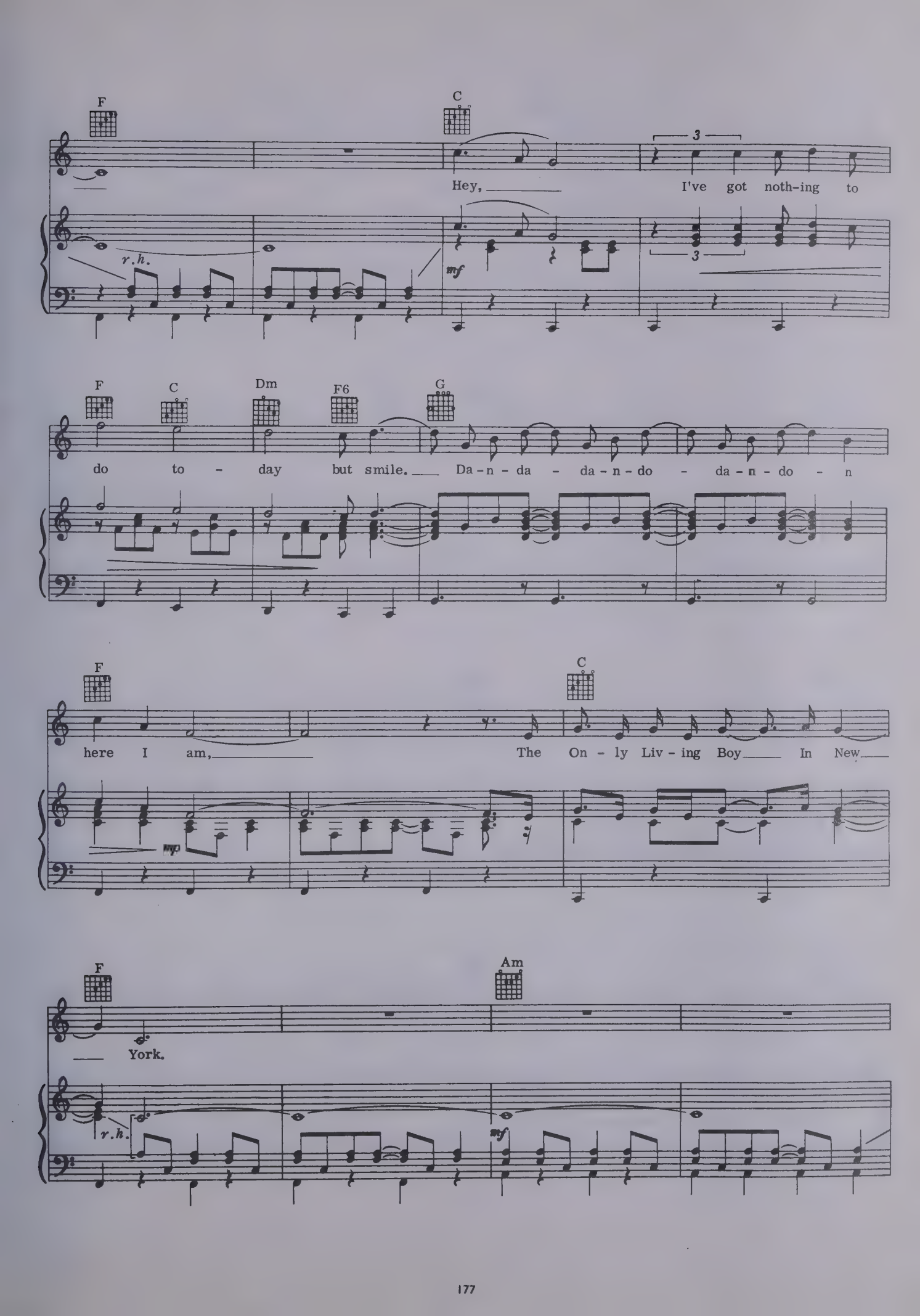

G
F
Da - n - da - da - n - da - da - n - da - da and here I am, The
mf
mp
C
F
C
On - ly Liv-ing Boy In New York.
r.h.
F
C
Dm7
C
F
I get the news I need from the weath-er re - port.
r.h.
C
I can gath - er all the news I need from the weath - er re - port.


F
C
Hey, I've got noth-ing to
r.h.
mf
F C Dm F6 G
do to - day but smile. Da-n-da - da-n-do - da-n-do - n
F
C
here I am, The On - ly Liv - ing Boy In New
mp
F
Am
York.
r.h.
mf

Dm G7 C

Half of the time we're gone but we don't know where, And we don't know

f *dim. poco a poco*

F C

where. Tom, get your plane right on

mp

F C

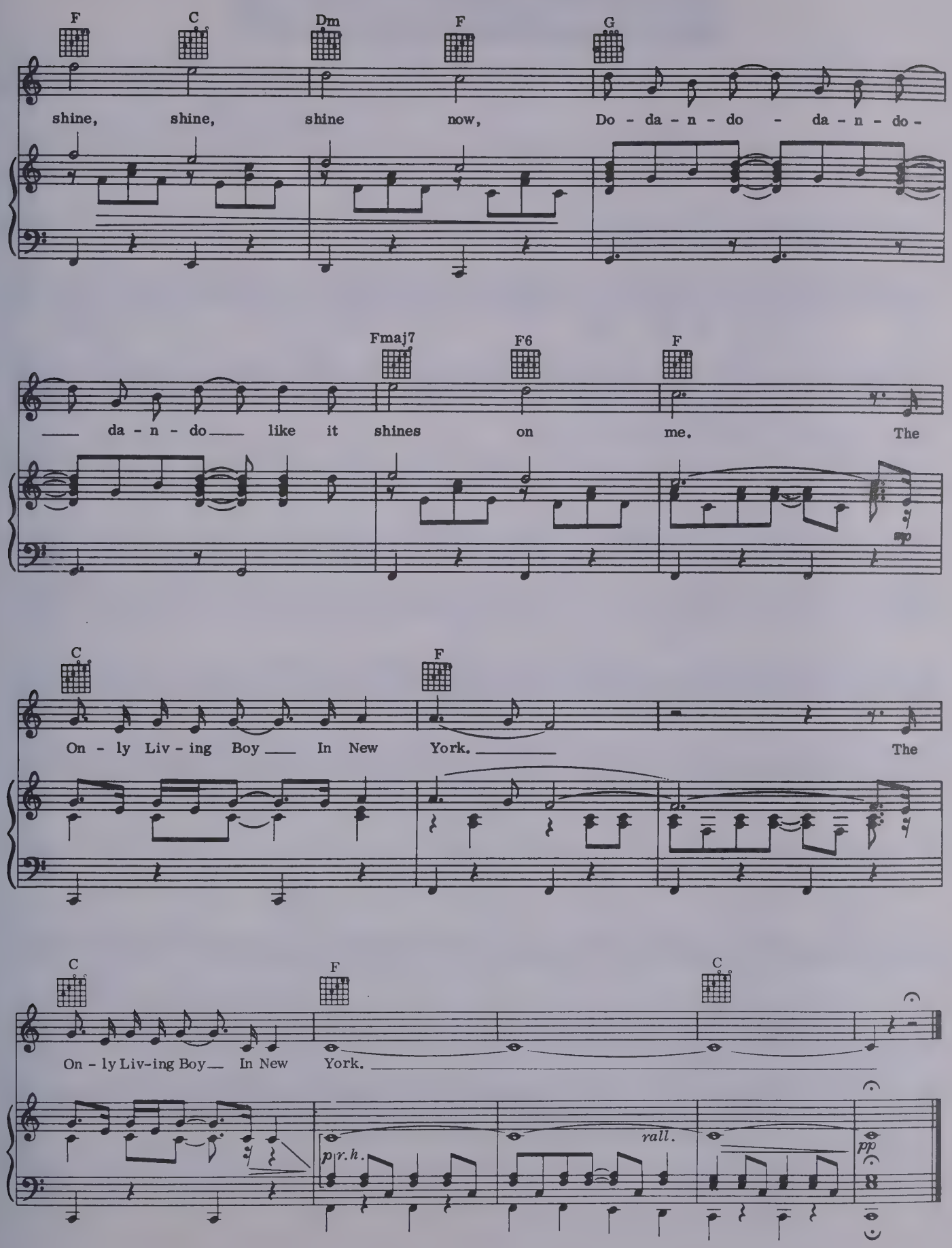
time. I know that you've been ea - ger to fly

r.h.

F C

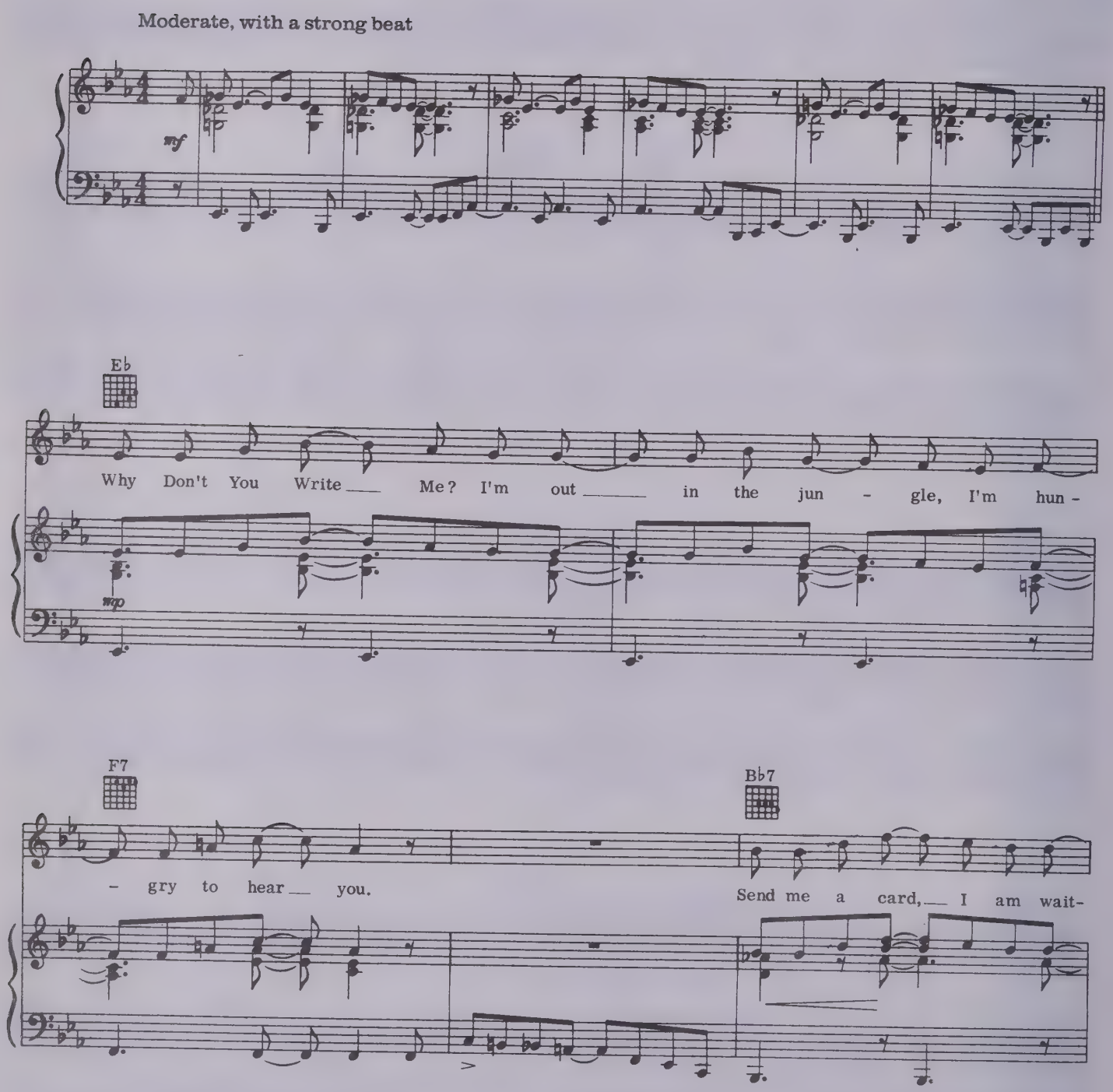
now. Hey let your hon - es - ty

mf


F C Dm F G
shine, shine, shine now, Do - da - n - do - da - n - do -
Fmaj7 F6 F
da - n - do like it shines on me. The
C F
On - ly Liv - ing Boy In New York. The
C F C
On - ly Liv-ing Boy In New York.
p r.h.
rall.
pp

Why Don't You Write Me?

Words and music by Paul Simon.



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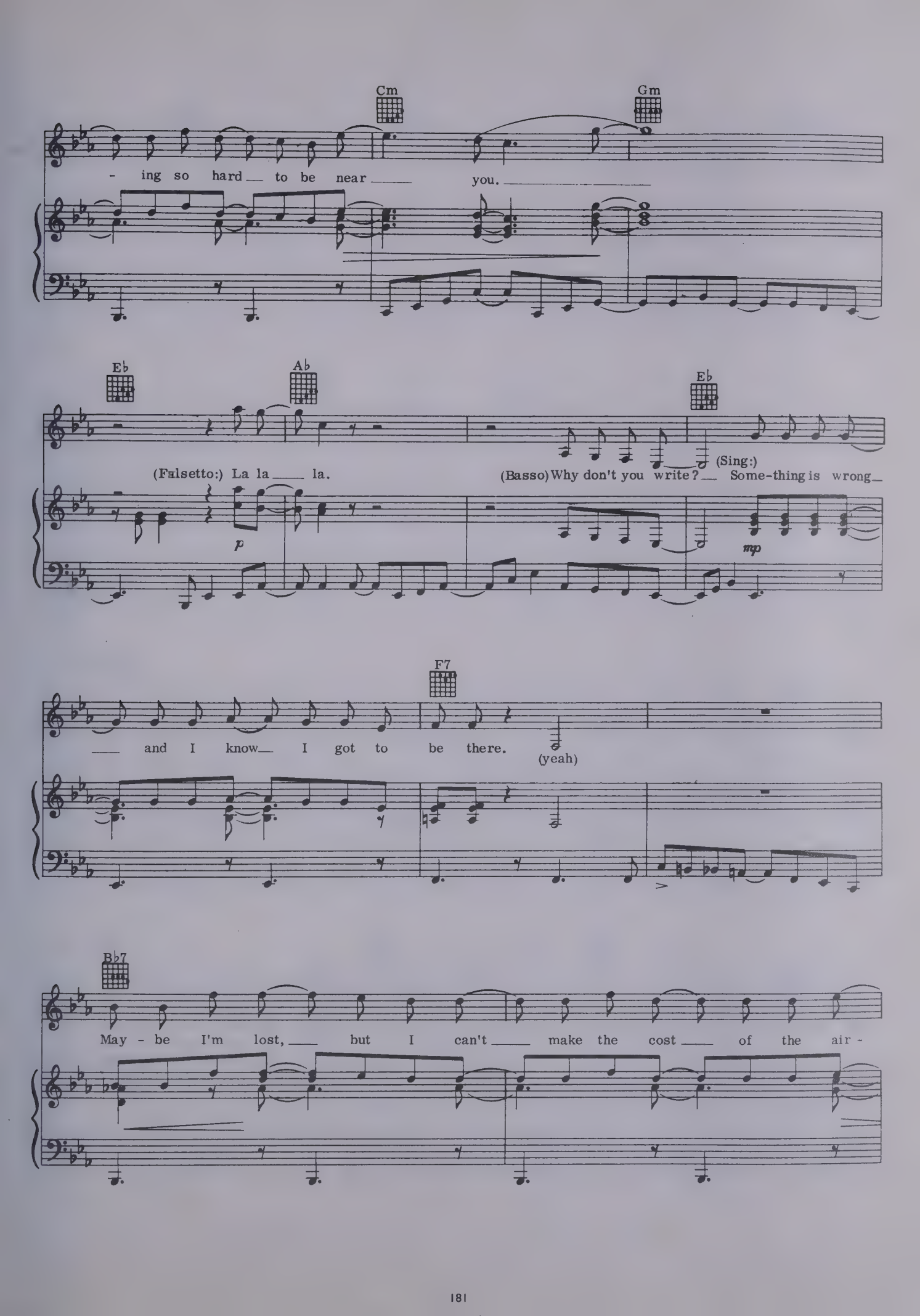
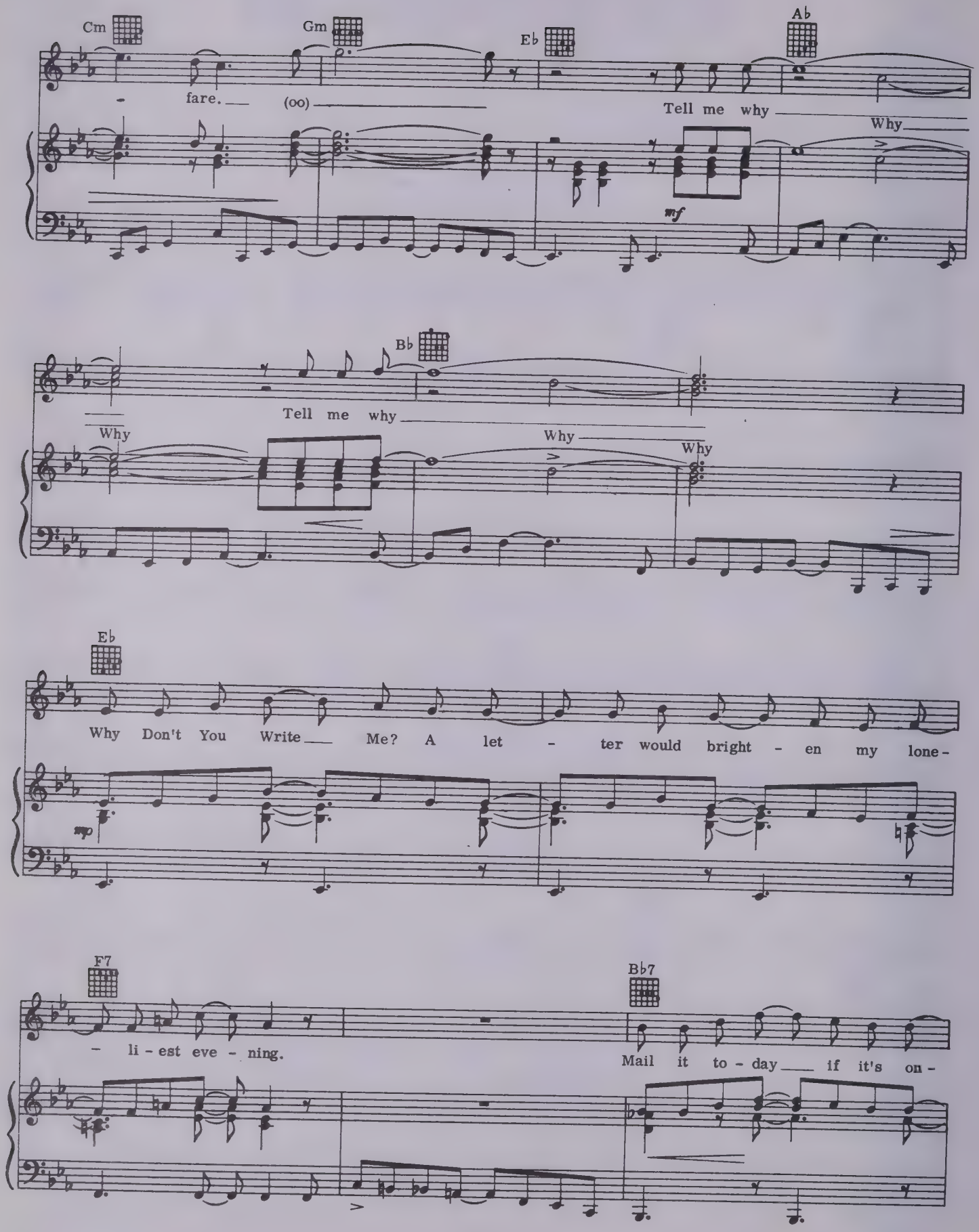
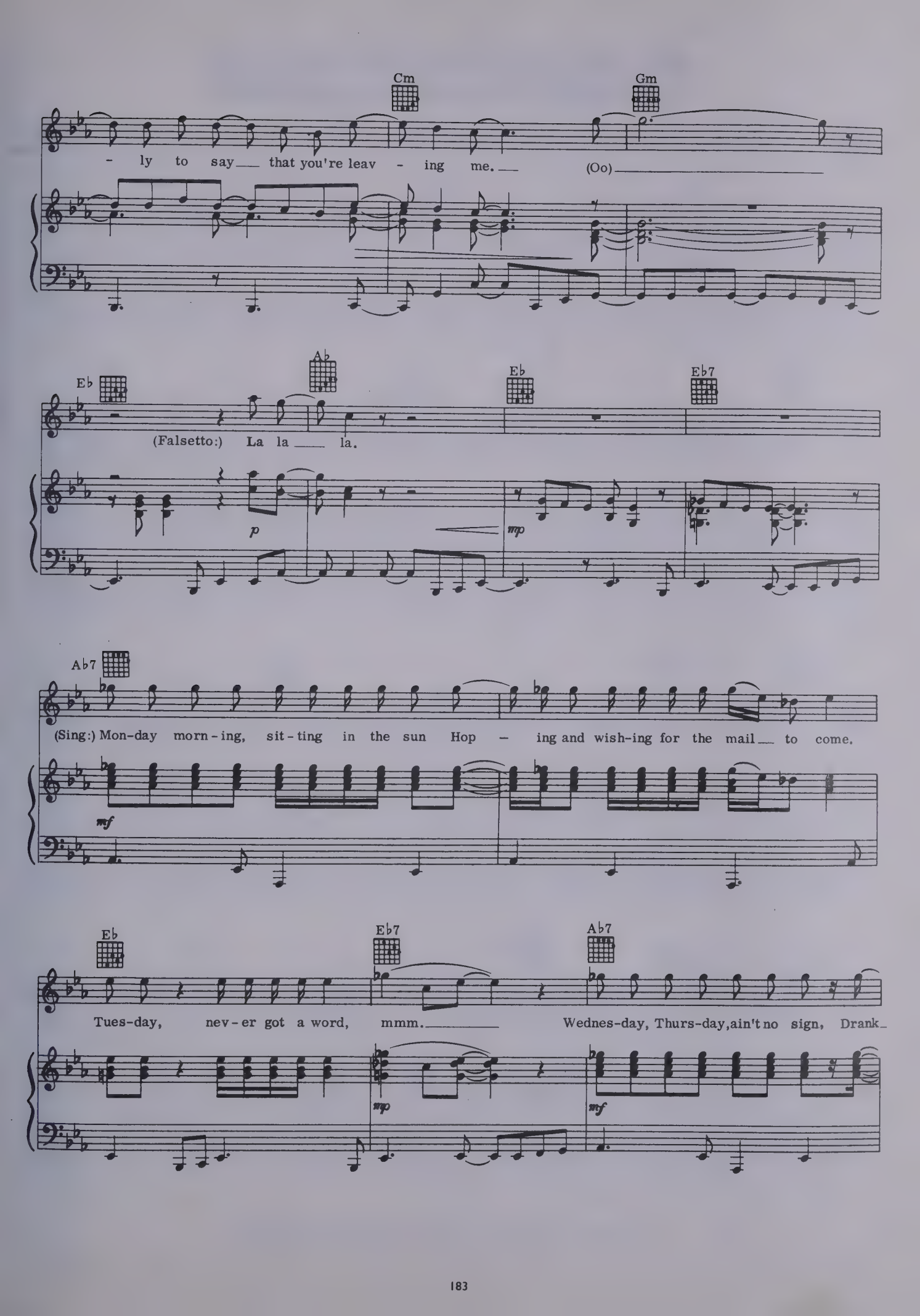
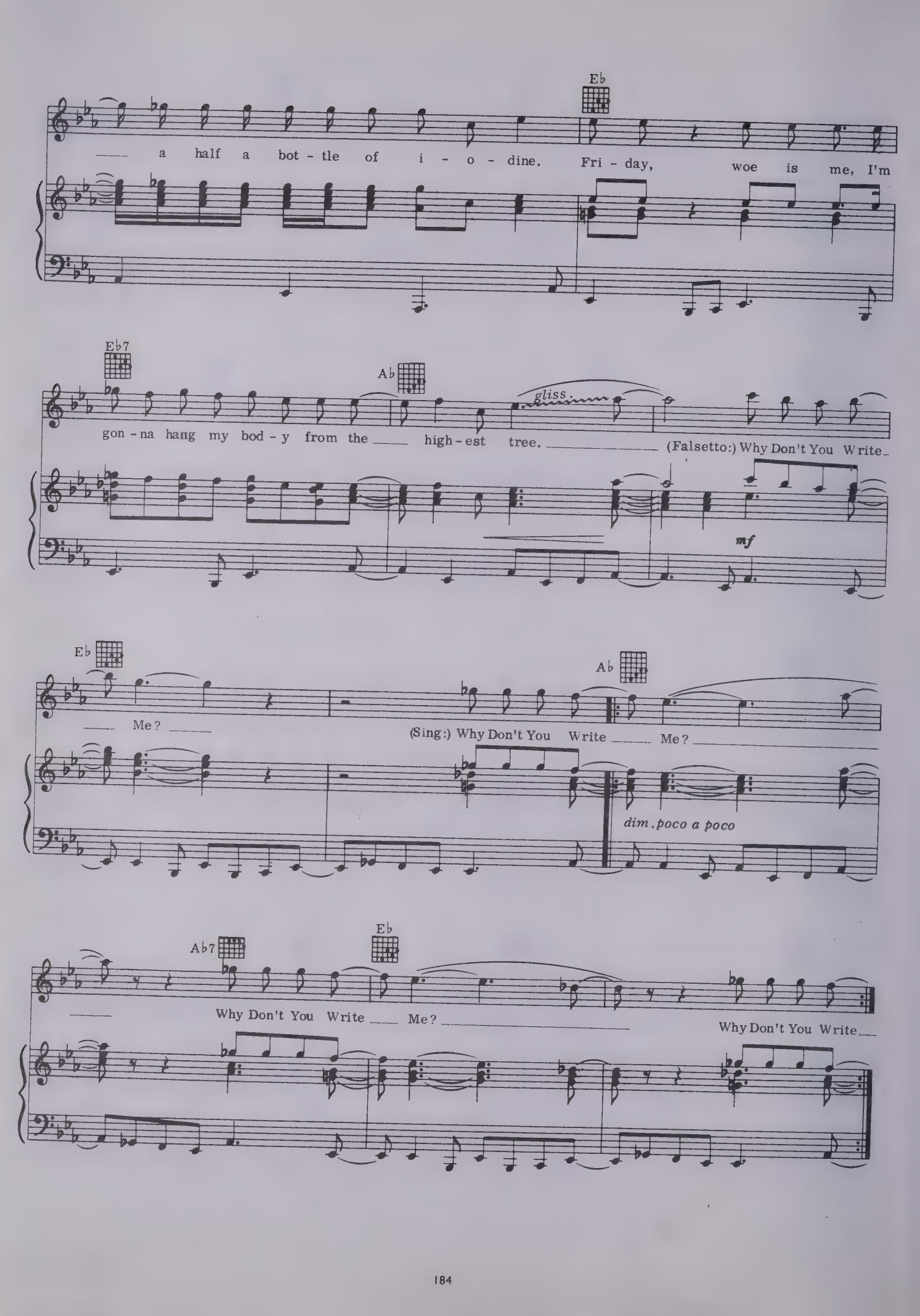

Cm
Gm
- ing so hard to be near you.
Eb
Ab
Eb
(Falsetto:) La la la.
(Basso) Why don't you write?
(Sing:)
Some-thing is wrong
p
mp
F7
and I know I got to be there.
(yeah)
Bb7
May - be I'm lost, but I can't make the cost of the air -

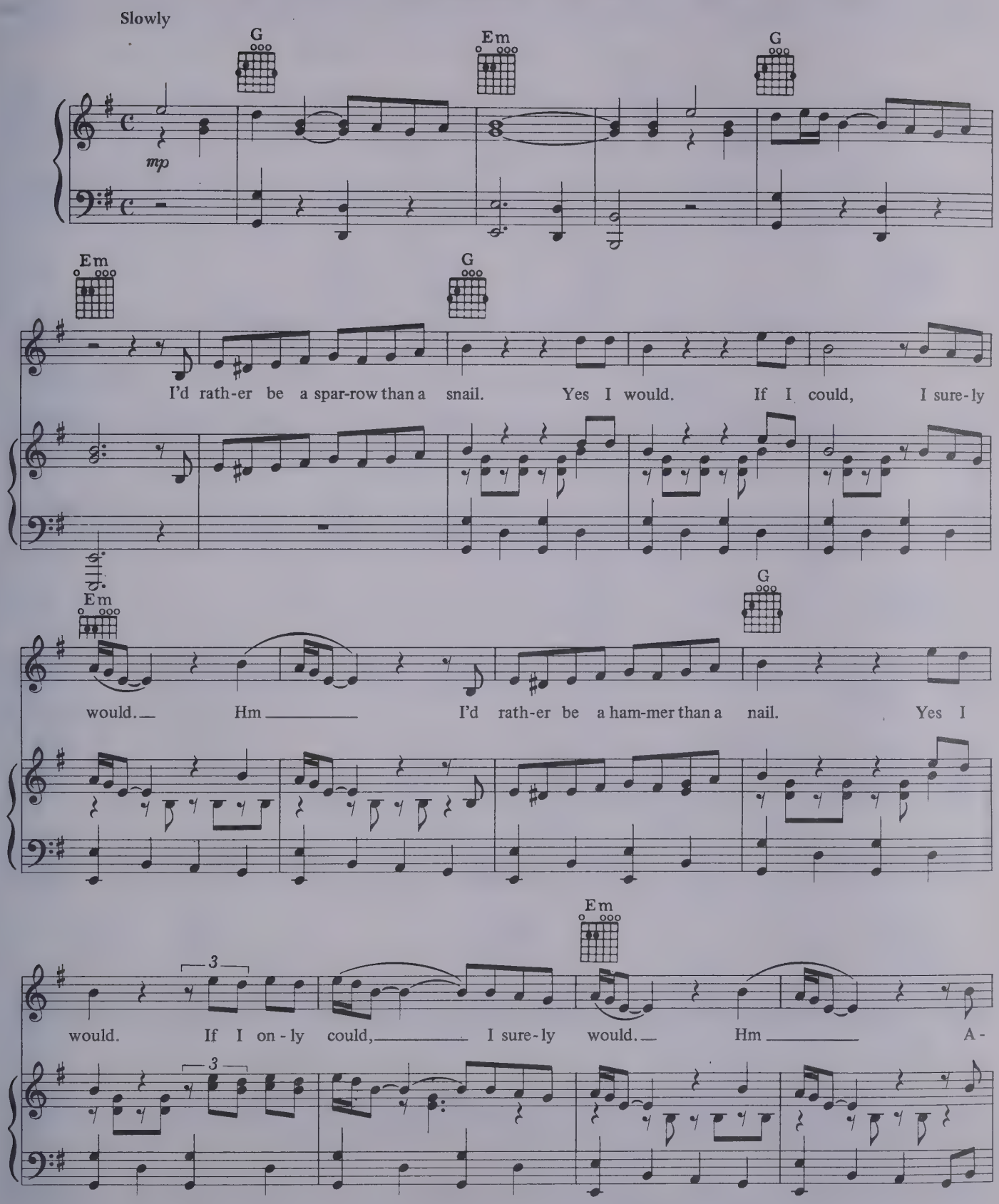

Cm
Gm
Eb
Ab
- fare.
(oo)
Tell me why
Why
mf
Bb
Tell me why
Why
Why
Why
Eb
Why Don't You Write Me? A let - ter would bright - en my lone -
mp
F7
- li - est eve - ning.
Bb7
Mail it to - day if it's on -


Cm
Gm
- ly to say that you're leav - ing me.
(Oo)
Eb
Ab
Eb
Eb7
(Falsetto:) La la la.
p
mp
Ab7
(Sing:) Mon-day morn-ing, sit-ting in the sun Hop - ing and wish-ing for the mail to come.
mf
Eb
Eb7
Ab7
Tues-day, nev-er got a word, mmm.
Wednes-day, Thurs-day, ain't no sign, Drank-
mp
mf


Eb
a half a bot - tle of i - o - dine. Fri - day, woe is me, I'm
Eb7
Ab
gliss.
gon - na hang my bod - y from the high - est tree.
(Falsetto:) Why Don't You Write
mf
Eb
Me?
Ab
(Sing:) Why Don't You Write Me?
dim. poco a poco
Ab7
Eb
Why Don't You Write Me?
Why Don't You Write

El Condor Pasa (If I Could).

Words and music by Paul Simon.



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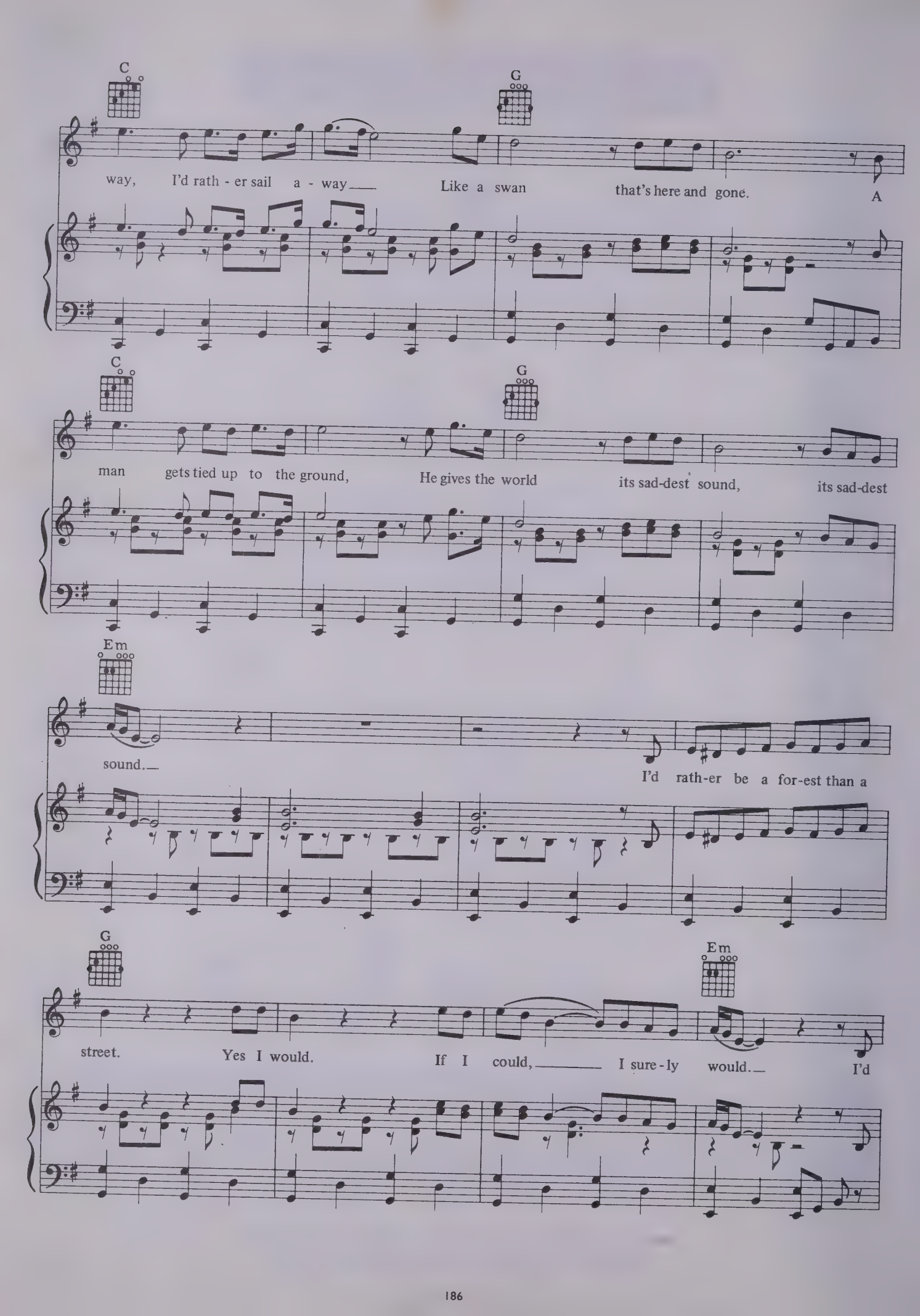
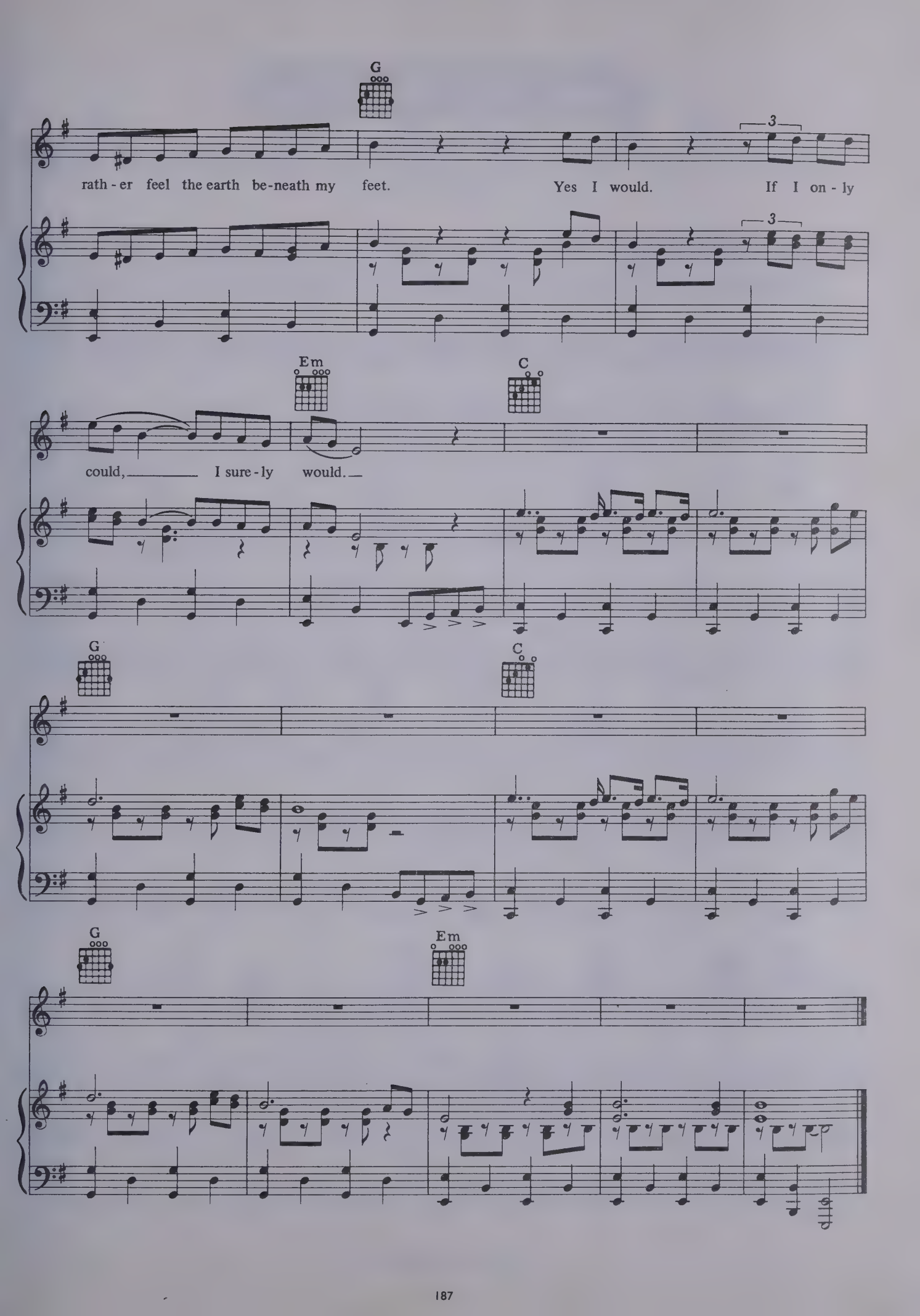
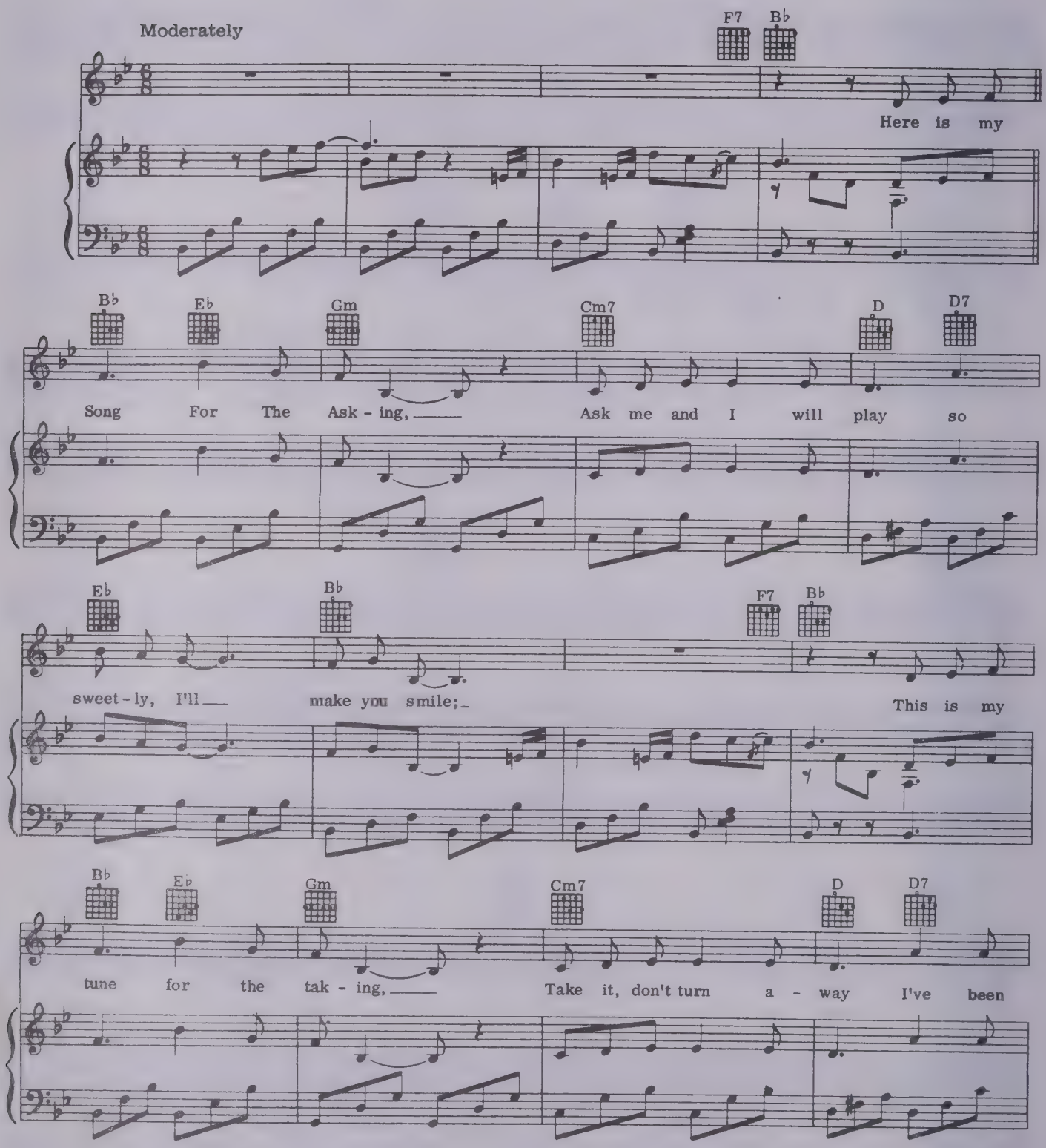

C
G
way, I'd rath - er sail a - way Like a swan that's here and gone. A
C
G
man gets tied up to the ground, He gives the world its sad-dest sound, its sad-dest
Em
sound.
I'd rath-er be a for-est than a
G
Em
street. Yes I would. If I could, I sure - ly would. I'd


G
rath - er feel the earth be-neath my feet.
Yes I would.
If I on - ly
3
Em
C
could, I sure - ly would.
G
C
G
Em

Song For The Asking.

Words and music by Paul Simon.



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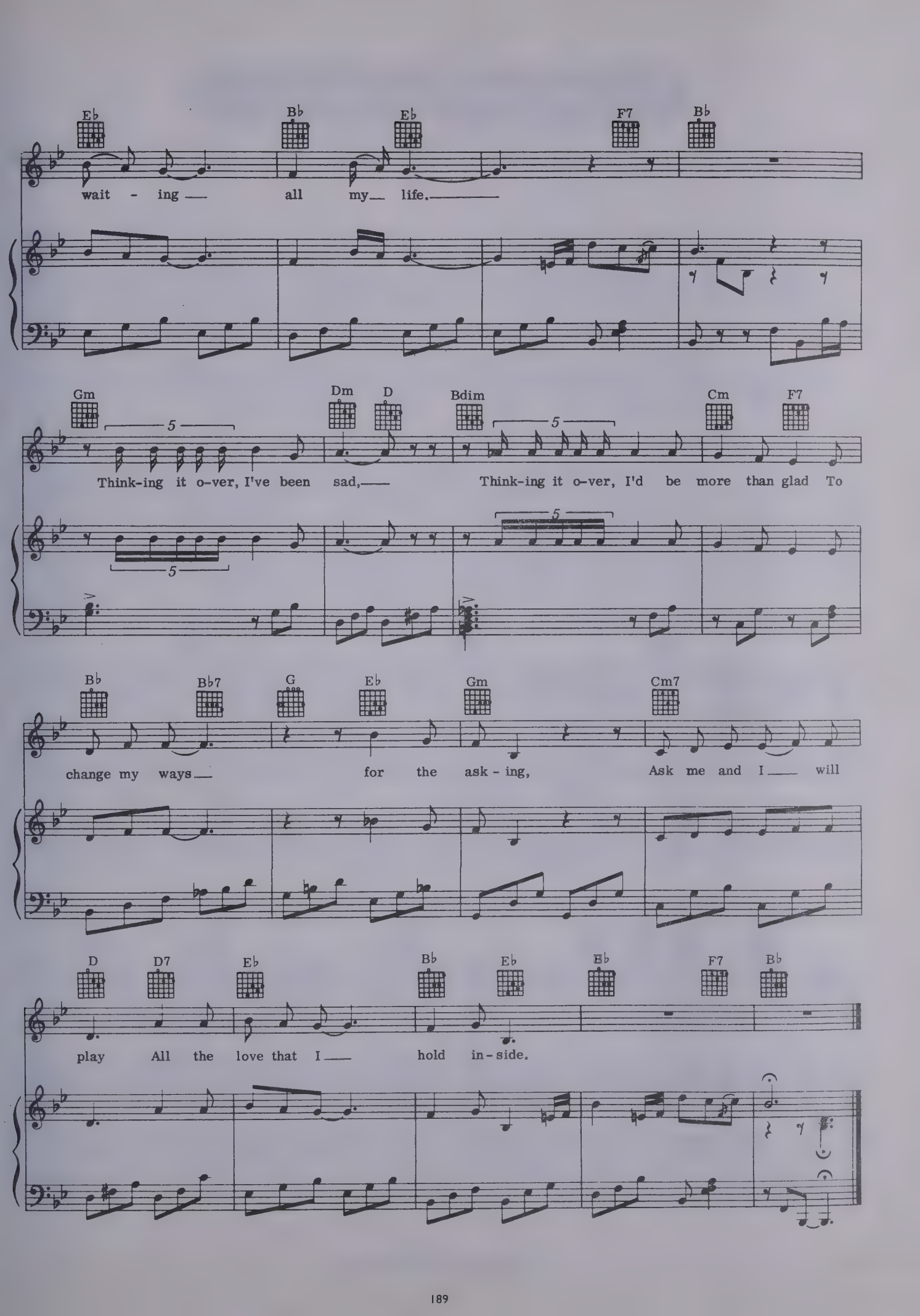
Eb Bb Eb F7 Bb
wait - ing all my life.
Gm Dm D Bdim Cm F7
Think-ing it o-ver, I've been sad, Think-ing it o-ver, I'd be more than glad To
Bb Bb7 G Eb Gm Cm7
change my ways for the ask - ing, Ask me and I will
D D7 Eb Bb Eb Eb F7 Bb
play All the love that I hold in-side.

Bridge Over Troubled Water.

Words and music by Paul Simon.

Moderate, not too fast, like a spiritual

mf *mp* *p*

Rubato

Eb Ab Eb

When you're wea - ry,— feel - in_____ small,
down and out,— When you're on the street,

p

Ab Db Ab Eb Ab Eb Ab

When tears are in your eyes,— I'll dry them_all;
When eve-ning falls so hard— I will com-fort_you.

mp

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Eb Ab Eb Bb Cm Bb

I'm on your side. Oh,
I'll take your part. Oh,

mp

Bb9 Eb Eb (D bass) In tempo Eb7 Eb9 Ab F

when times get rough And friends just can't be found,
when dark - ness comes And pain is all a - round,

f

Bb Eb7 Eb9 Ab F#dim (A bass) Eb (Bb bass) C7sus C7

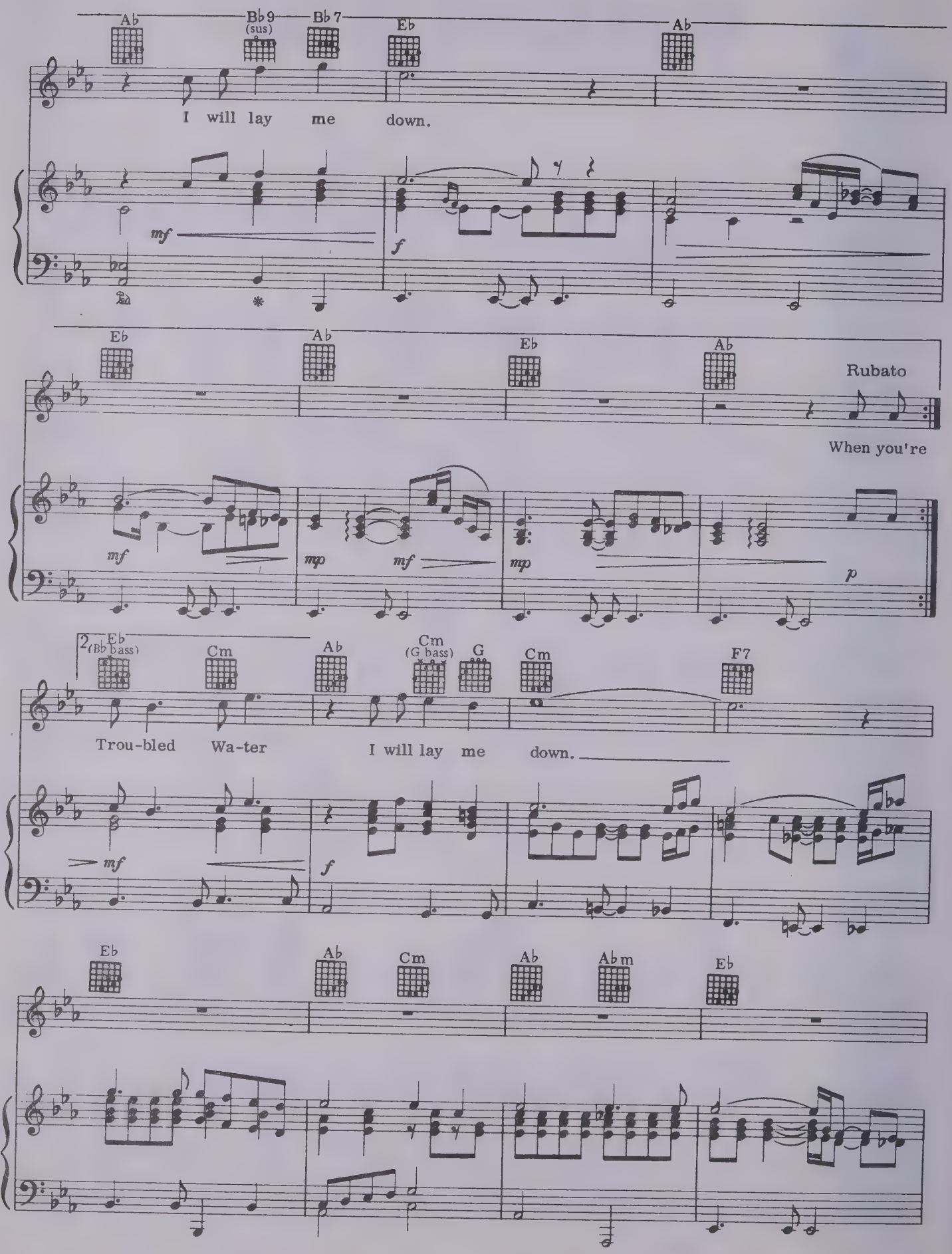
Like a Bridge O - ver Trou-bled Wa - ter

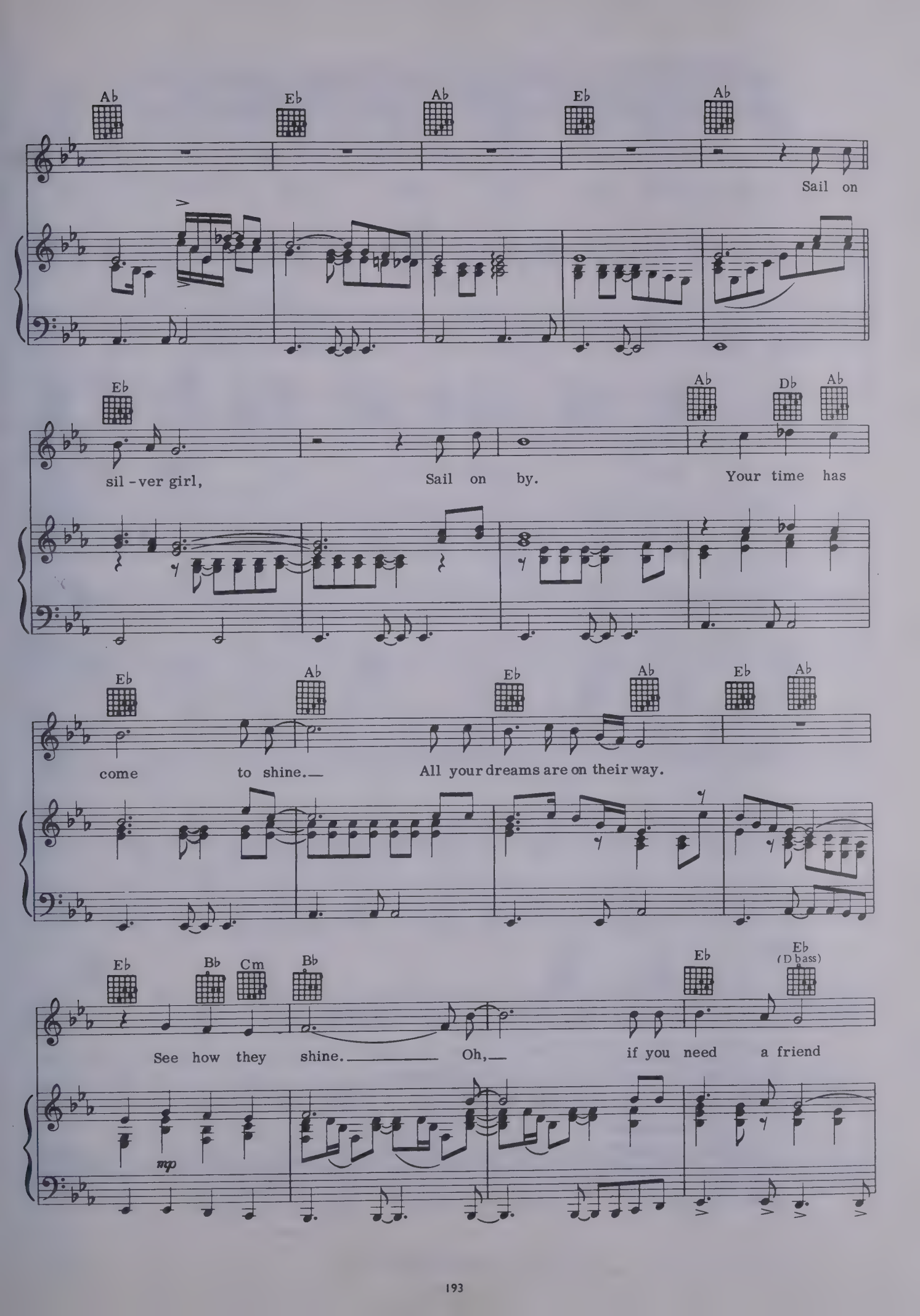
mp

Ab G7 Cm Eb7 Eb9 Ab F#dim (A bass) 1. Eb (Bb bass) C7sus C7

I will lay me down. Like a Bridge O - ver Trou-bled Wa-ter

mf mp


Ab
Bb9 (sus)
Bb7
Eb
Ab
I will lay me down.
mf
f
Eb
Ab
Eb
Ab
Rubato
When you're
mf
mp
mf
mp
p
2
Eb (Bb bass)
Cm
Ab
Cm (G bass)
G
Cm
F7
Trou-bled Wa-ter I will lay me down.
mf
f
Eb
Ab
Cm
Ab
Abm
Eb


Ab Eb Ab Eb Ab
Sail on
Eb Ab Db Ab
sil - ver girl, Sail on by. Your time has
Eb Ab Eb Ab Eb Ab
come to shine. All your dreams are on their way.
Eb Bb Cm Bb Eb Eb (D bass)
See how they shine. Oh, if you need a friend
mp

In tempo

Eb7 Eb9 Ab F Bb Eb7 Eb9 Ab F#dim (A bass)

I'm sail - ing right be - hind. Like a Bridge O - ver

f

Eb (Bb bass) Cm Ab Cm G Cm Eb7 Eb9 Ab Ab maj7 F7 (A bass)

Trou-bled Wa-ter I will ease your mind. Like a Bridge O - ver

mf *f* *ff*

Eb (Bb bass) Cm Ab G7 Cm F9 Fmaj9

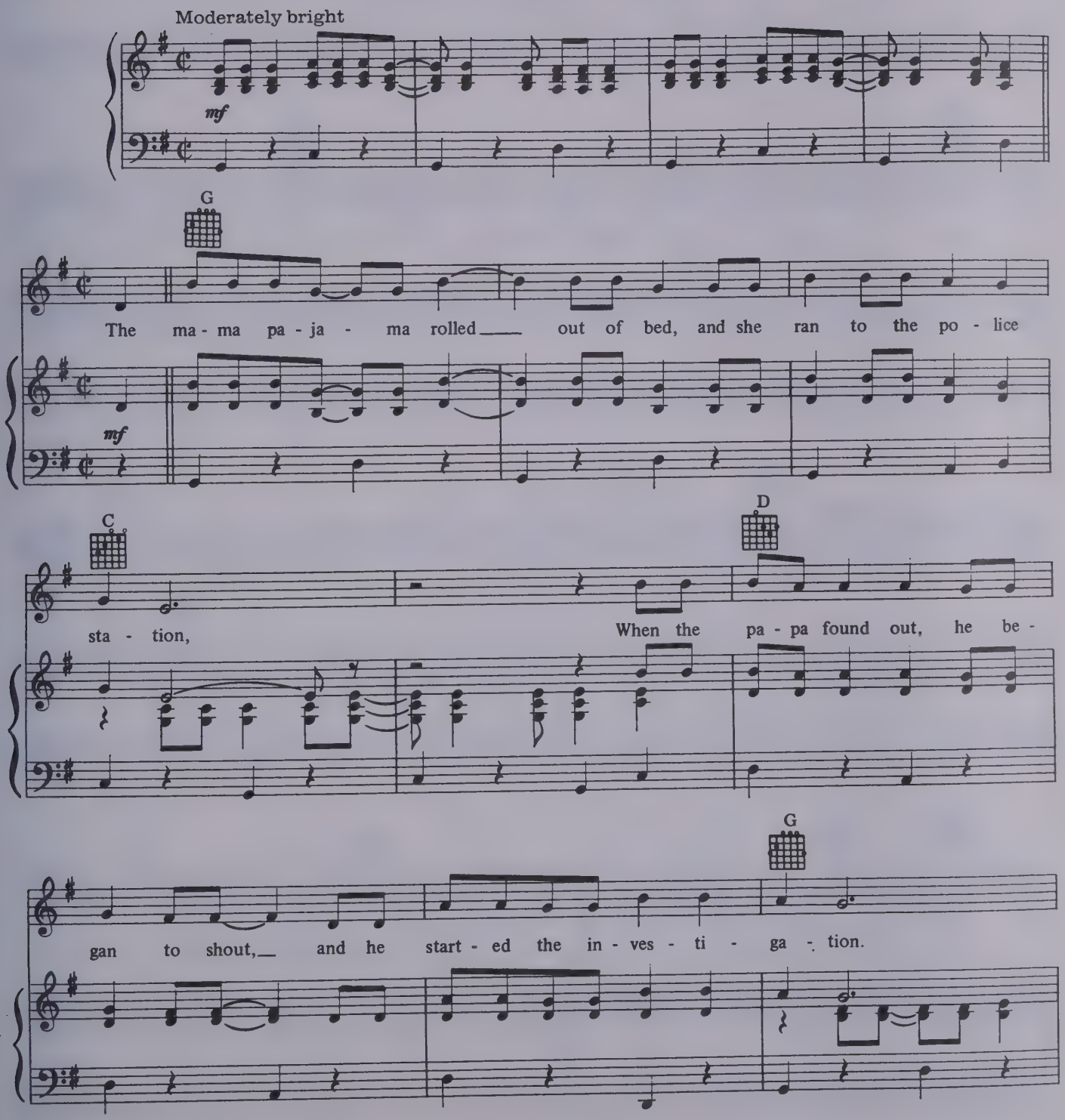
Trou - bled Wa-ter I will ease your mind.

Eb (Bb bass) Ab Abm Eb

rall. *fff*

Me & Julio Down By The Schoolyard.

Words and music by Paul Simon.



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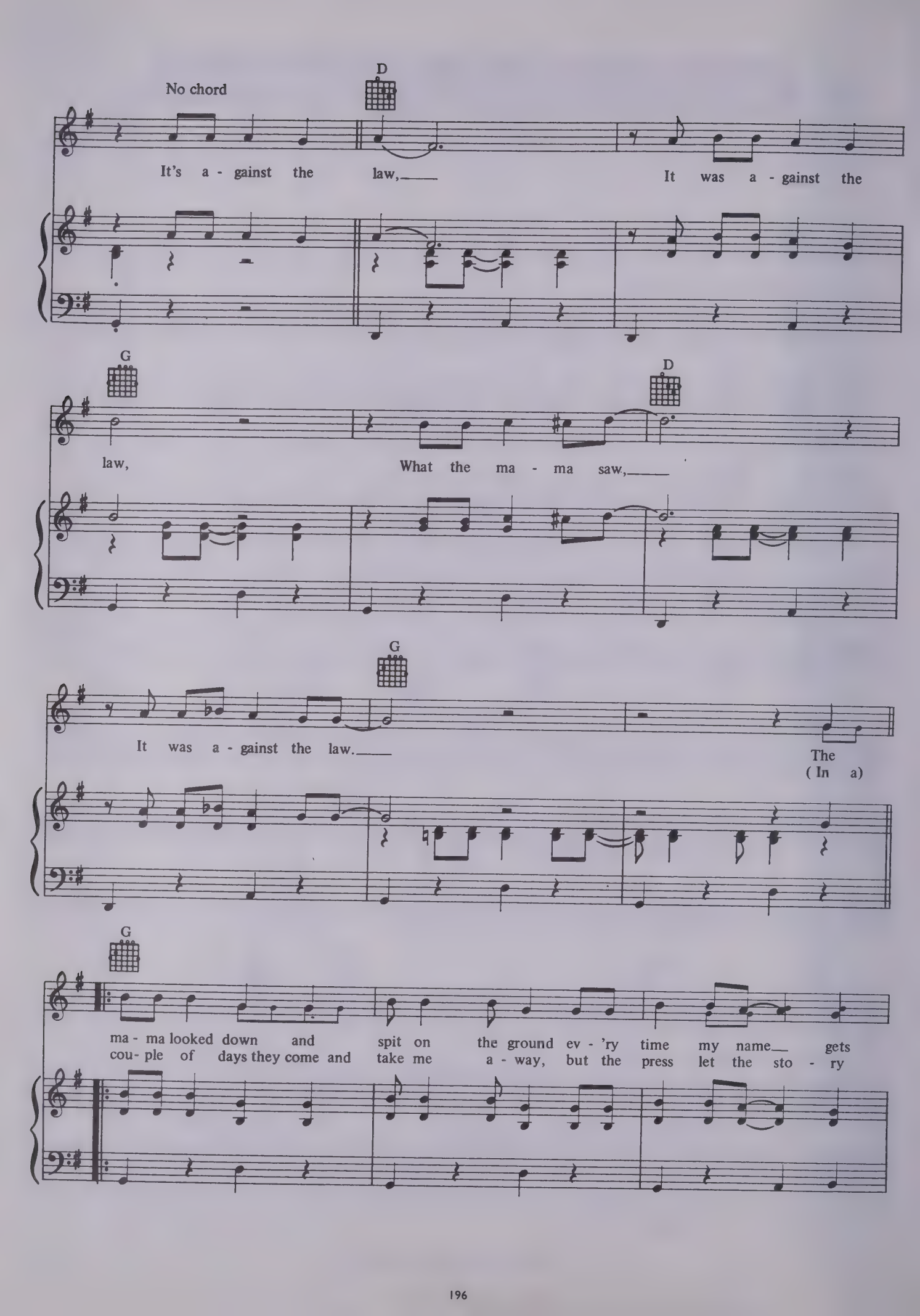
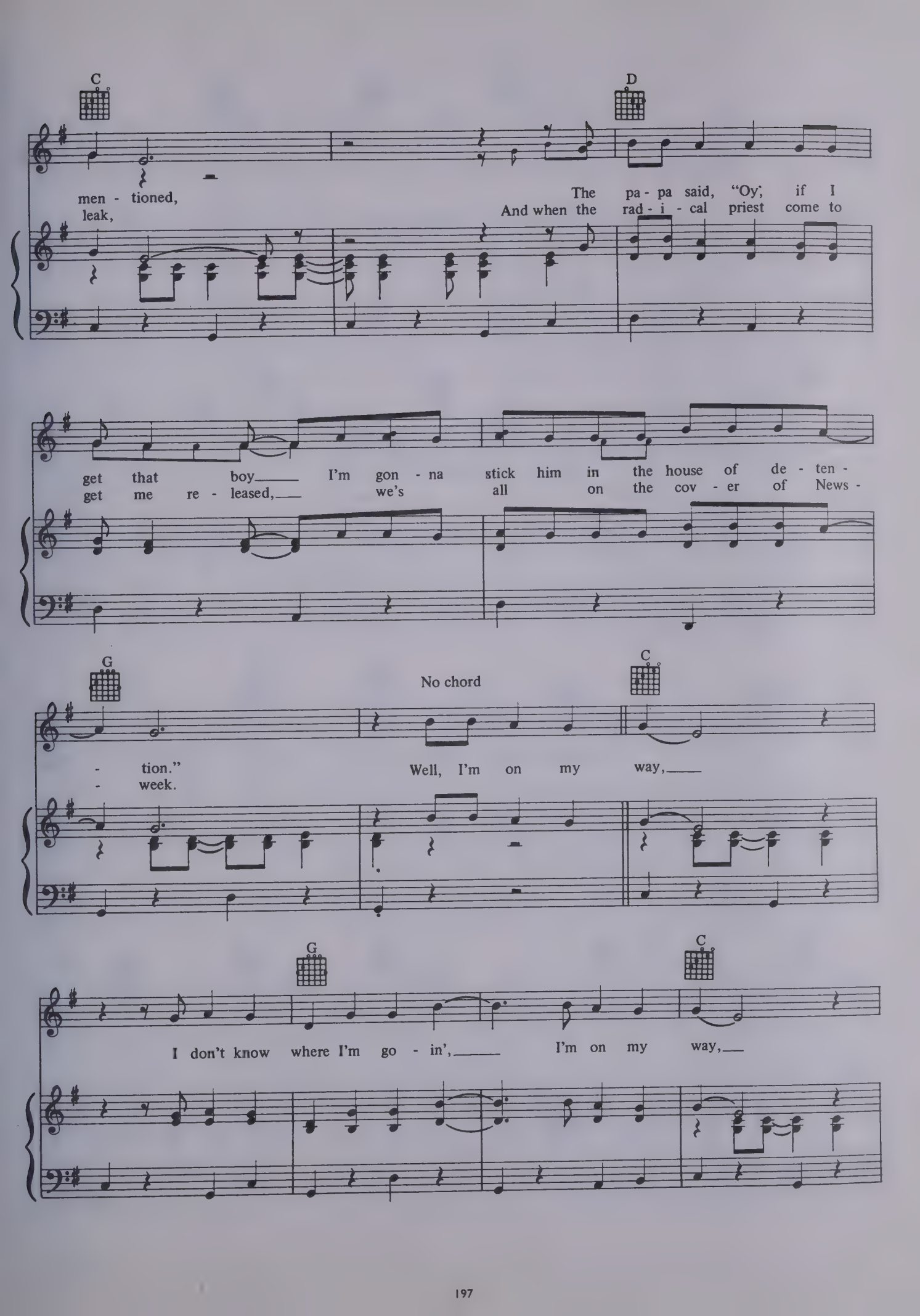
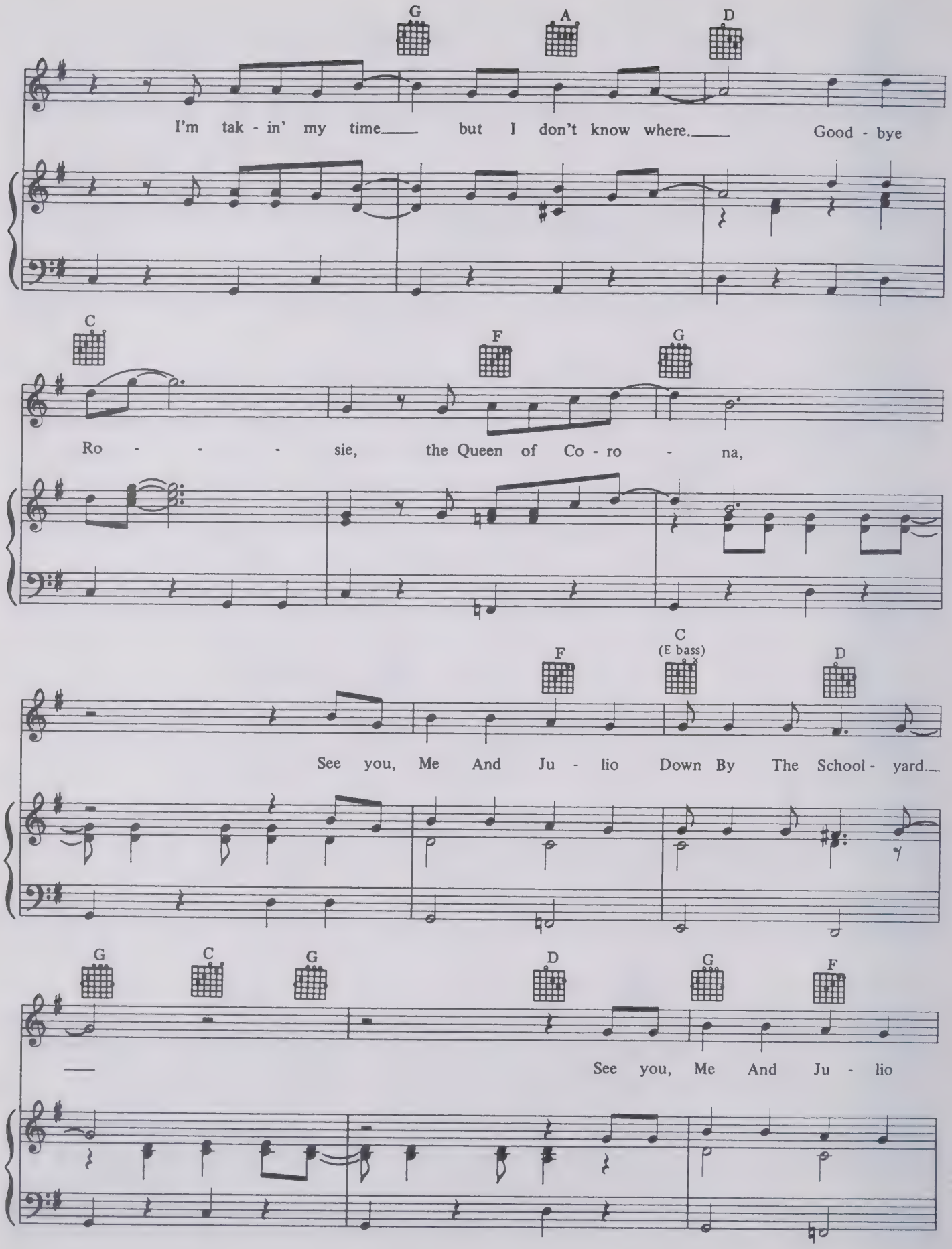
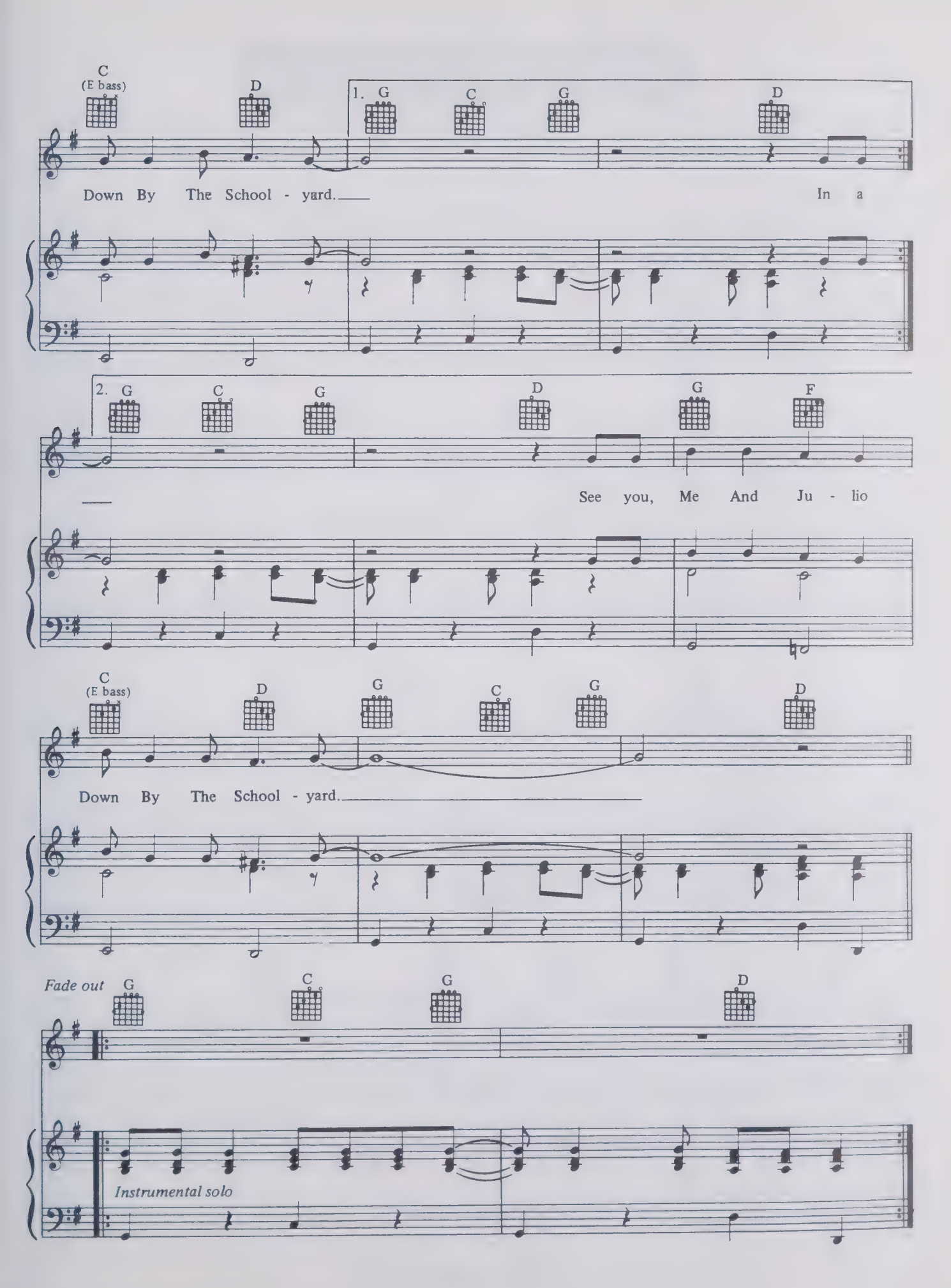

No chord
D
It's a - gainst the law,
It was a - gainst the
G
law,
D
What the ma - ma saw,
G
It was a - gainst the law.
The
(In a)
G
ma - ma looked down and spit on the ground ev - 'ry time my name gets
cou- ple of days they come and take me a - way, but the press let the sto - ry

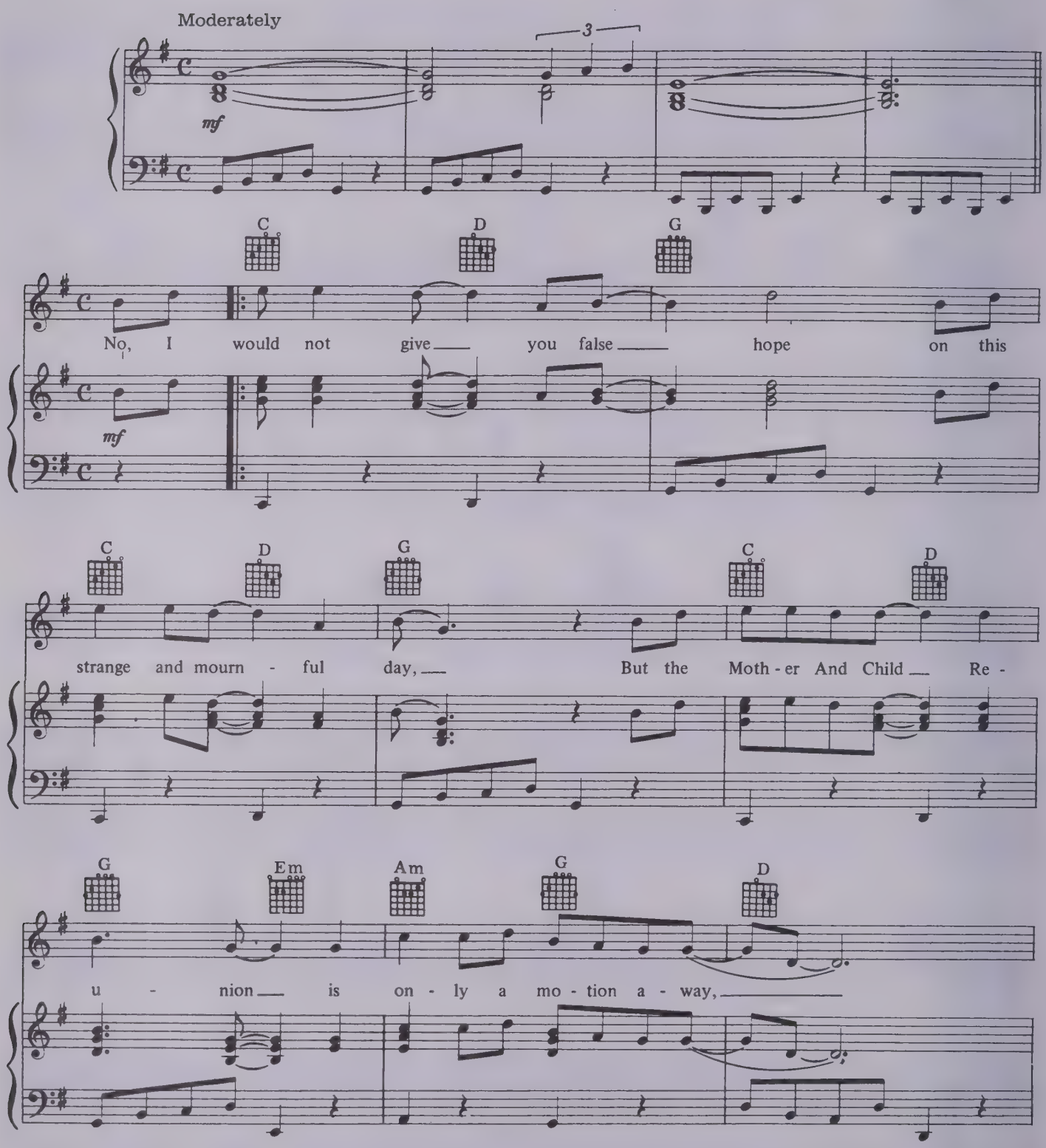

C
D
men - tioned,
leak,
The pa - pa said, "Oy, if I
And when the rad - i - cal priest come to
get that boy I'm gon - na stick him in the house of de - ten -
get me re - leased, we's all on the cov - er of News -
G
No chord
C
- tion."
- week.
Well, I'm on my way,
G
C
I don't know where I'm go - in', I'm on my way,


G A D
I'm tak - in' my time but I don't know where. Good - bye
C F G
Ro - - - sie, the Queen of Co - ro - na,
F C (E bass) D
See you, Me And Ju - lio Down By The School - yard.
G C G D G F
See you, Me And Ju - lio


C
(E bass)
D
1. G
C
G
D
Down By The School - yard.
In a
2. G
C
G
D
G
F
See you, Me And Ju - lio
C
(E bass)
D
G
C
G
D
Down By The School - yard.
Fade out
G
C
G
D
Instrumental solo

Mother & Child Reunion.

Words and music by Paul Simon.



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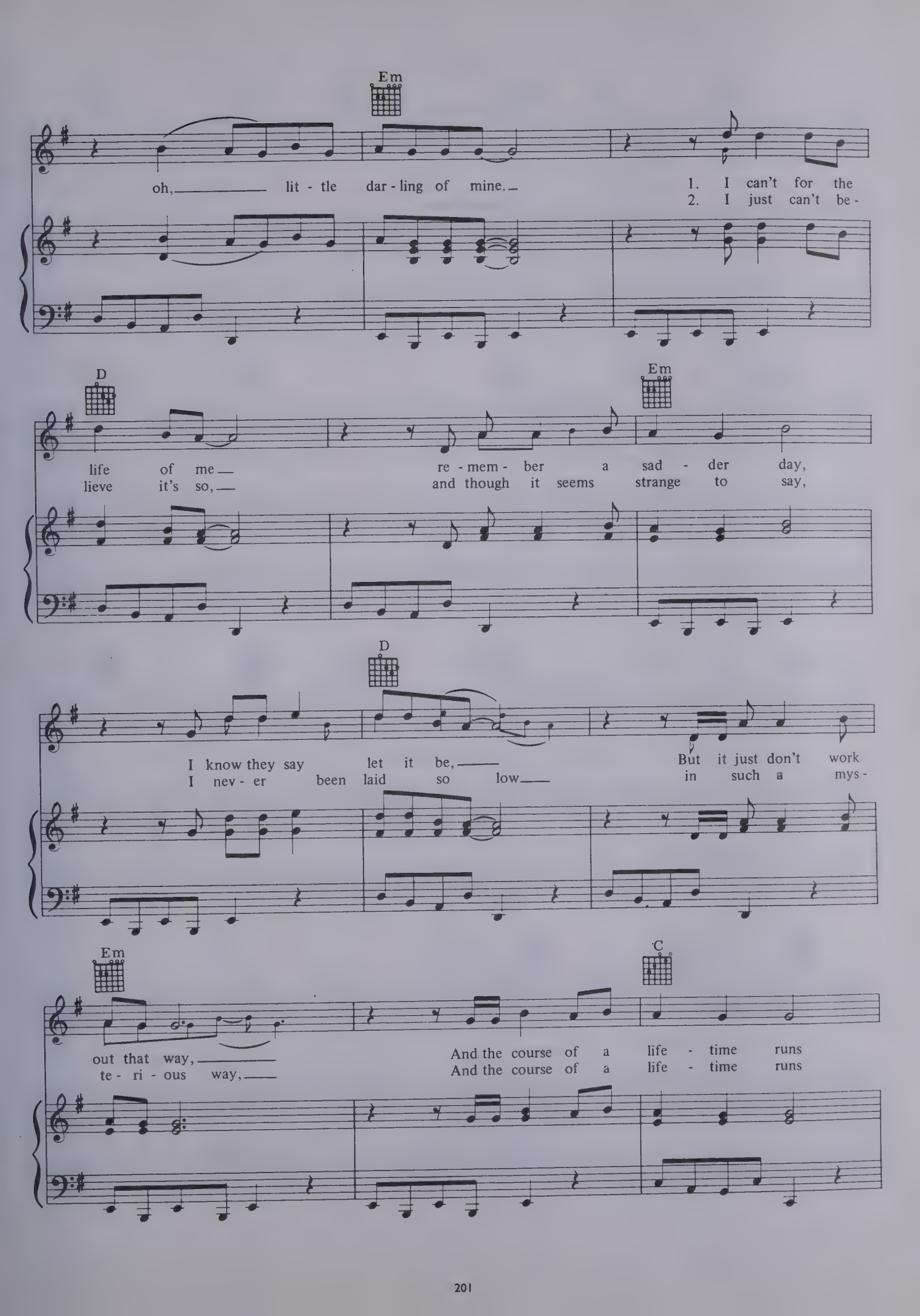
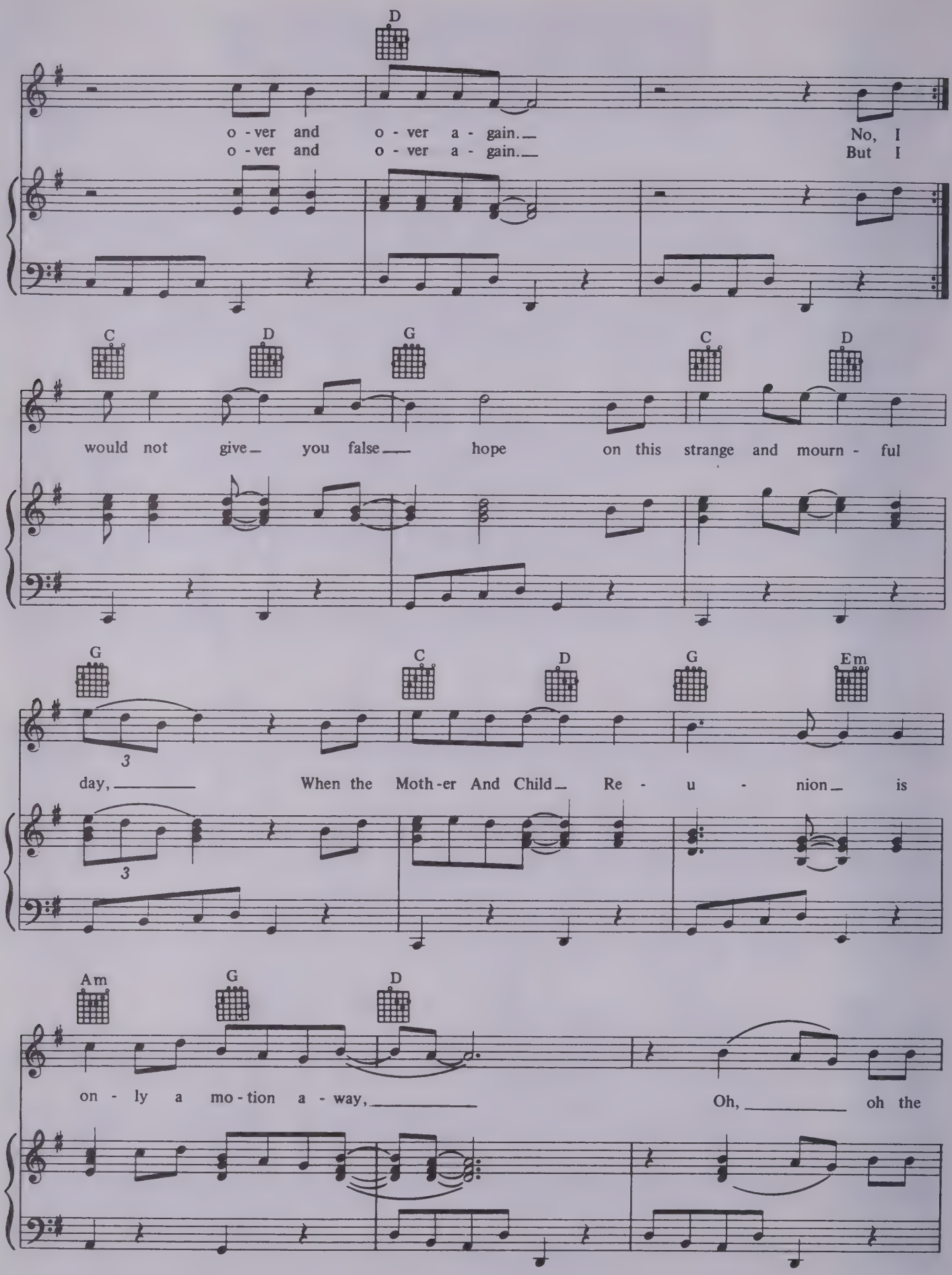
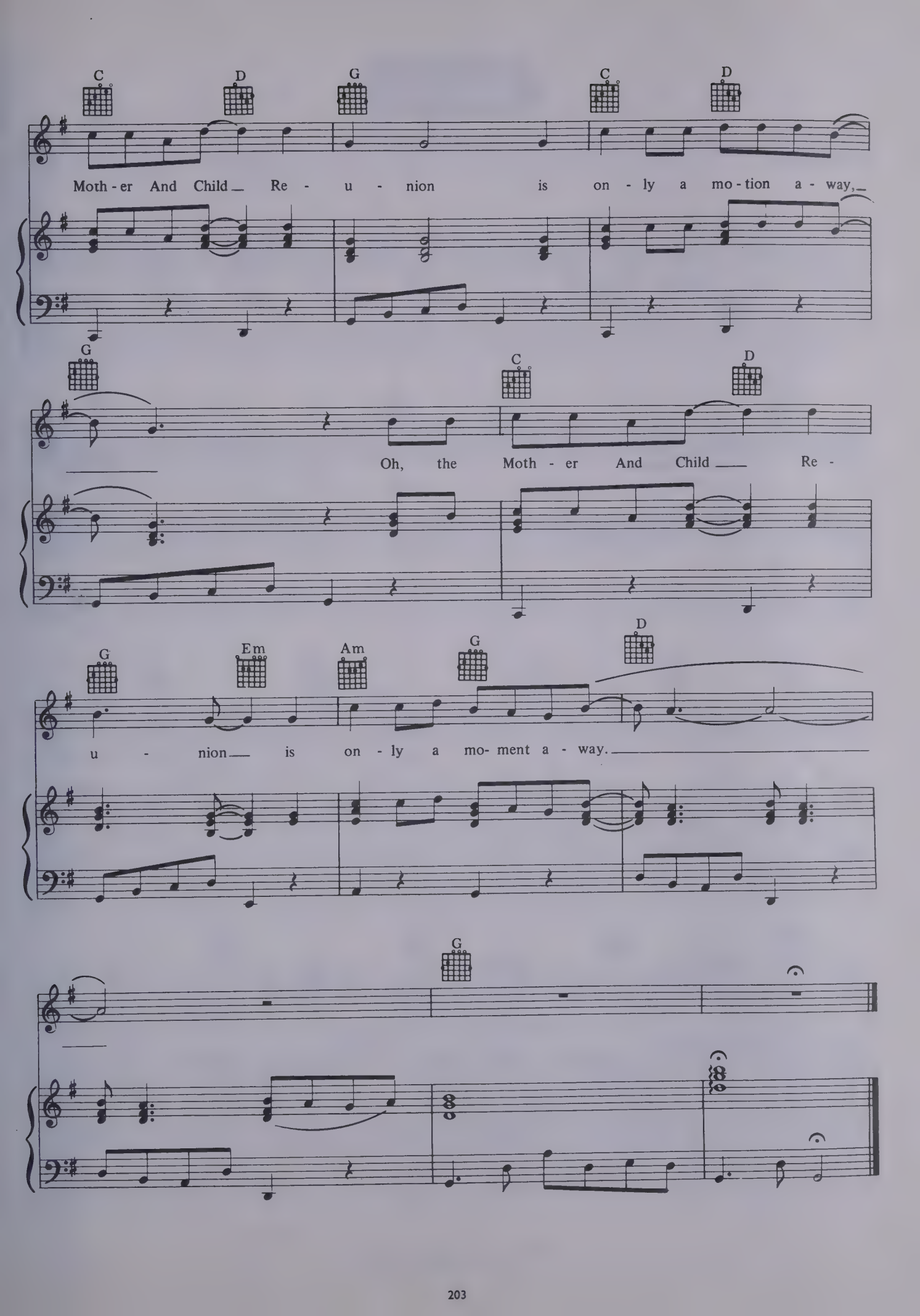
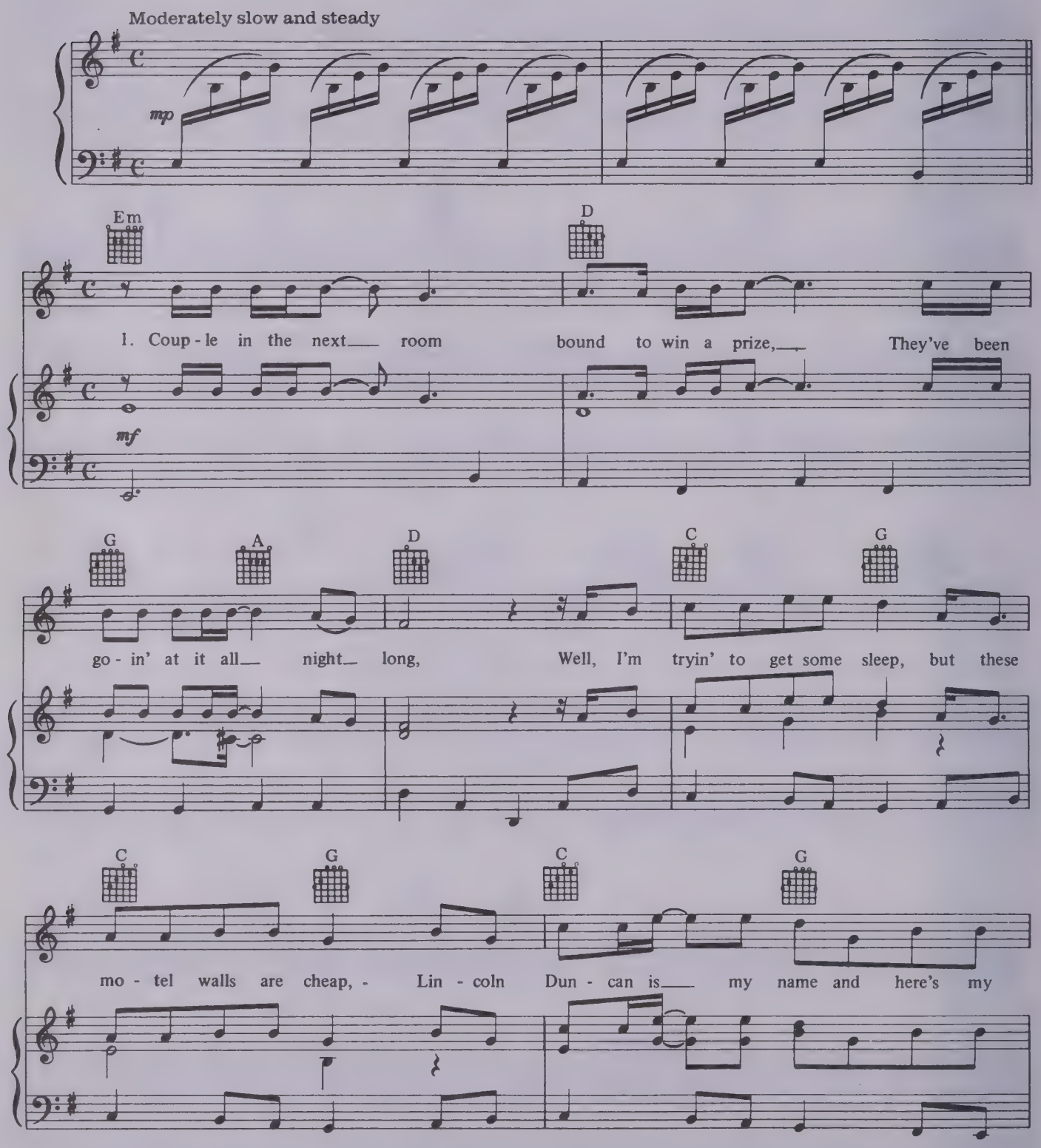

Em
oh, lit - tle dar - ling of mine.
1. I can't for the
2. I just can't be -
D
Em
life of me
re - mem - ber a sad - der day,
lieve it's so,
and though it seems strange to say,
D
I know they say let it be,
I nev - er been laid so low
But it just don't work
in such a mys -
Em
C
out that way,
te - ri - ous way,
And the course of a life - time runs
And the course of a life - time runs


D
o - ver and o - ver a - gain. No, I
o - ver and o - ver a - gain. But I
C D G C D
would not give you false hope on this strange and mourn - ful
G C D G Em
day, When the Moth - er And Child Re - u - nion is
Am G D
on - ly a mo - tion a - way, Oh, oh the


C D G C D
Moth - er And Child Re - u - nion is on - ly a mo - tion a - way,
G C D
Oh, the Moth - er And Child Re -
G Em Am G D
u - nion is on - ly a mo- ment a - way.
G

Duncan.

Words and music by Paul Simon.



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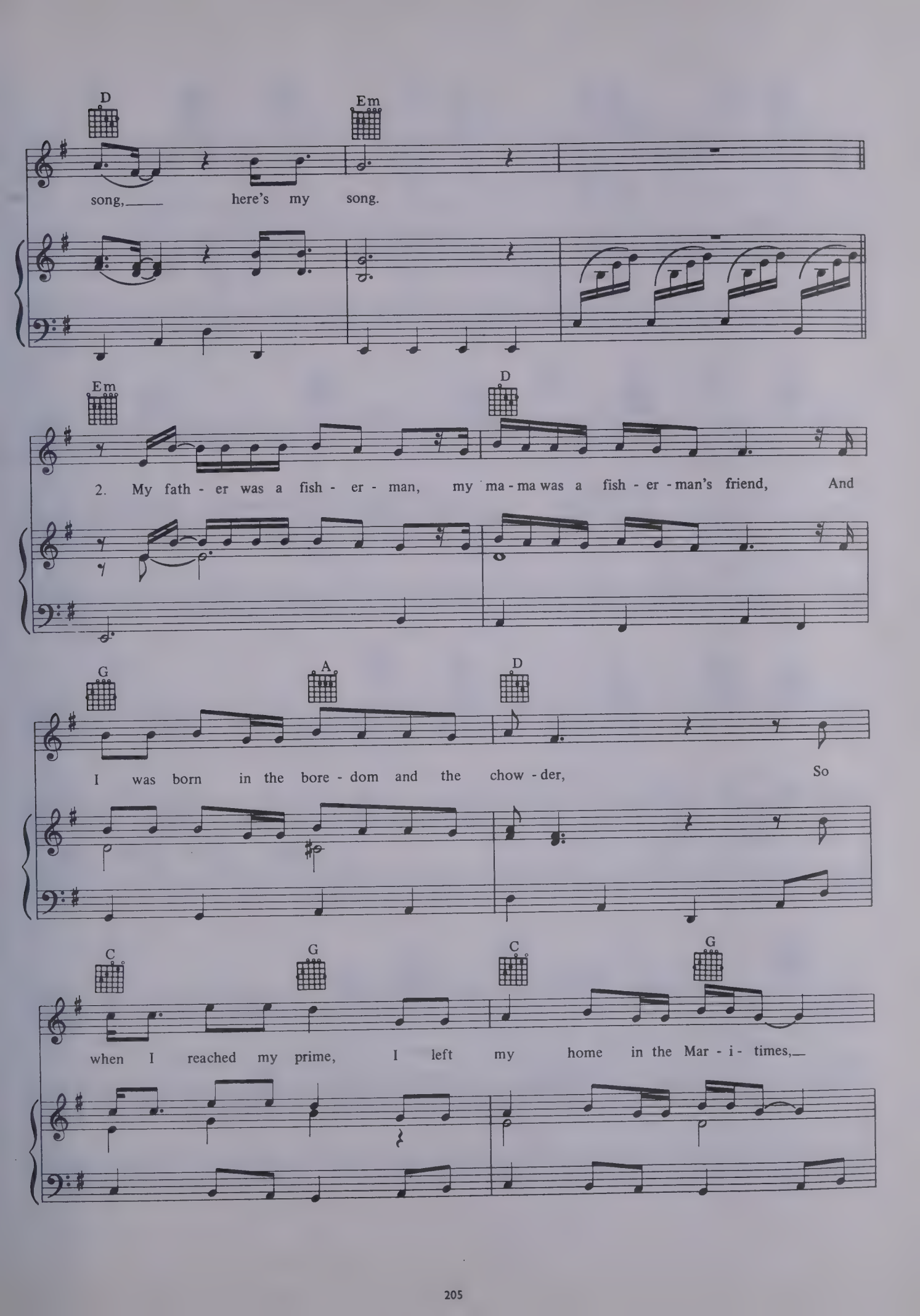
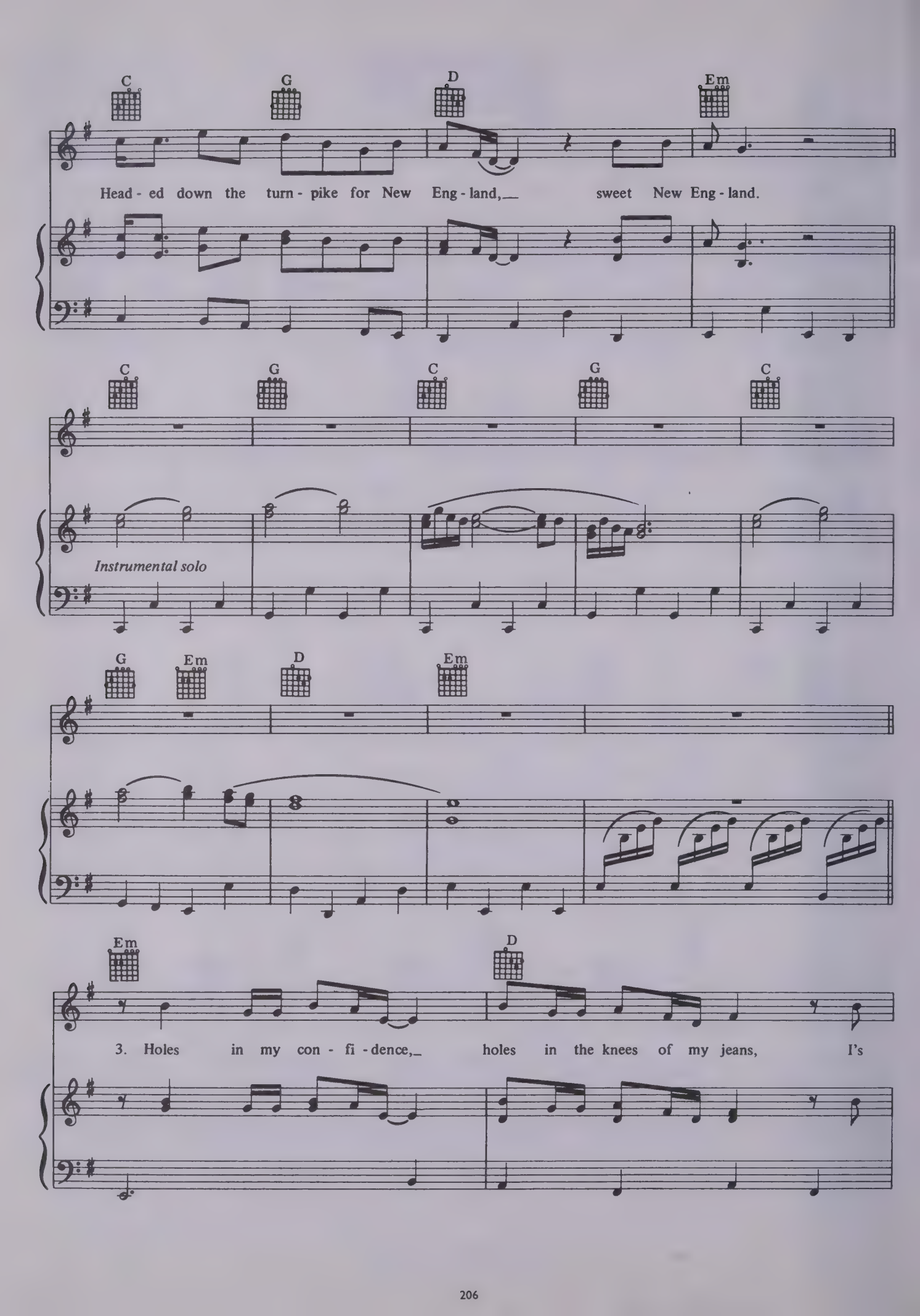
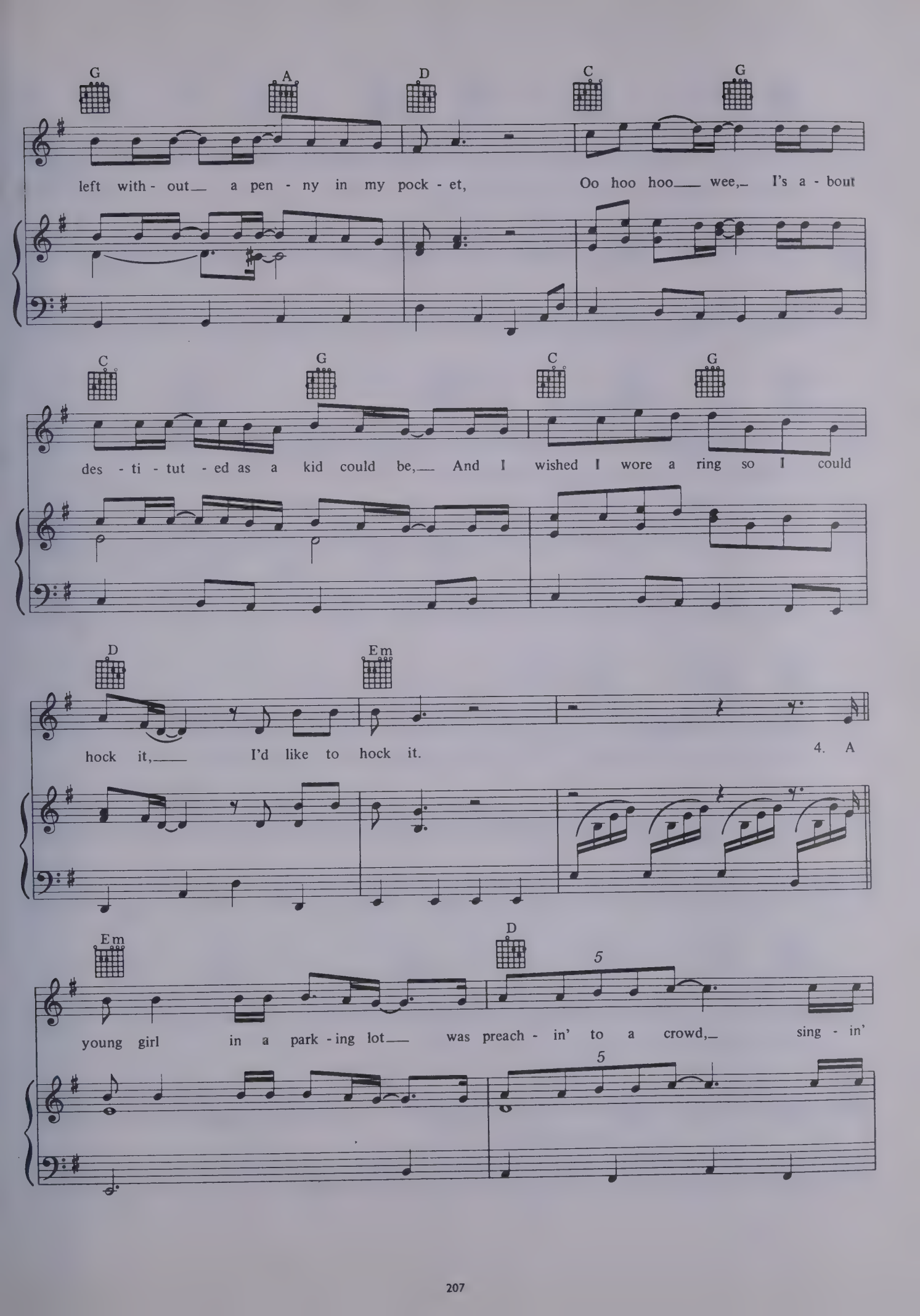
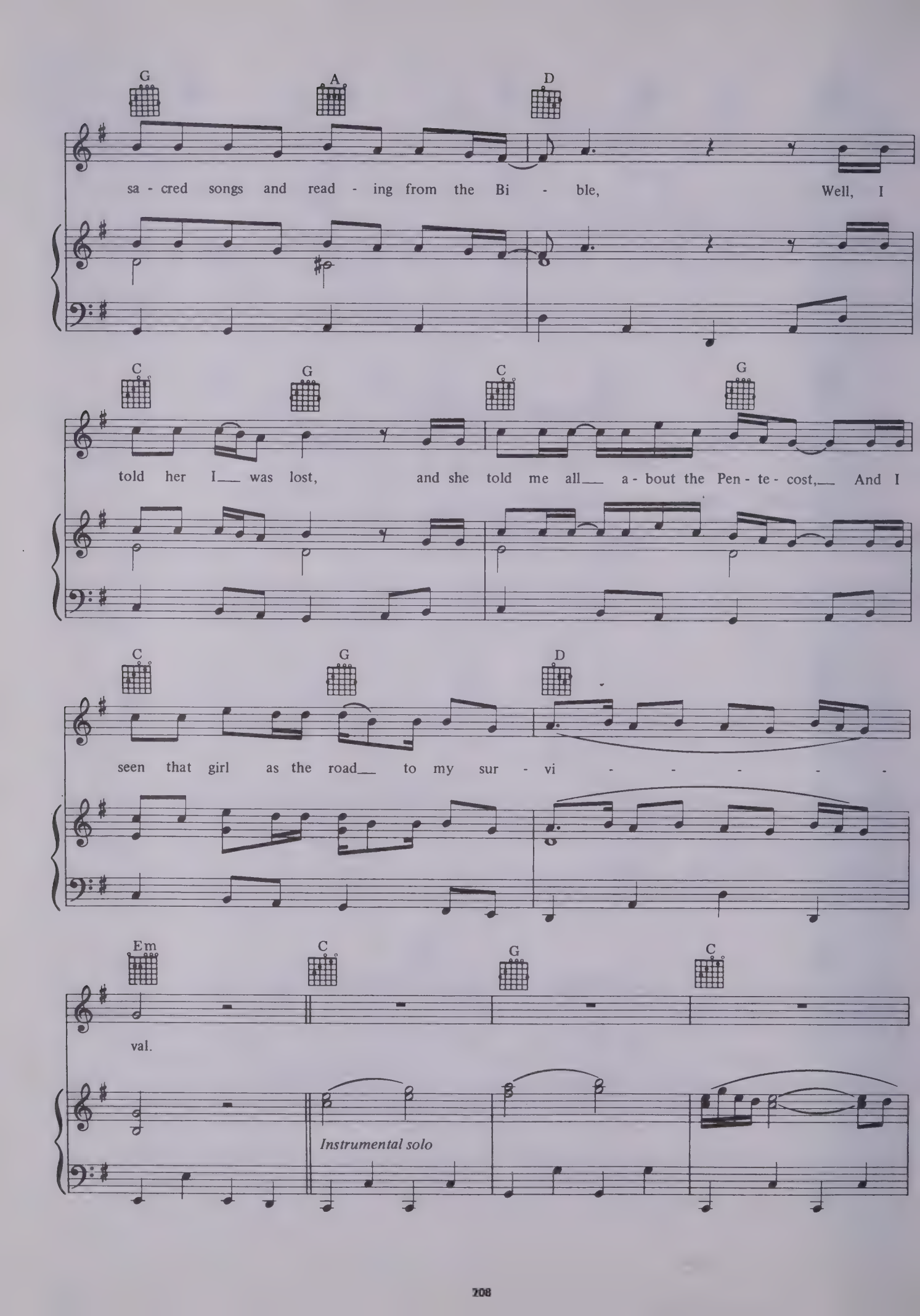
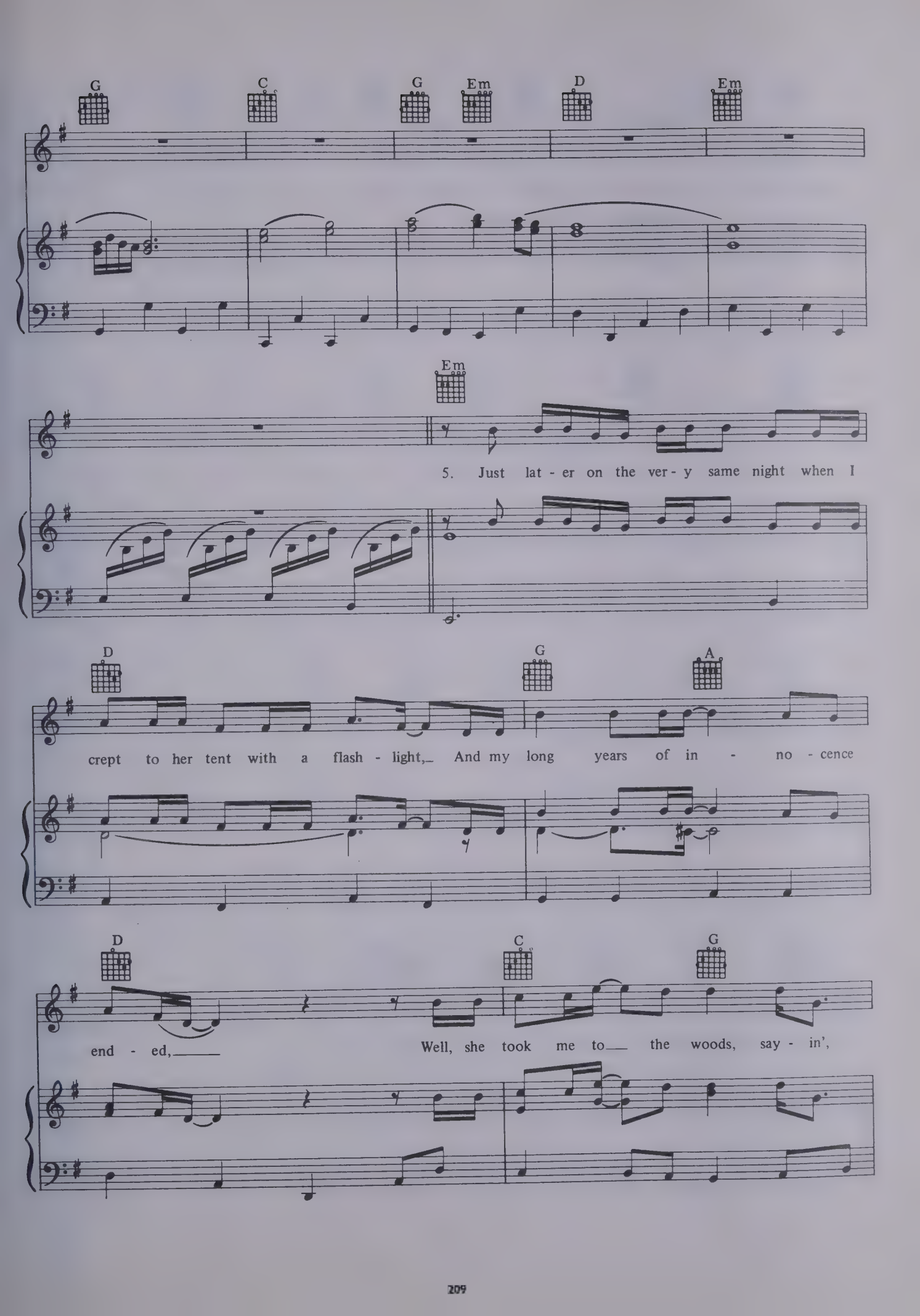
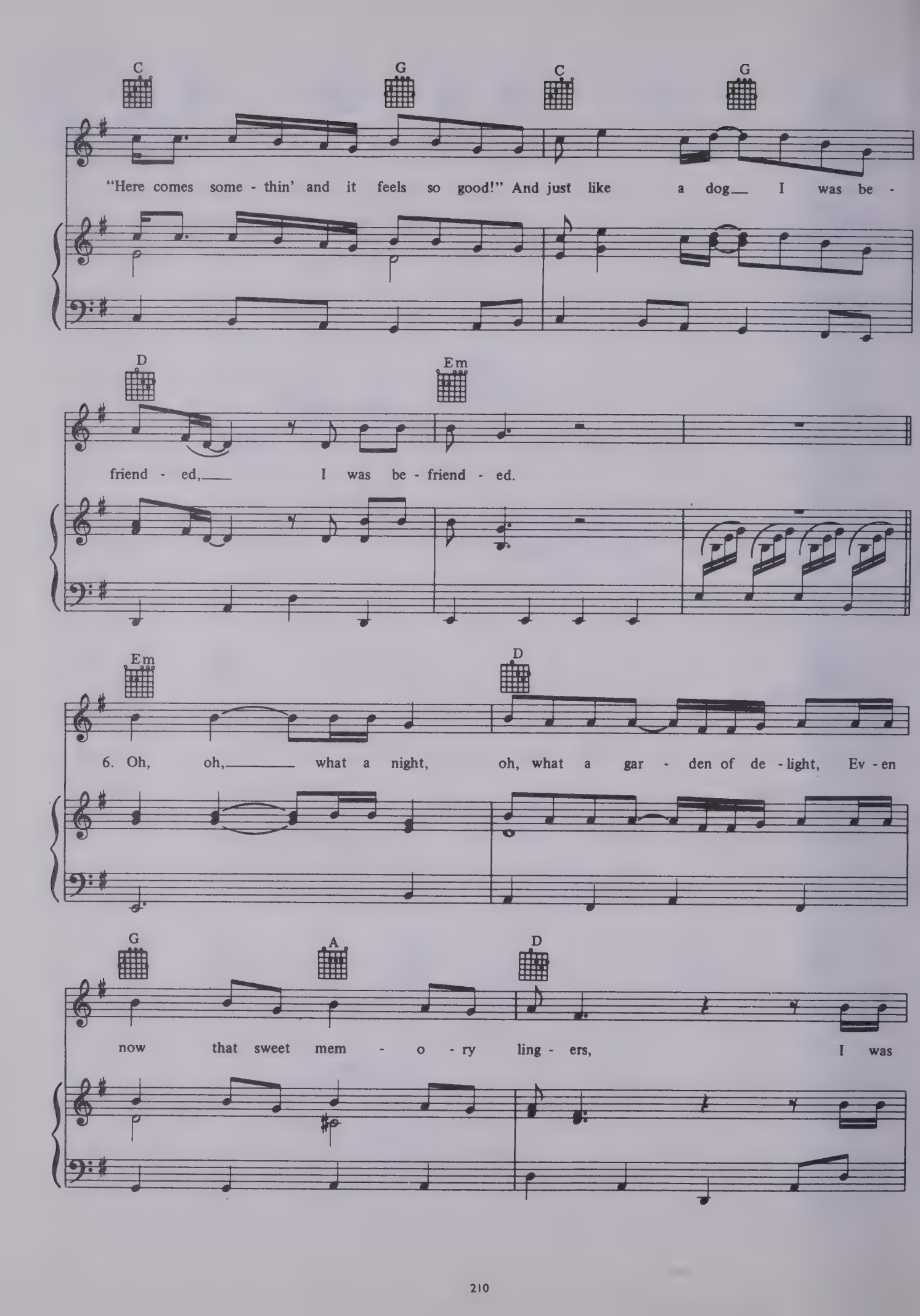

D
Em
song, here's my song.
Em
D
2. My fath - er was a fish - er - man, my ma - ma was a fish - er - man's friend, And
G
A
D
I was born in the bore - dom and the chow - der, So
C
G
C
G
when I reached my prime, I left my home in the Mar - i - times,

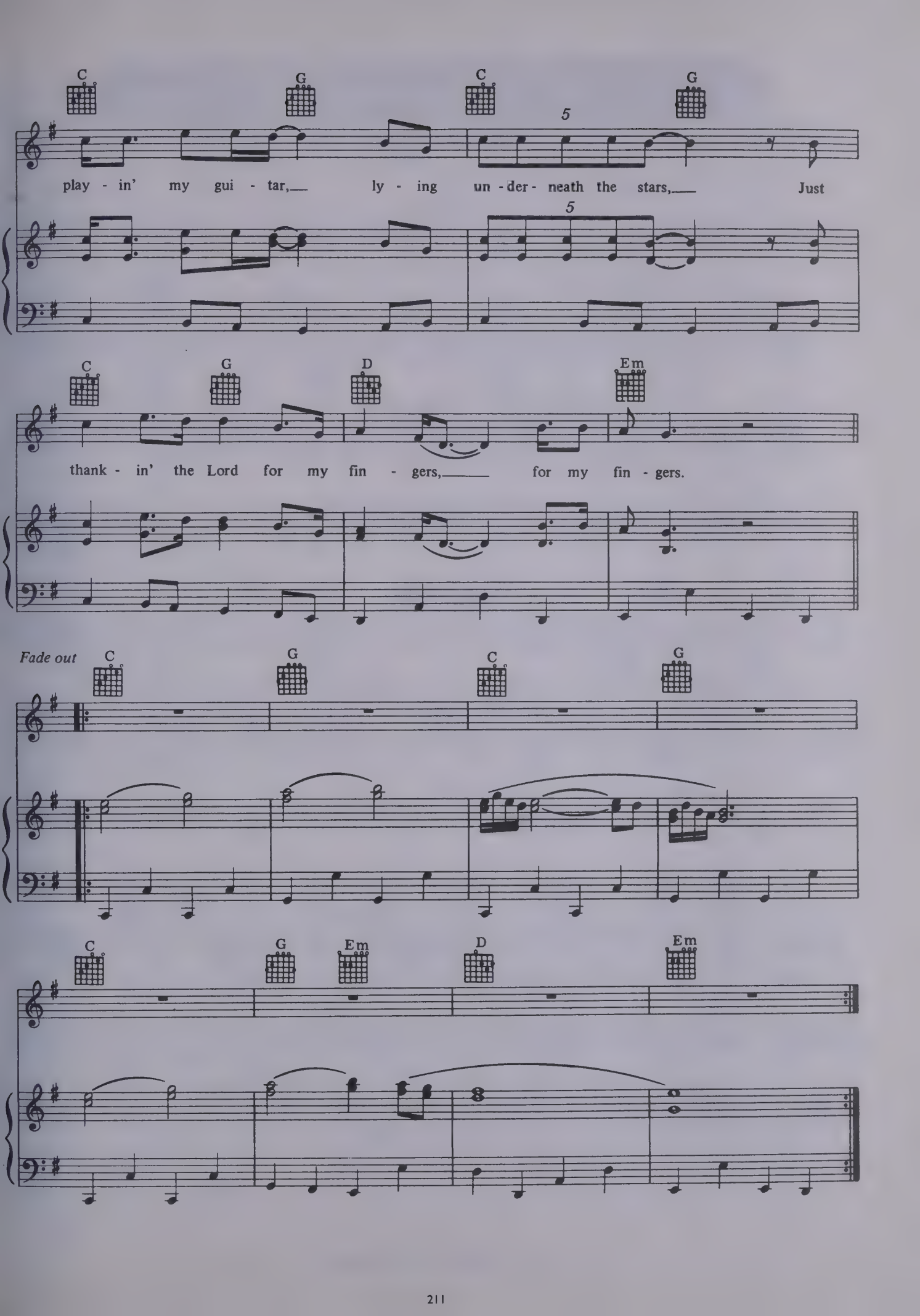

C G D Em
Head - ed down the turn - pike for New Eng - land, sweet New Eng - land.
C G C G C
Instrumental solo
G Em D Em
Em D
3. Holes in my con - fi - dence, holes in the knees of my jeans, I's


G A D C G
left with - out a pen - ny in my pock - et, Oo hoo hoo wee, I's a - bout
C G C G
des - ti - tut - ed as a kid could be, And I wished I wore a ring so I could
D Em
hock it, I'd like to hock it.
4. A
Em D
5
young girl in a park - ing lot was preach - in' to a crowd, sing - in'
5


G A D
sa - cred songs and read - ing from the Bi - ble, Well, I
C G C G
told her I___ was lost, and she told me all___ a - bout the Pen - te - cost,___ And I
C G D
seen that girl as the road___ to my sur - vi - - - - -
Em C G C
val.
Instrumental solo

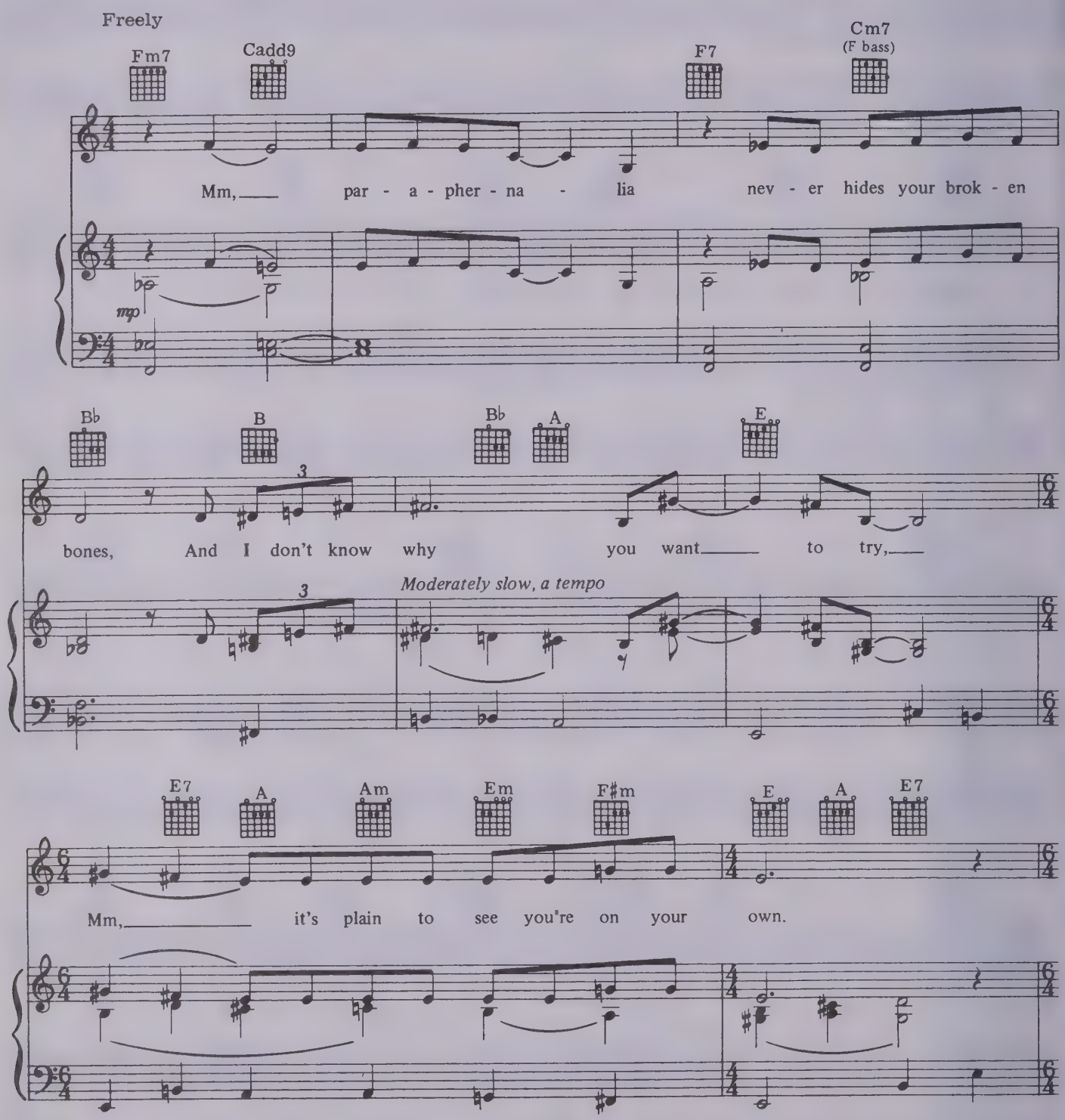

G C G Em D Em
Em
5. Just lat - er on the ver - y same night when I
D G A
crept to her tent with a flash - light, And my long years of in - no - cence
D C G
end - ed, Well, she took me to the woods, say - in',


C G C G
"Here comes some - thin' and it feels so good!" And just like a dog I was be -
D Em
friend - ed, I was be - friend - ed.
Em D
6. Oh, oh, what a night, oh, what a gar - den of de - light, Ev - en
G A D
now that sweet mem - o - ry ling - ers, I was


C G C G
play - in' my gui - tar, ly - ing un - der - neath the stars, Just
C G D Em
thank - in' the Lord for my fin - gers, for my fin - gers.
Fade out
C G C G
C G Em D Em

Everything Put Together Falls Apart.

Words and music by Paul Simon.



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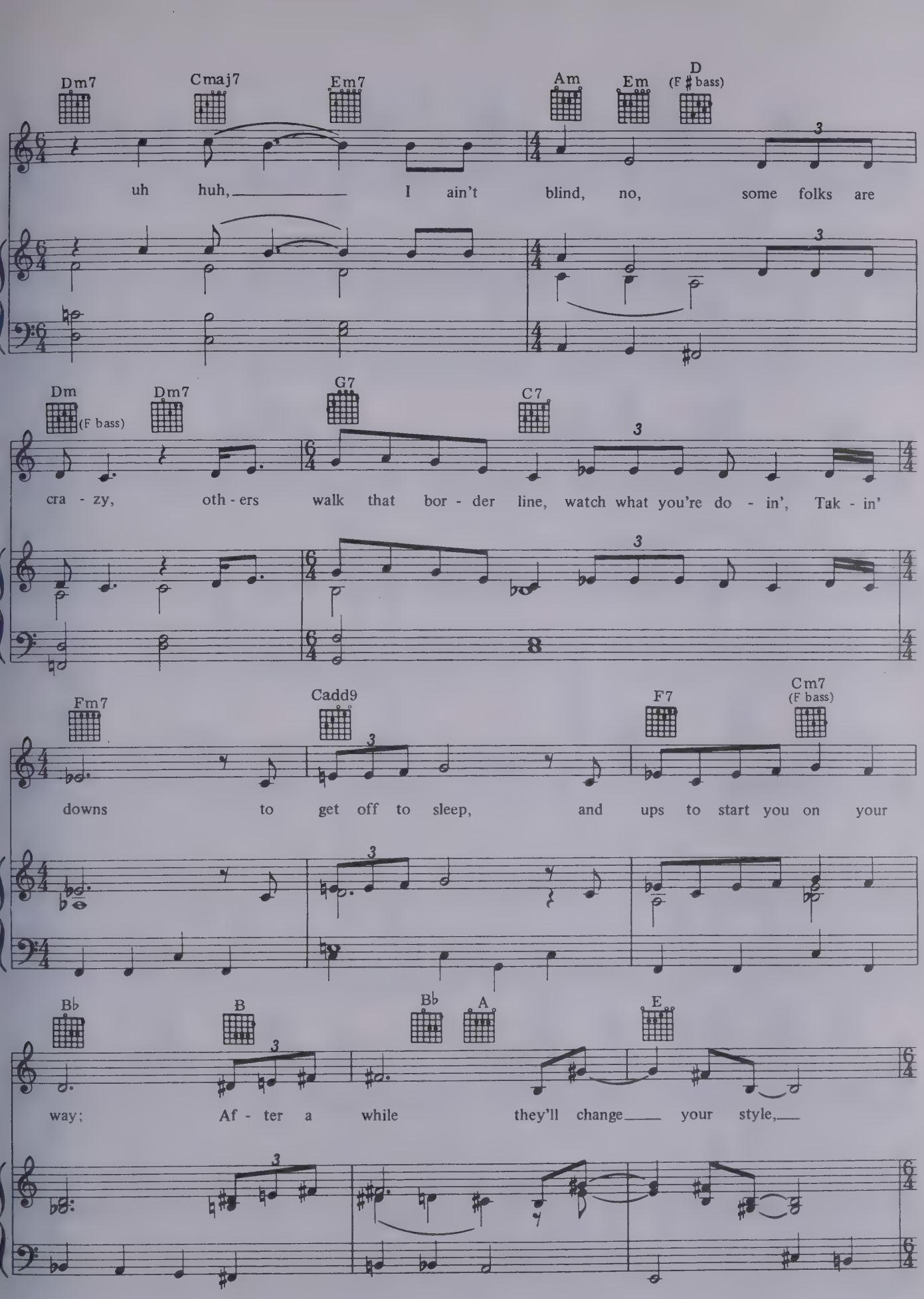
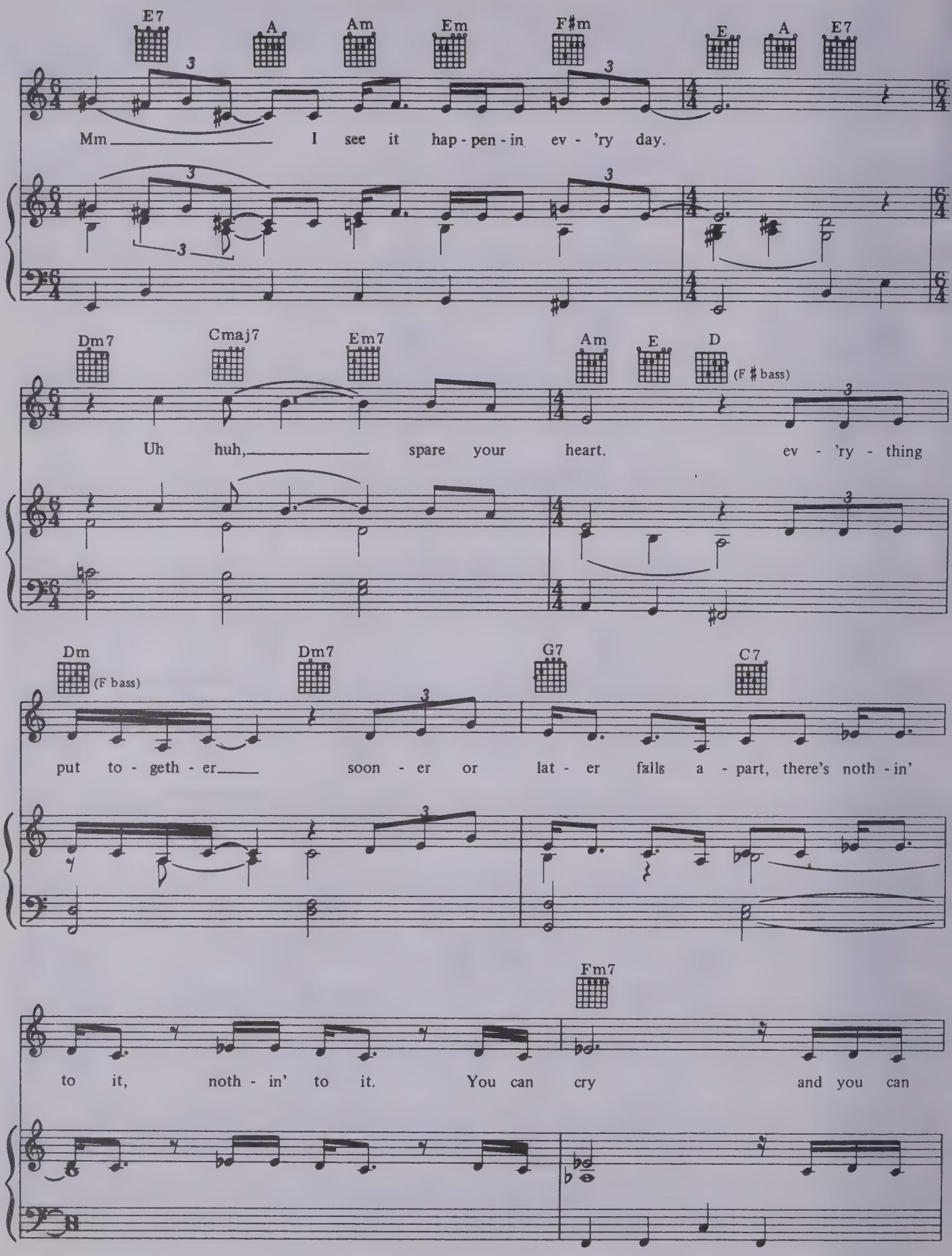
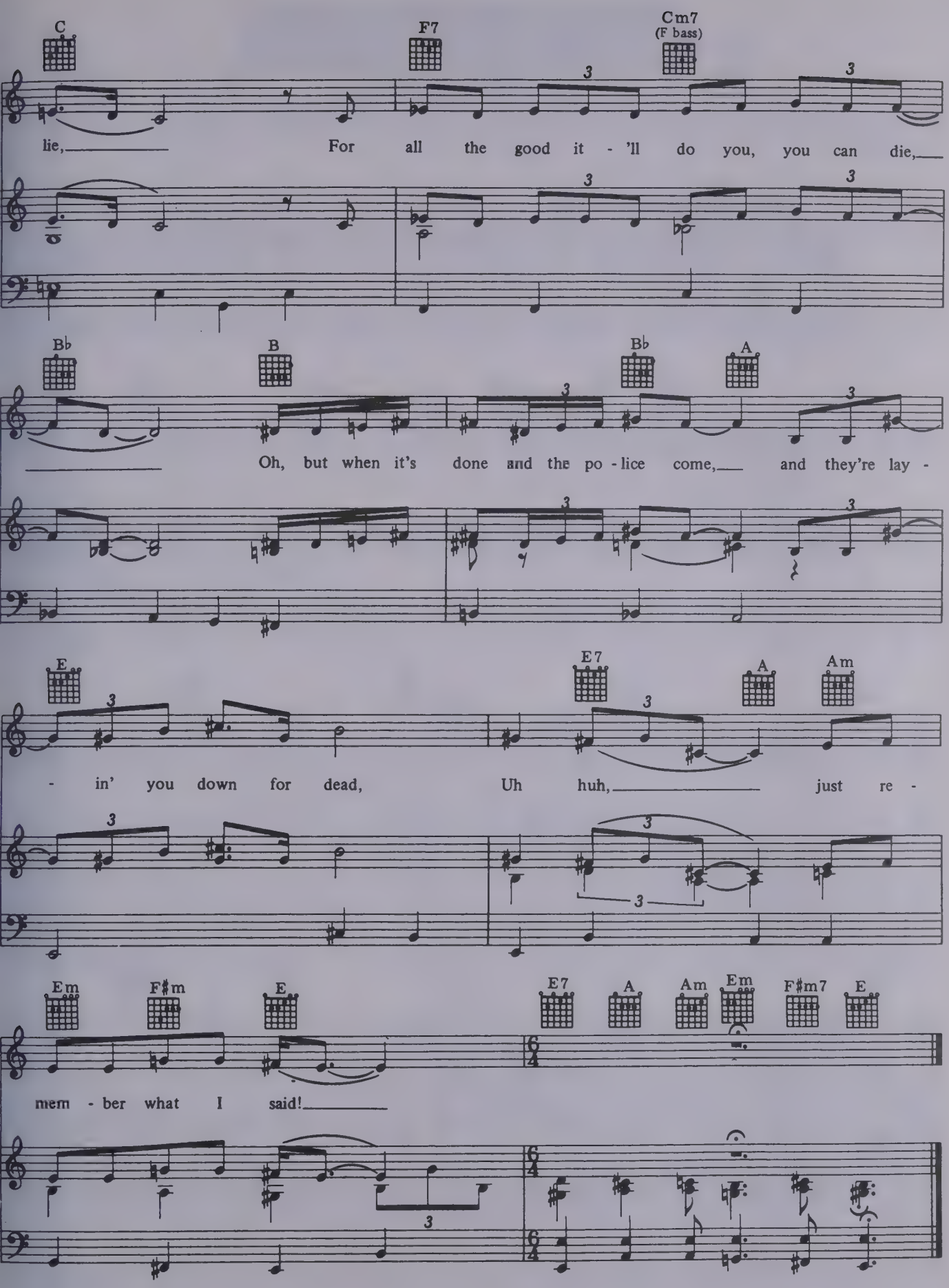
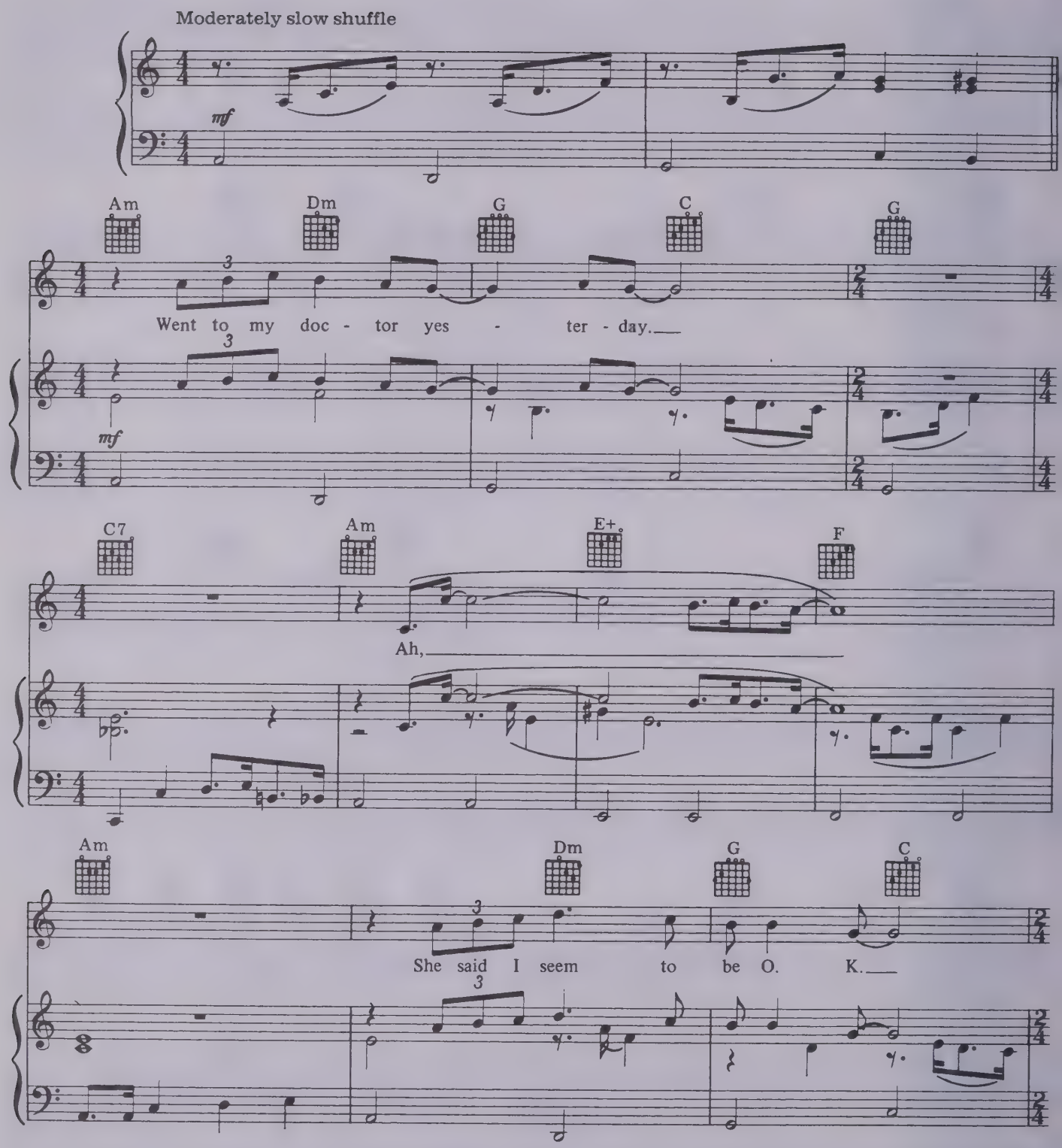

Dm7
Cmaj7
Em7
Am
Em
D
(F♯ bass)
uh huh, I ain't blind, no, some folks are
Dm
(F bass)
Dm7
G7
C7
cra - zy, oth - ers walk that bor - der line, watch what you're do - in', Tak - in'
Fm7
Cadd9
F7
Cm7
(F bass)
downs to get off to sleep, and ups to start you on your
B♭
B
B♭
A
E
way; Af - ter a while they'll change your style,


E7
A
Am
Em
F♯m
E
A
E7
Mm I see it hap - pen - in ev - 'ry day.
Dm7
Cmaj7
Em7
Am
E
D
(F ♯ bass)
Uh huh, spare your heart. ev - 'ry - thing
Dm
(F bass)
Dm7
G7
C7
put to - geth - er soon - er or lat - er falls a - part, there's noth - in'
Fm7
to it, noth - in' to it. You can cry and you can


C
F7
Cm7
(F bass)
lie, For all the good it - 'll do you, you can die,
Bb
B
Bb
A
Oh, but when it's done and the po - lice come, and they're lay -
E
E7
A
Am
- in' you down for dead, Uh huh, just re -
Em
F#m
E
E7
A
Am
Em
F#m7
E
mem - ber what I said!

Run That Body Down.

Words and music by Paul Simon.



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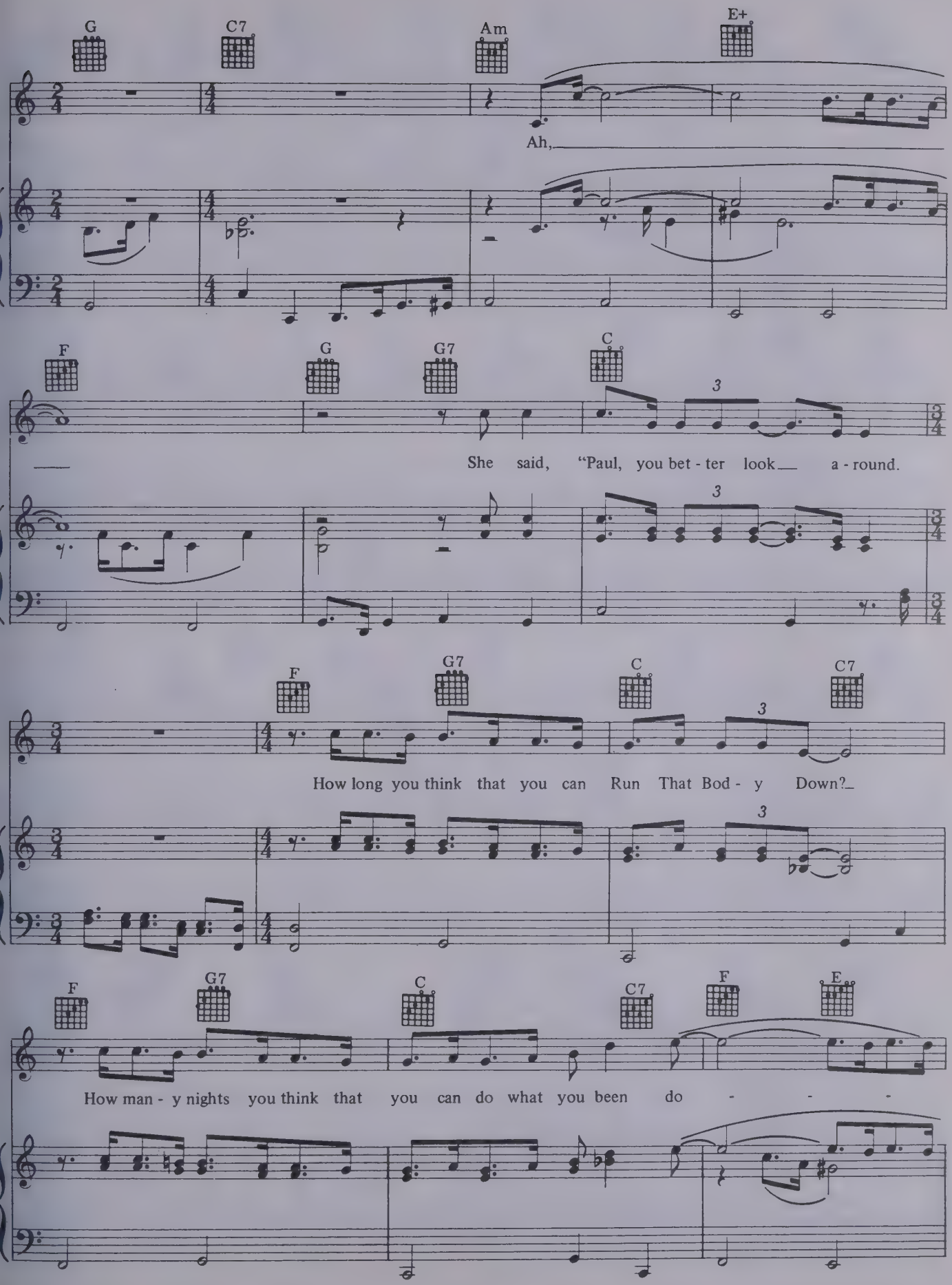
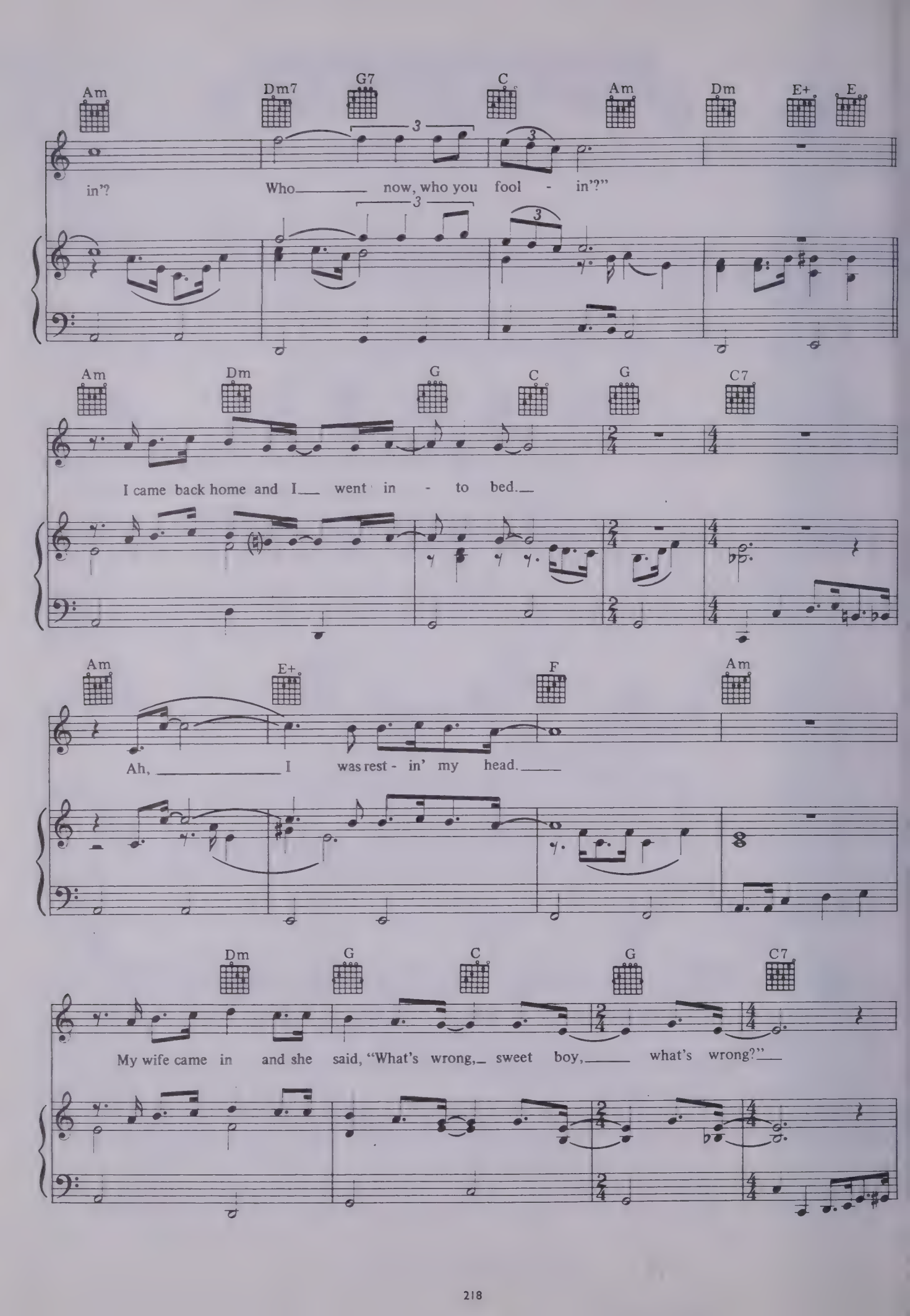
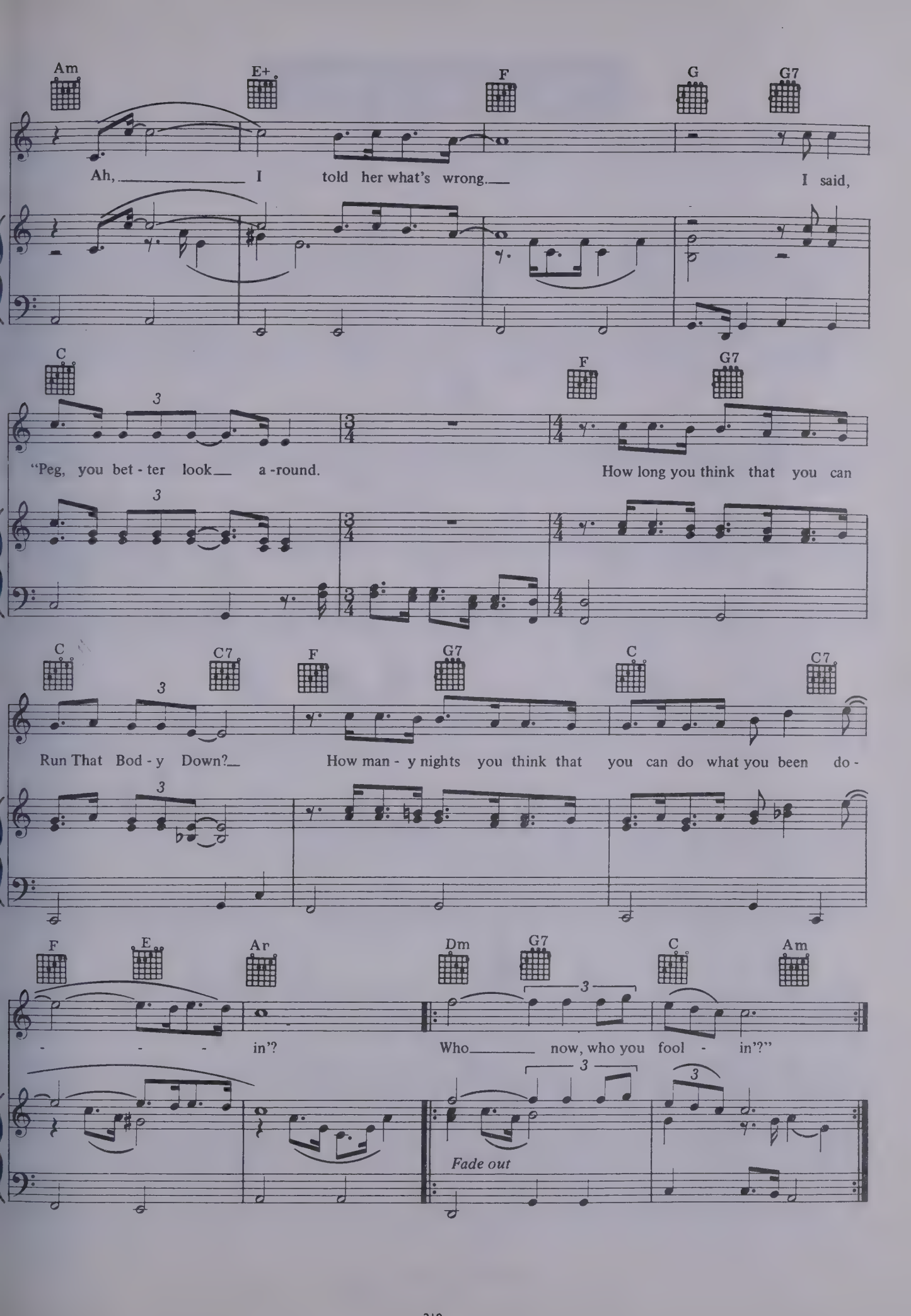
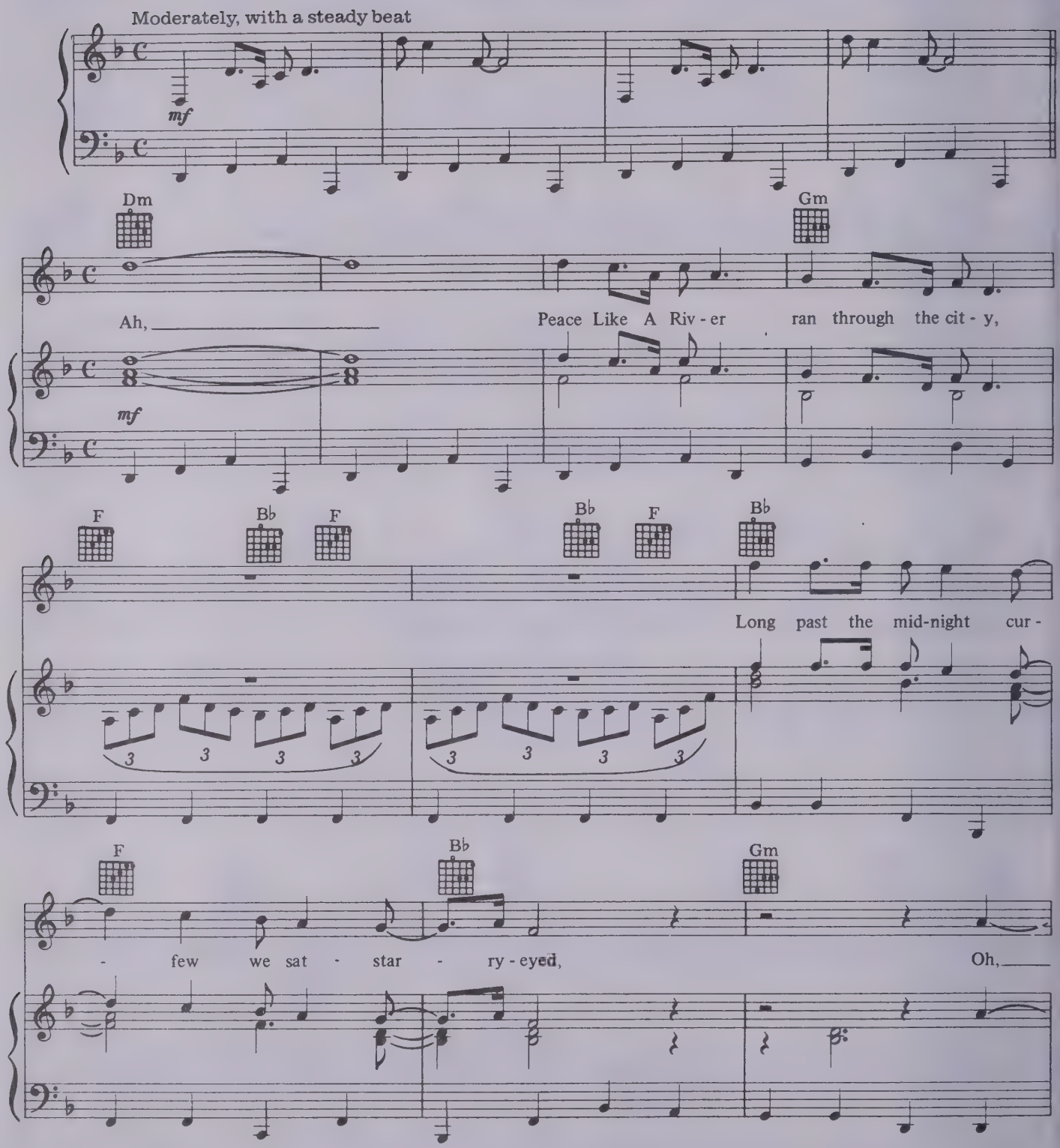

G
C7
Am
E+
Ah,
F
G
G7
C
She said, "Paul, you bet - ter look a - round.
F
G7
C
C7
How long you think that you can Run That Bod - y Down?
F
G7
C
C7
F
E
How man - y nights you think that you can do what you been do - - -


Am Dm7 G7 C Am Dm E+ E
in'? Who now, who you fool - in'?"
Am Dm G C G C7
I came back home and I went in - to bed.
Am E+ F Am
Ah, I was rest - in' my head.
Dm G C G C7
My wife came in and she said, "What's wrong, sweet boy, what's wrong?"


Am
E+
F
G
G7
Ah, I told her what's wrong. I said,
C
F
G7
"Peg, you bet - ter look a -round. How long you think that you can
C
C7
F
G7
C
C7
Run That Bod - y Down? How man - y nights you think that you can do what you been do -
F
E
Ar
Dm
G7
C
Am
- - - in'? Who now, who you fool - in'?"
Fade out

Peace Like A River.

Words and music by Paul Simon.



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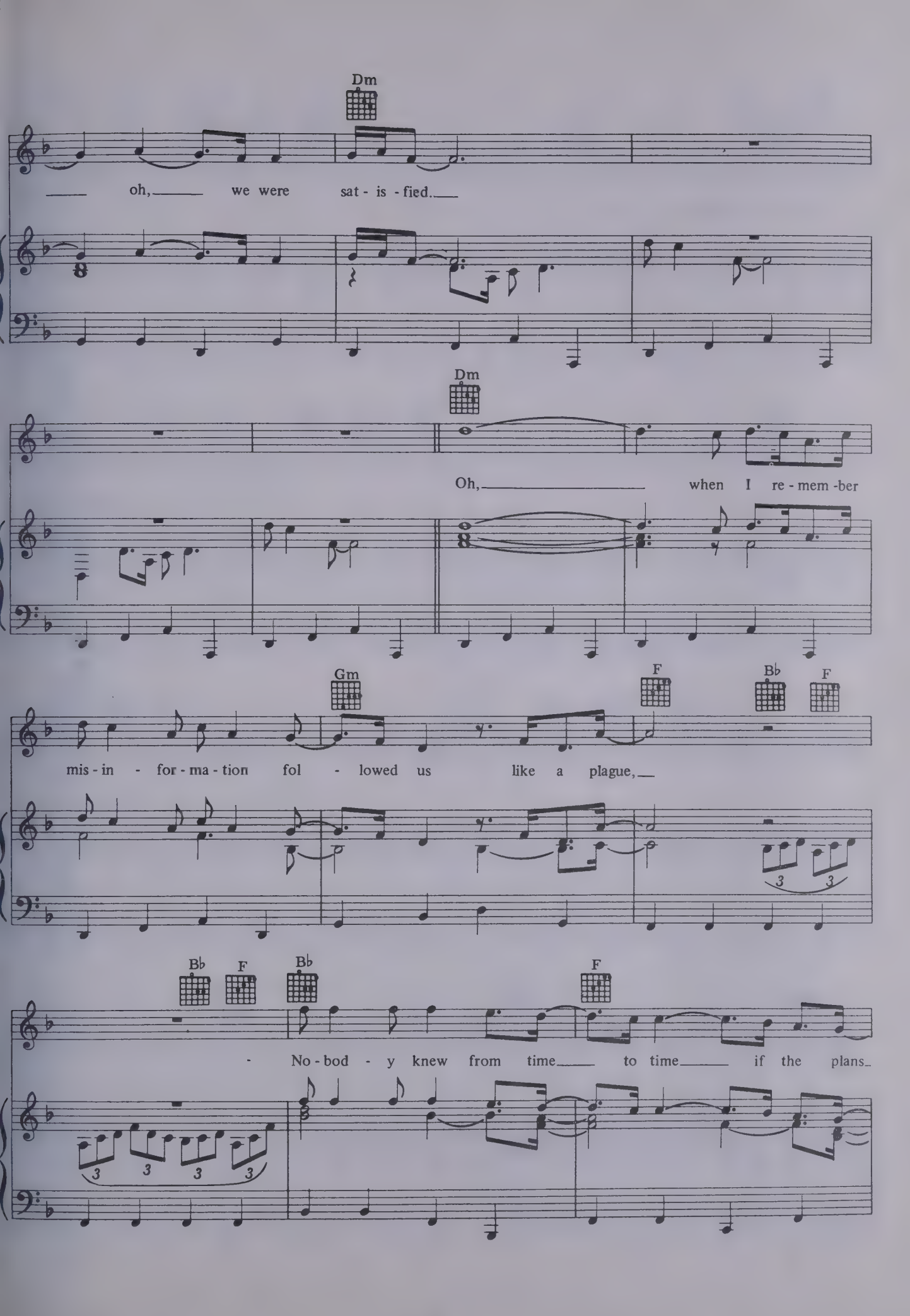
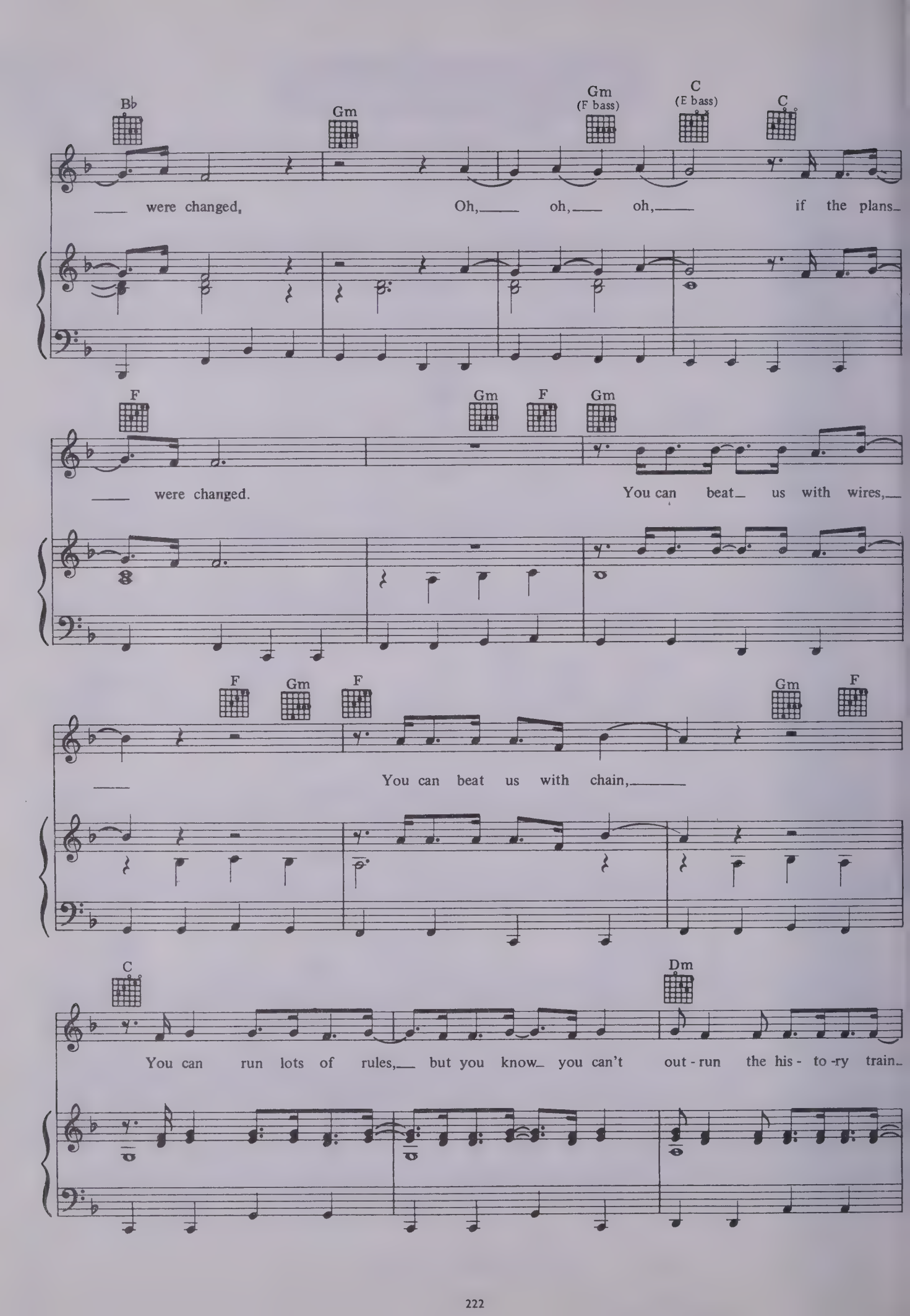
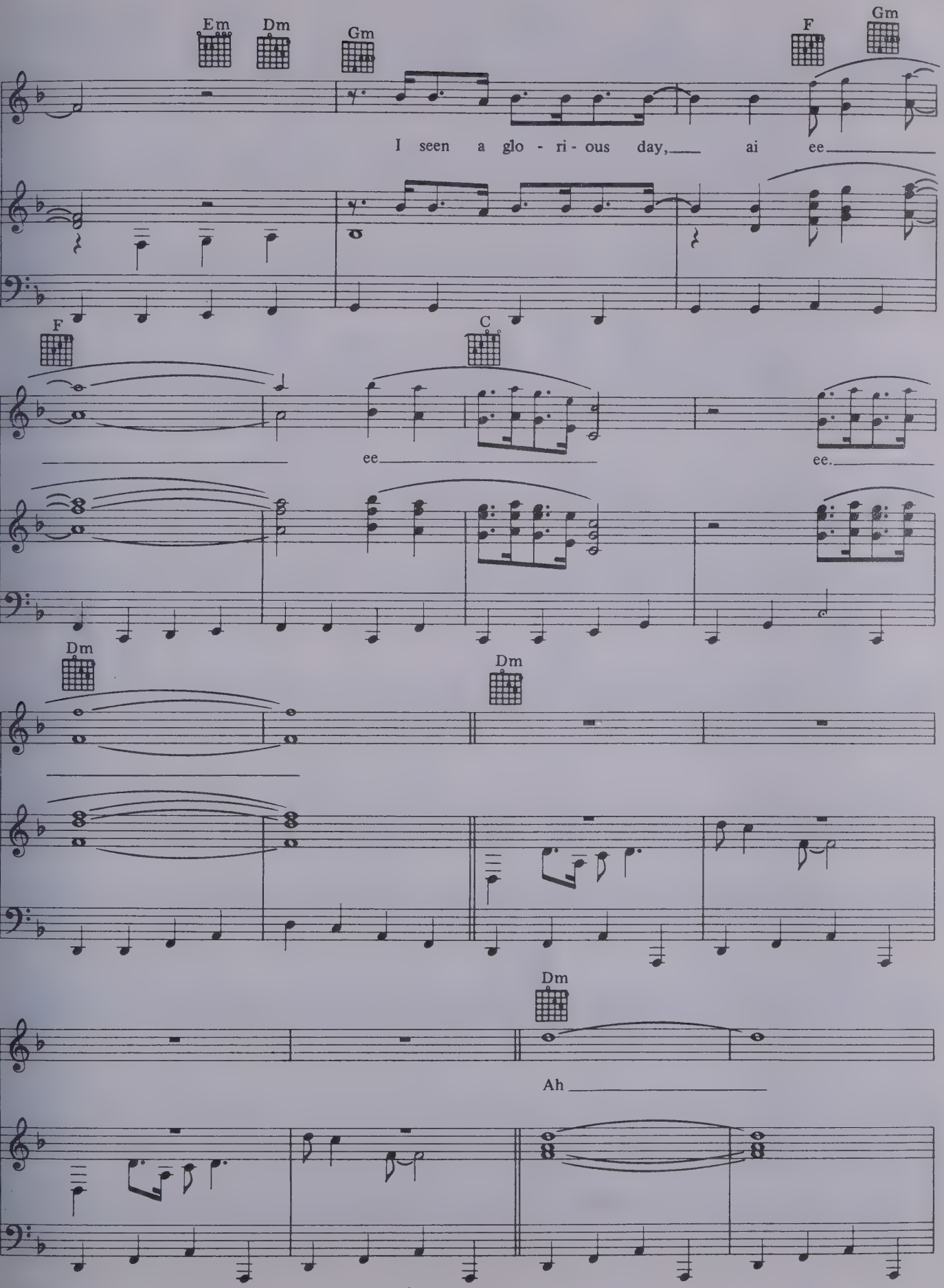
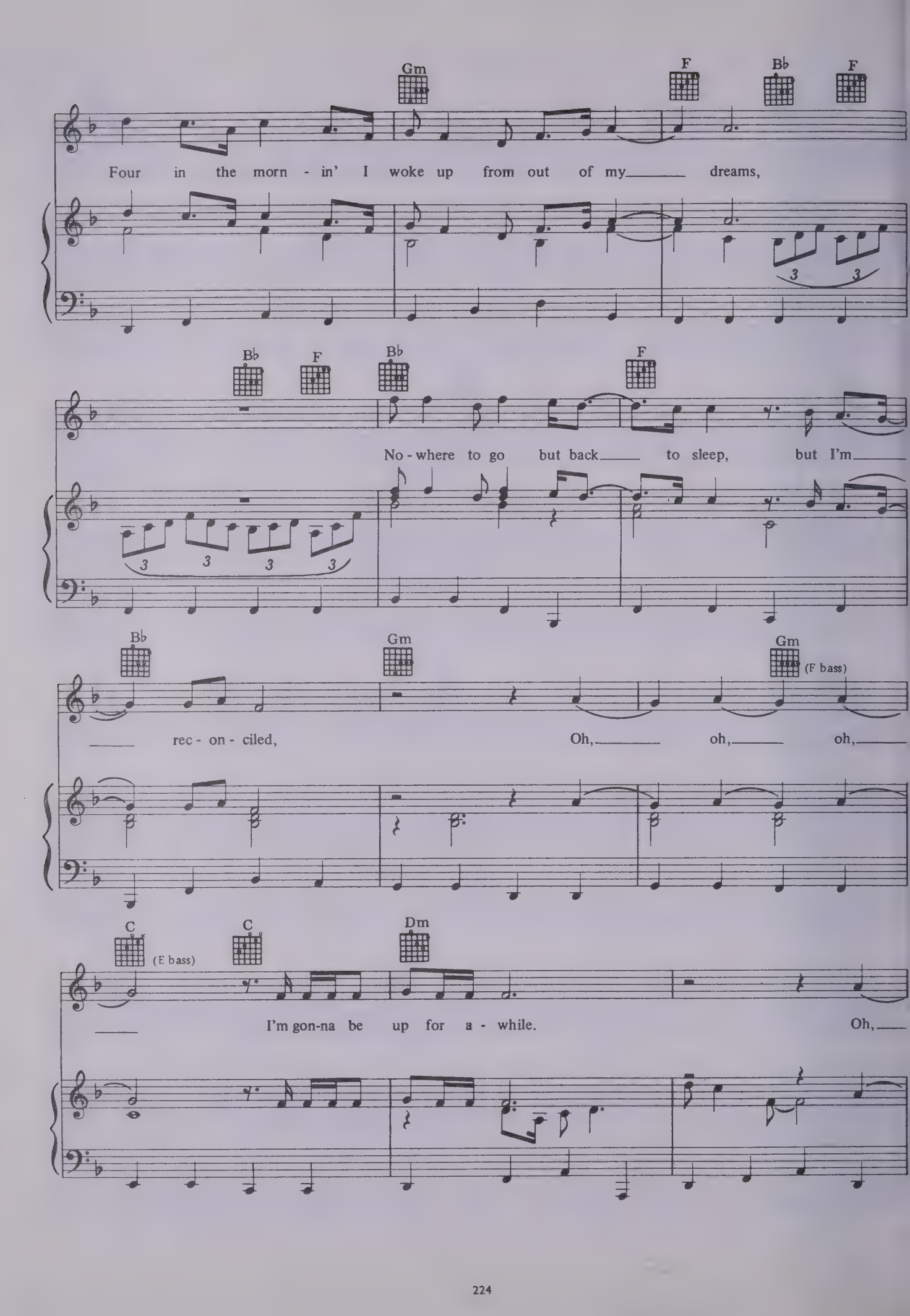
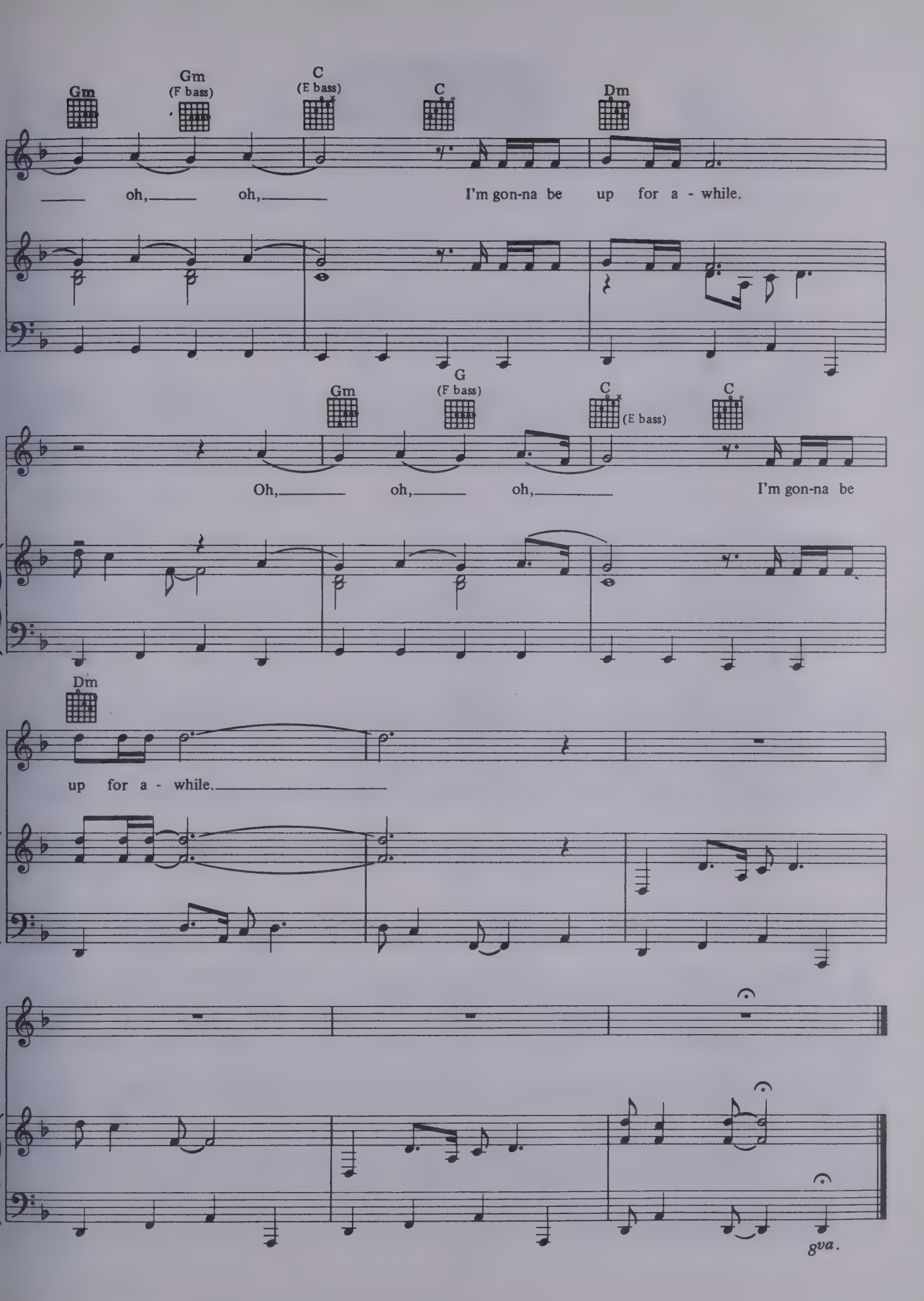

Dm
oh, we were sat - is - fied.
Dm
Oh, when I re - mem - ber
Gm
F
B♭
F
mis - in - for - ma - tion fol - lowed us like a plague,
B♭
F
B♭
F
- No - bod - y knew from time to time if the plans


Bb
Gm
Gm (F bass)
C (E bass)
C
were changed, Oh, oh, oh, if the plans
F
Gm
F
Gm
were changed. You can beat us with wires,
F
Gm
F
Gm
F
You can beat us with chain,
C
Dm
You can run lots of rules, but you know you can't out-run the his-to-ry train

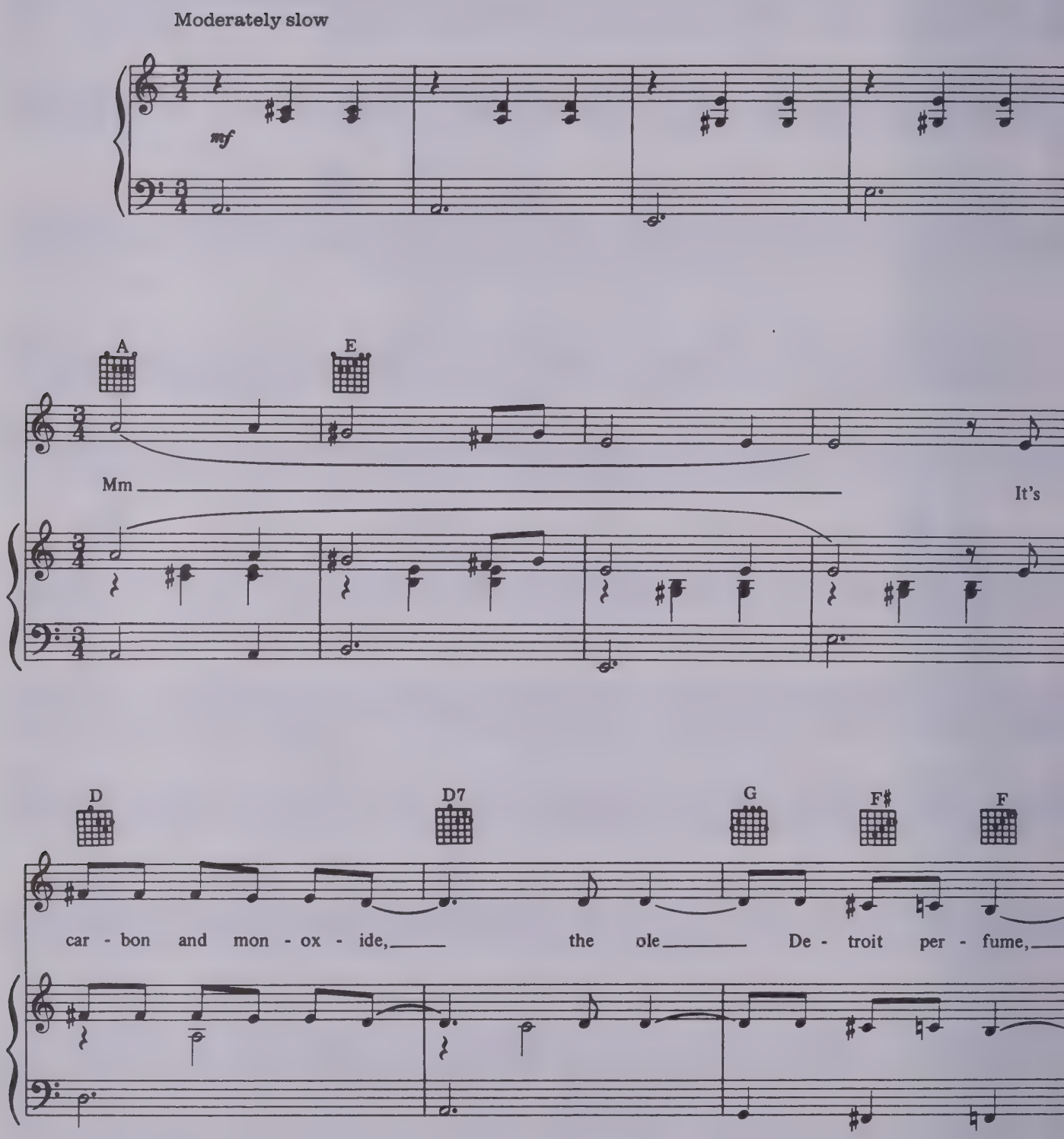

Em
Dm
Gm
F
Gm
I seen a glo - ri - ous day, ai ee
F
C
ee
ee.
Dm
Dm
Dm
Ah


Gm
F
B♭
F
Four in the morn - in' I woke up from out of my dreams,
B♭
F
B♭
F
No - where to go but back to sleep, but I'm
B♭
Gm
Gm
(F bass)
rec - on - ciled, Oh, oh, oh,
C
(E bass)
C
Dm
I'm gon-na be up for a - while. Oh,


Gm
Gm (F bass)
C (E bass)
C
Dm
oh, oh, I'm gon-na be up for a - while.
Gm
G (F bass)
C (E bass)
C
Oh, oh, oh, I'm gon-na be
Dm
up for a - while.
8va.

Papa Hobo.

Words and music by Paul Simon.



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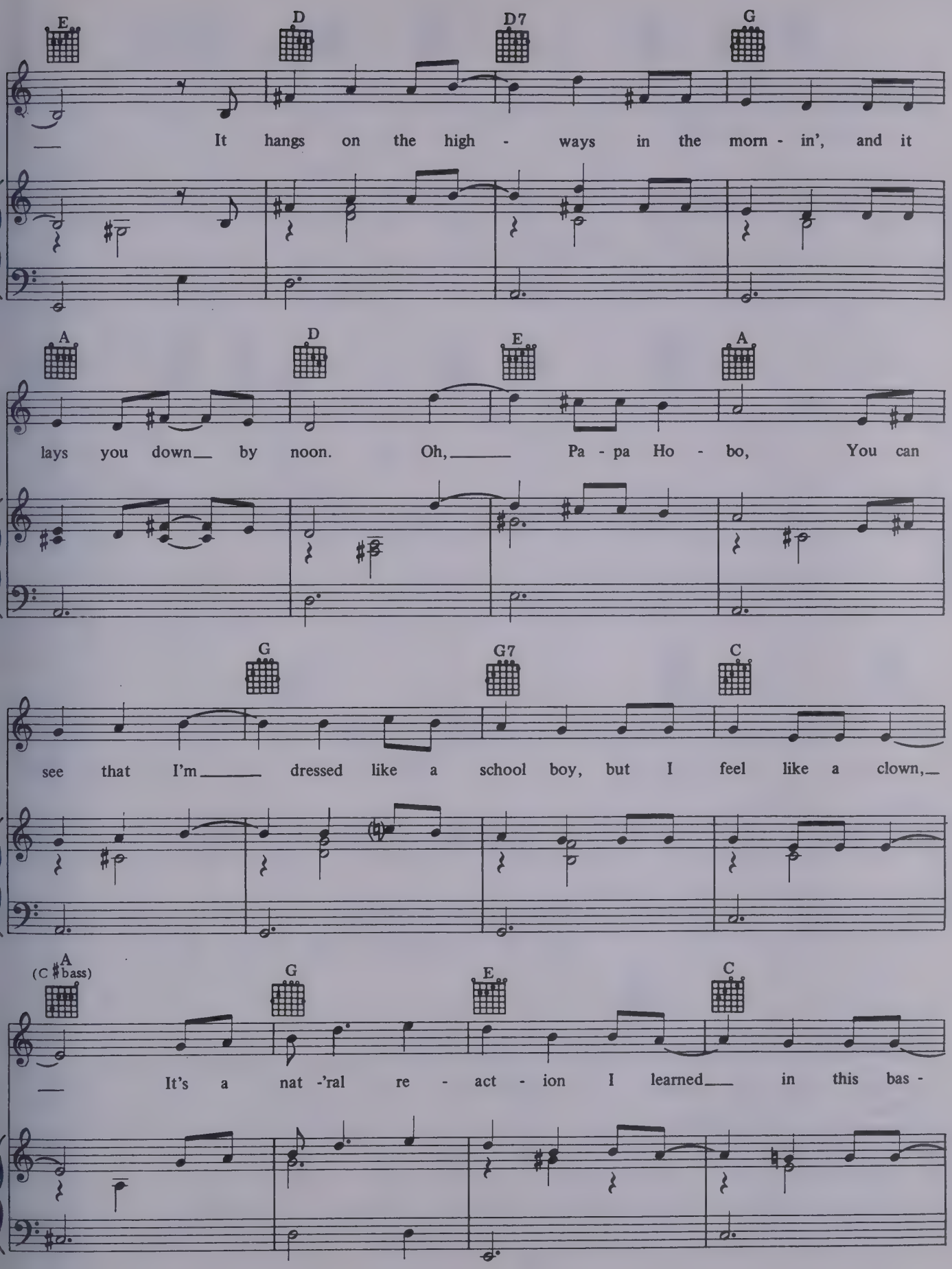
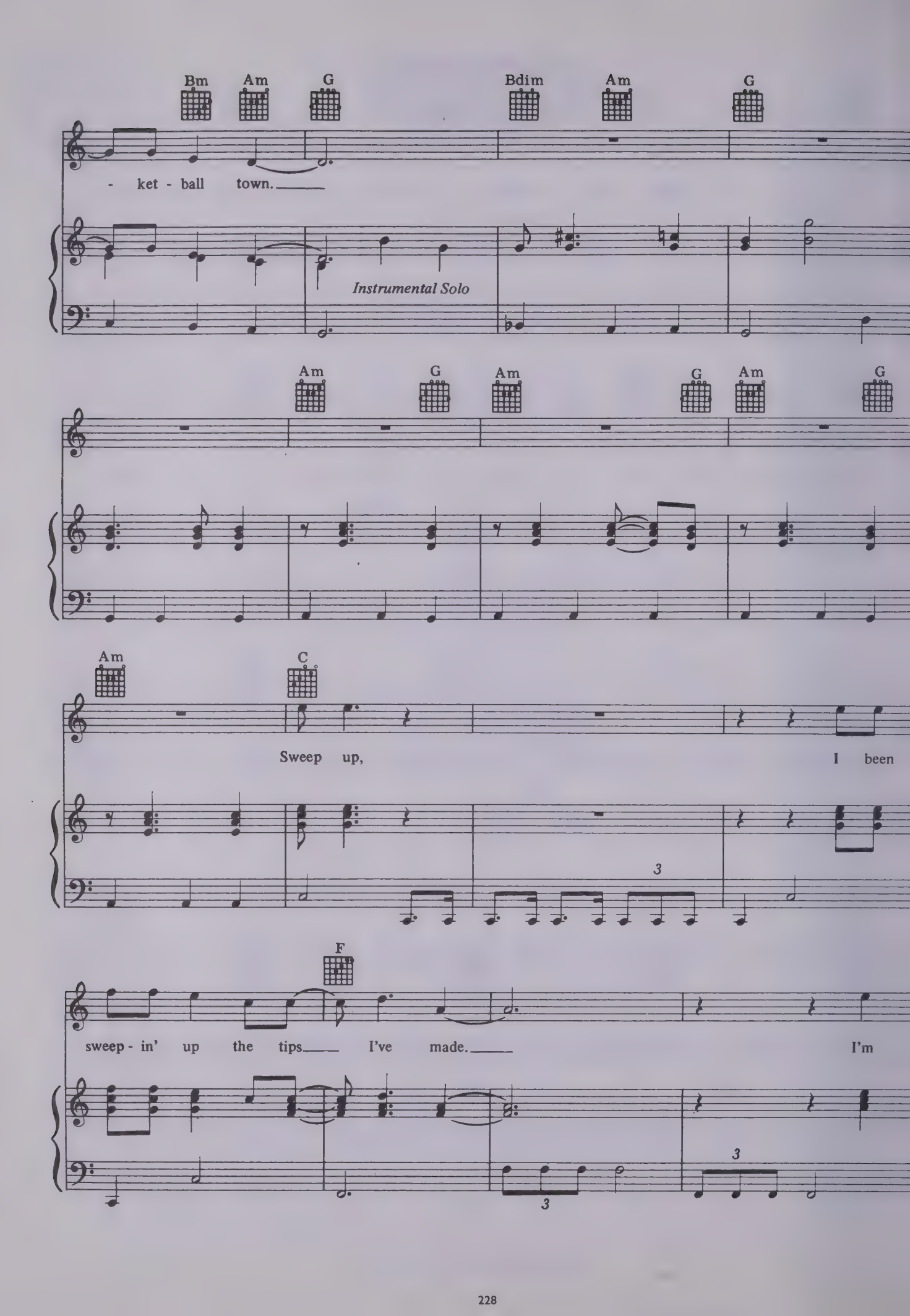
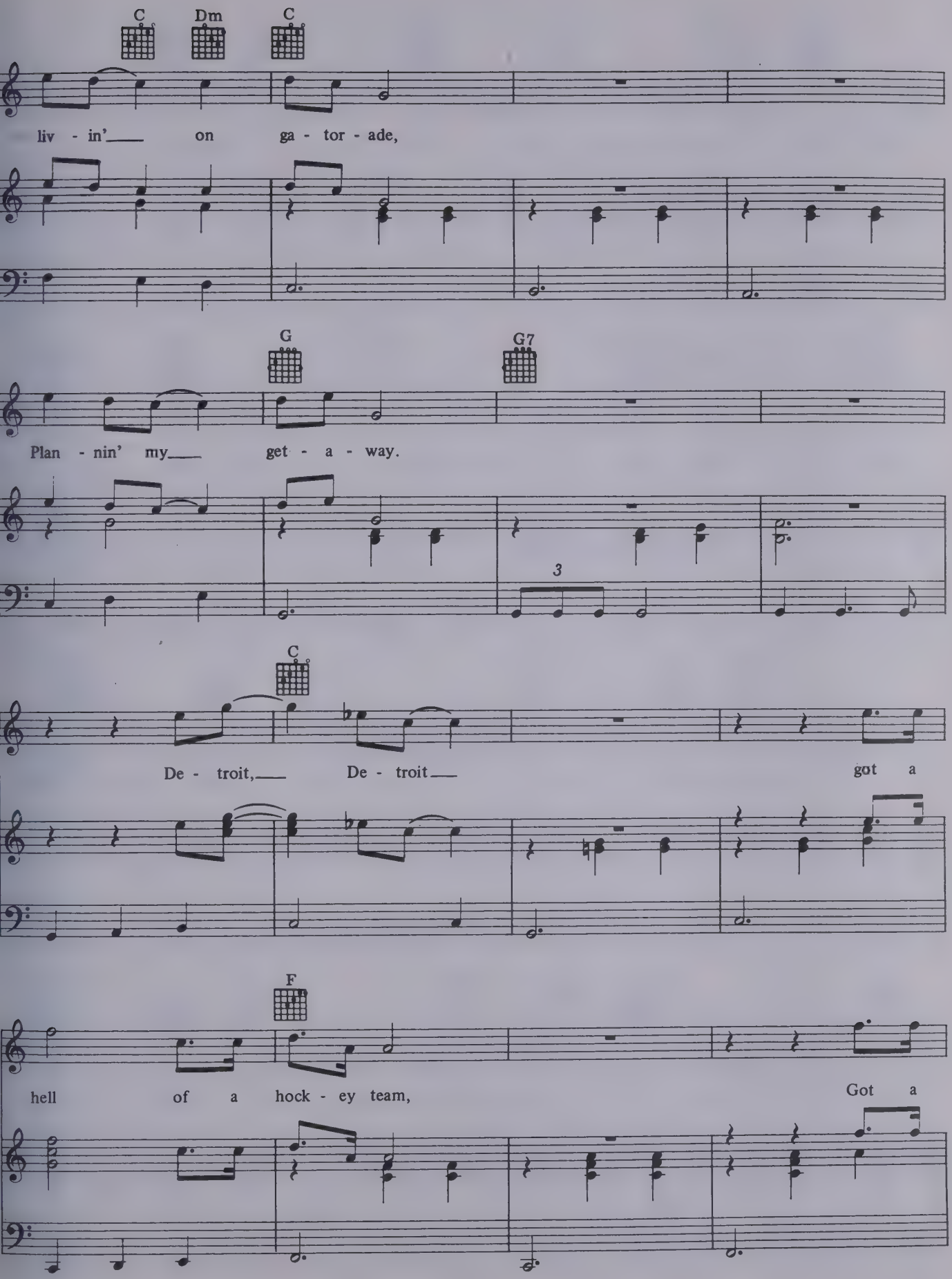
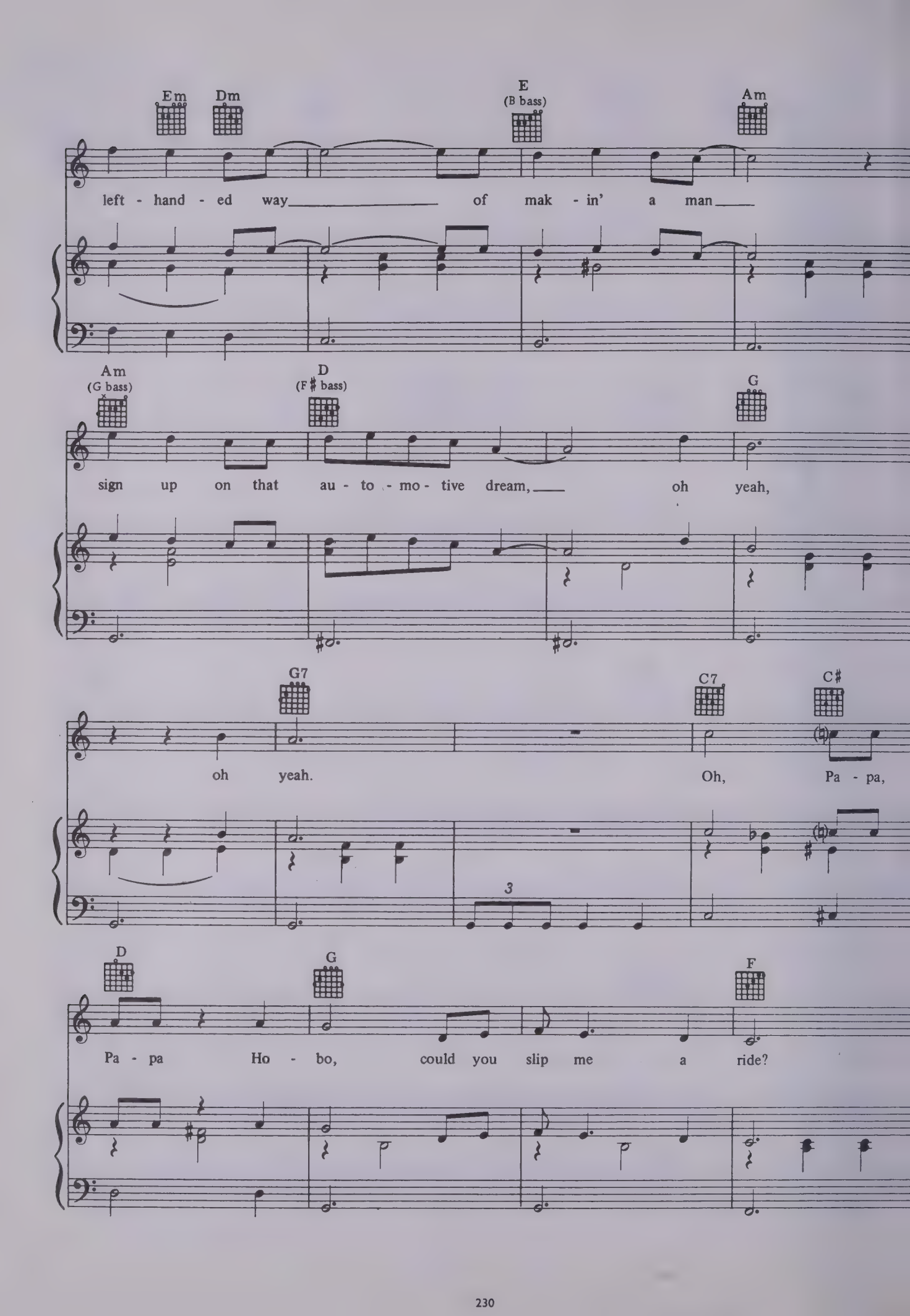
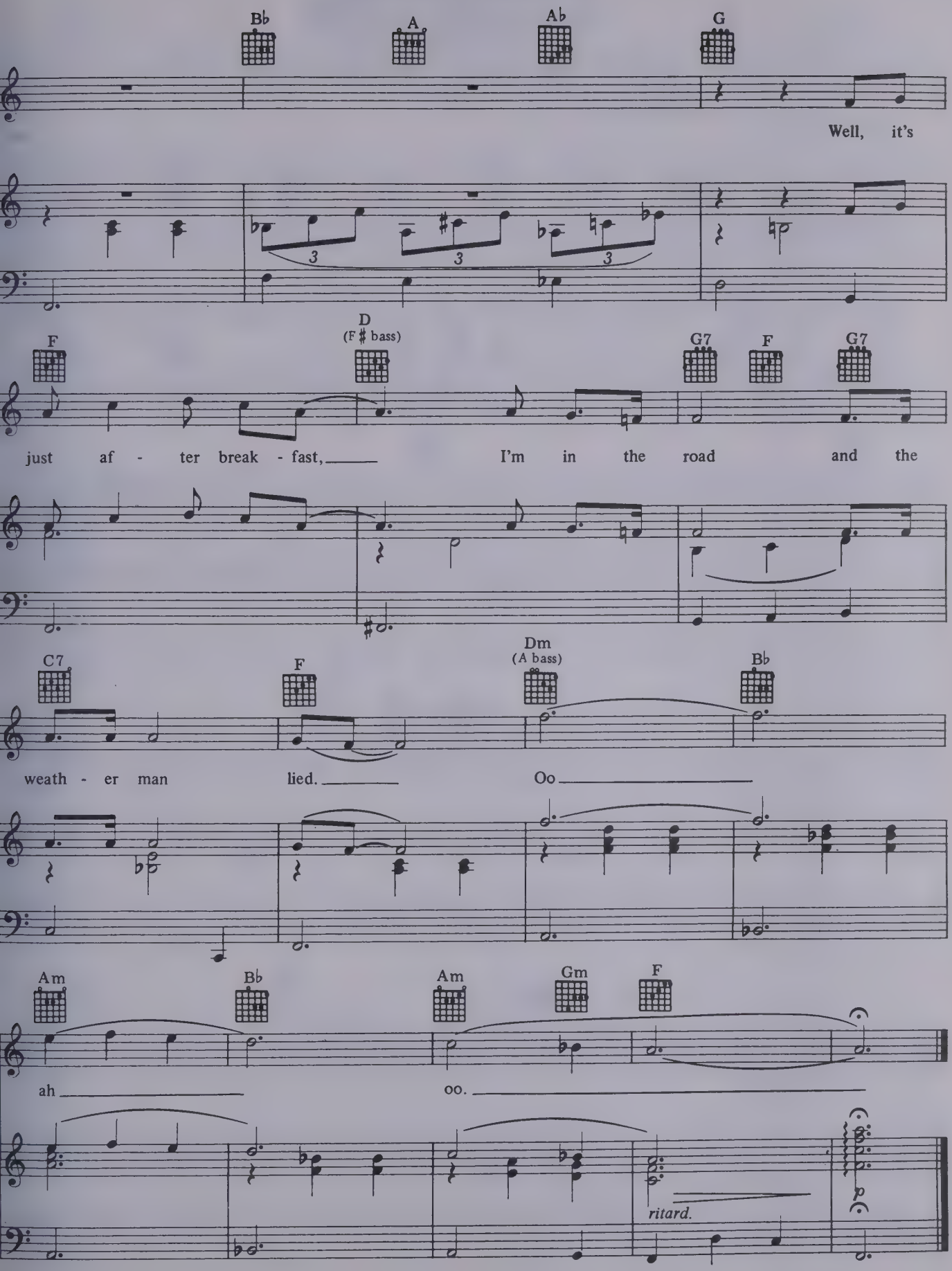

E D D7 G
It hangs on the high - ways in the morn - in', and it
A D E A
lays you down by noon. Oh, Pa - pa Ho - bo, You can
G G7 C
see that I'm dressed like a school boy, but I feel like a clown,
A (C♯bass) G E C
It's a nat -'ral re - act - ion I learned in this bas -


Bm
Am
G
Bdim
Am
G
- ket - ball town.
Instrumental Solo
Am
G
Am
G
Am
G
Am
C
Sweep up,
I been
3
F
sweep - in' up the tips
I've made.
I'm
3
3

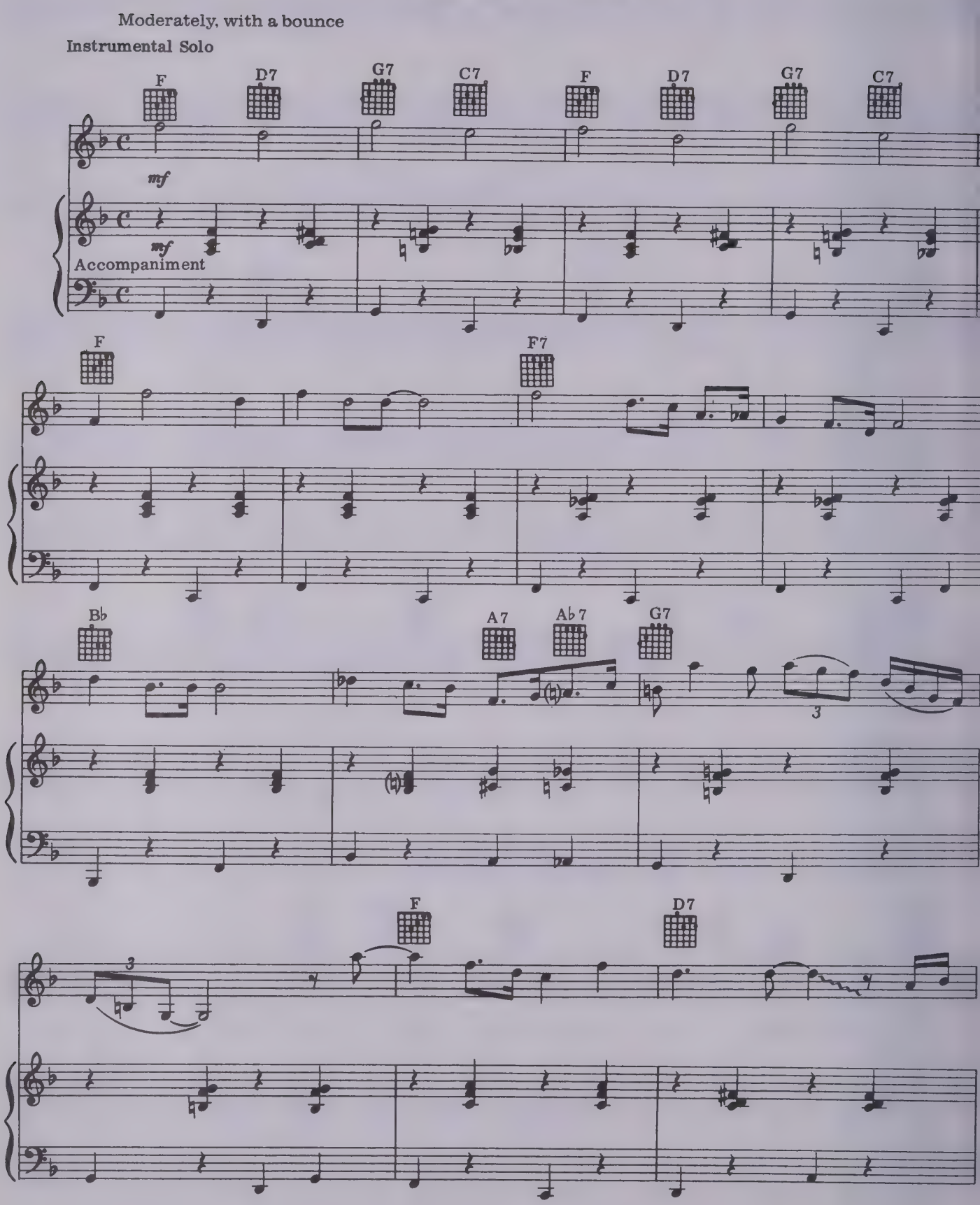

C
Dm
C
liv - in'___ on ga - tor - ade,
G
G7
Plan - nin' my___ get - a - way.
3
C
De - troit,___ De - troit___ got a
F
hell of a hock - ey team, Got a


Em
Dm
E
(B bass)
Am
left - hand - ed way of mak - in' a man
Am
(G bass)
D
(F♯ bass)
G
sign up on that au - to - mo - tive dream, oh yeah,
G7
C7
C♯
oh yeah. Oh, Pa - pa,
3
D
G
F
Pa - pa Ho - bo, could you slip me a ride?


Bb
A
Ab
G
Well, it's
F
D
(F♯ bass)
G7
F
G7
just af - ter break - fast, I'm in the road and the
C7
F
Dm
(A bass)
Bb
weath - er man lied. Oo
Am
Bb
Am
Gm
F
ah oo.
ritard.

Hobo's Blues.

Words and music by Paul Simon and Stephane Grappelli.



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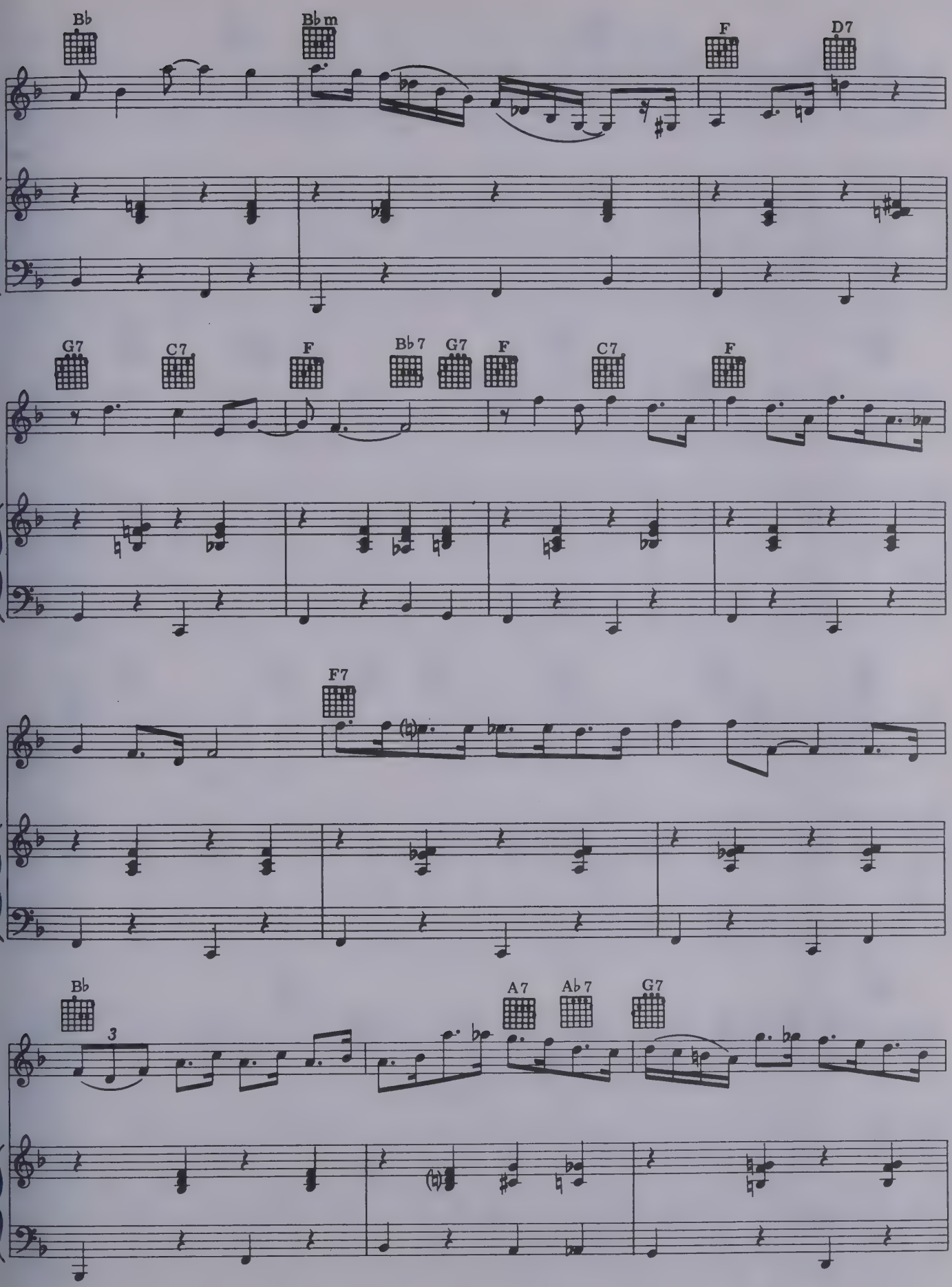
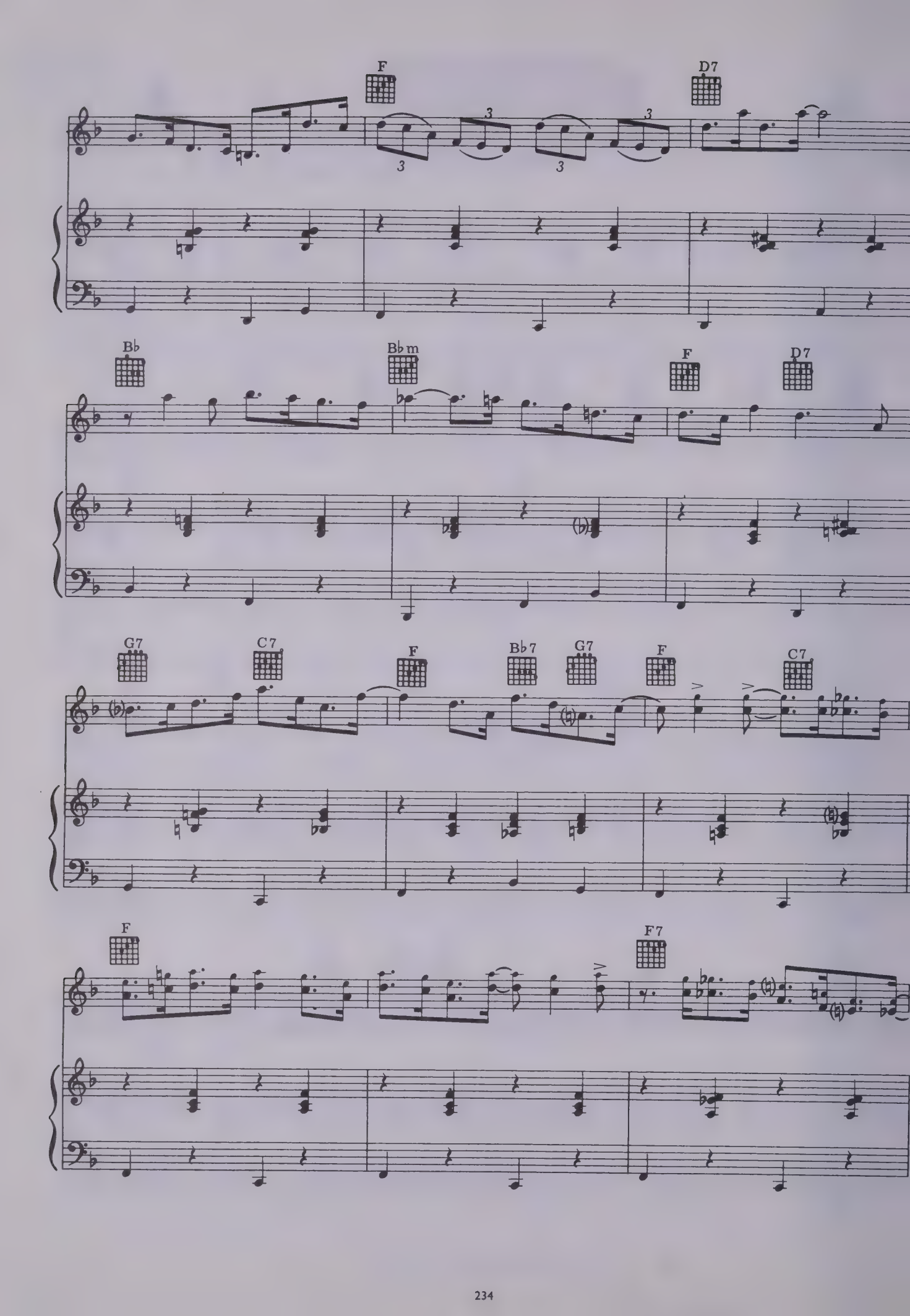
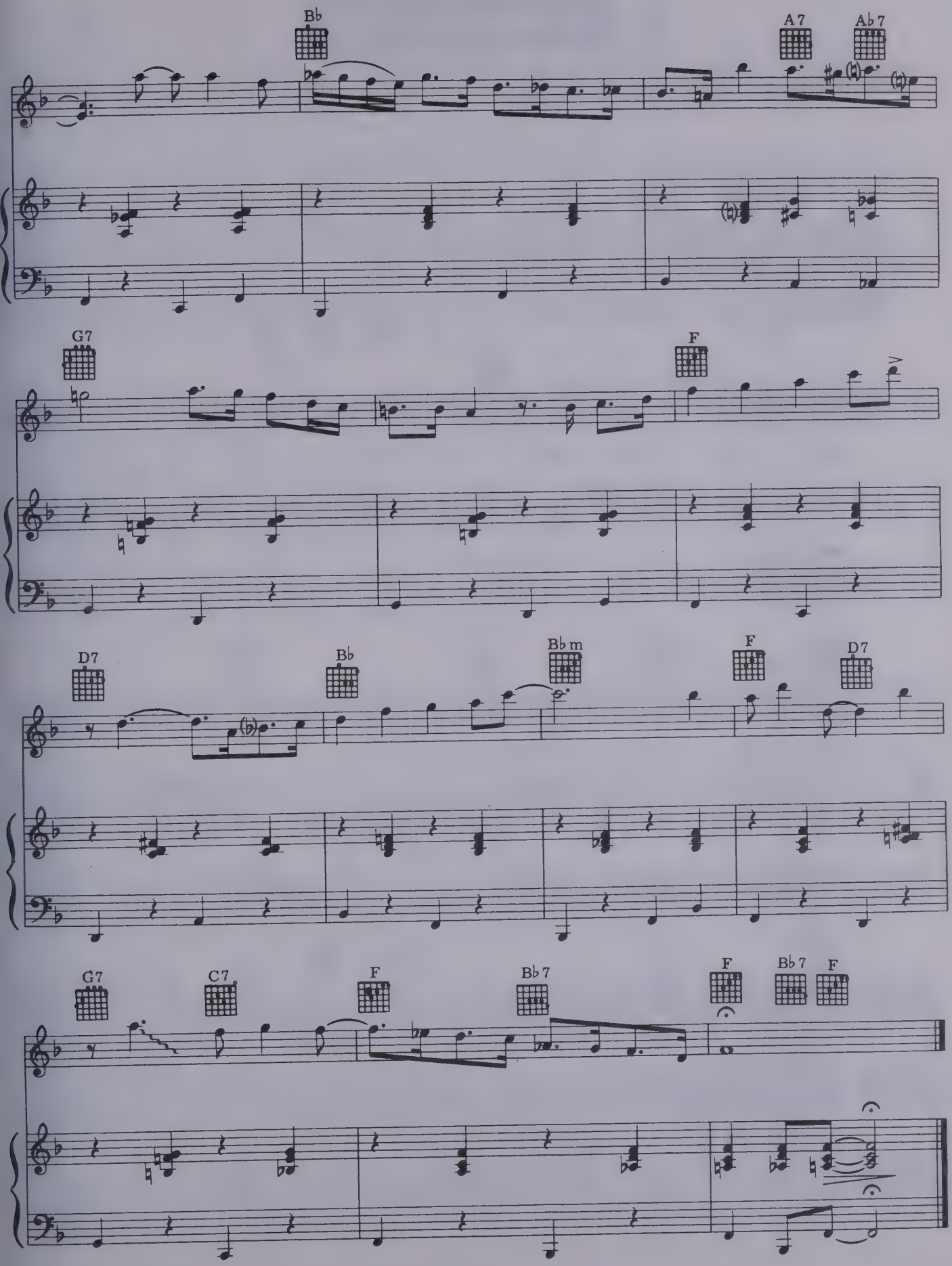
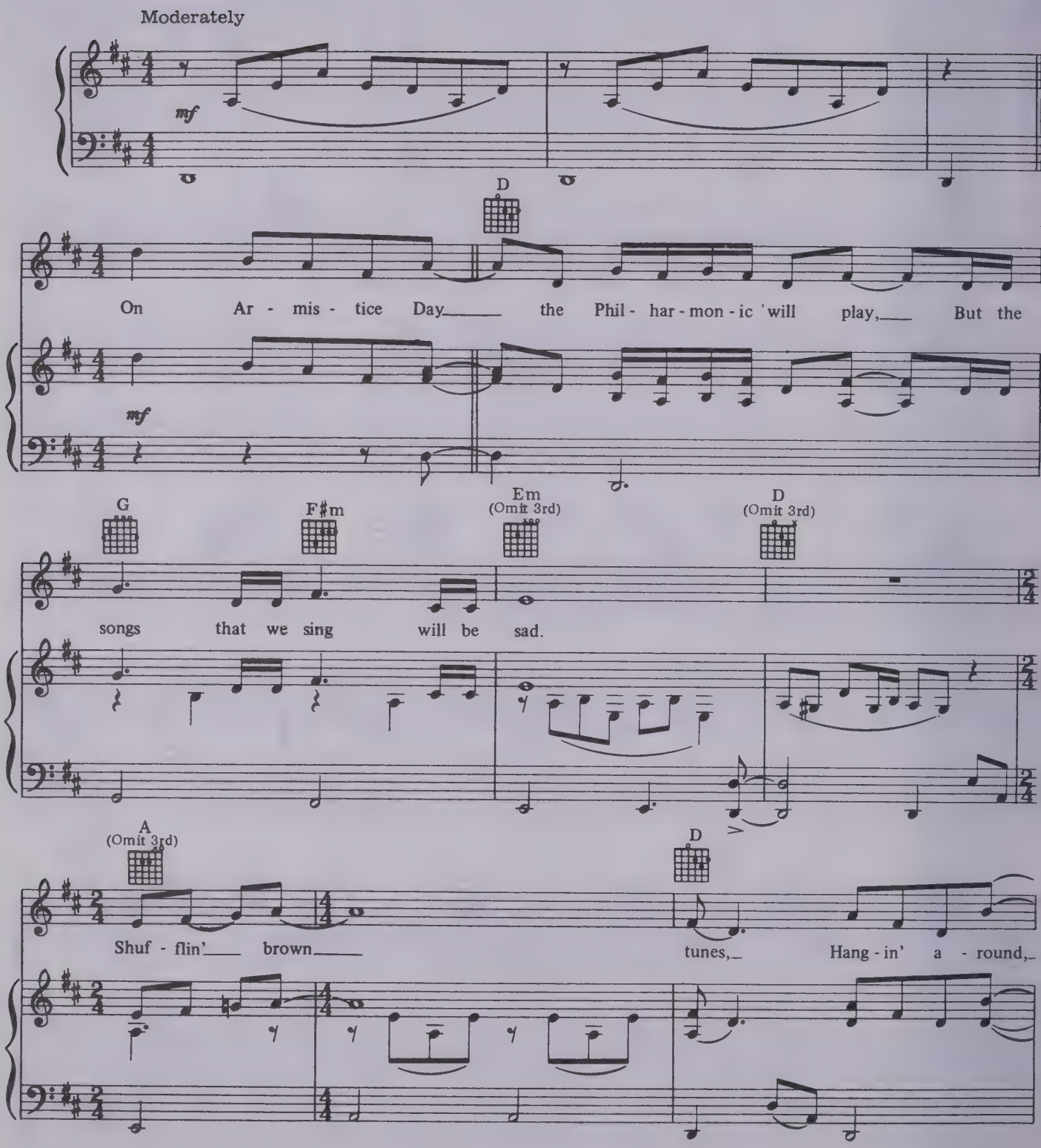

B♭
B♭m
F
D7
G7
C7
F
B♭7
G7
F
C7
F
F7
B♭
3
A7
A♭7
G7


F
D7
B♭
B♭m
F
D7
G7
C7
F
B♭7
G7
F
C7
F
F7


Bb
A7
Ab7
G7
F
D7
Bb
Bbm
F
D7
G7
C7
F
Bb7
F
Bb7
F

Armistice Day.

Words and music by Paul Simon.



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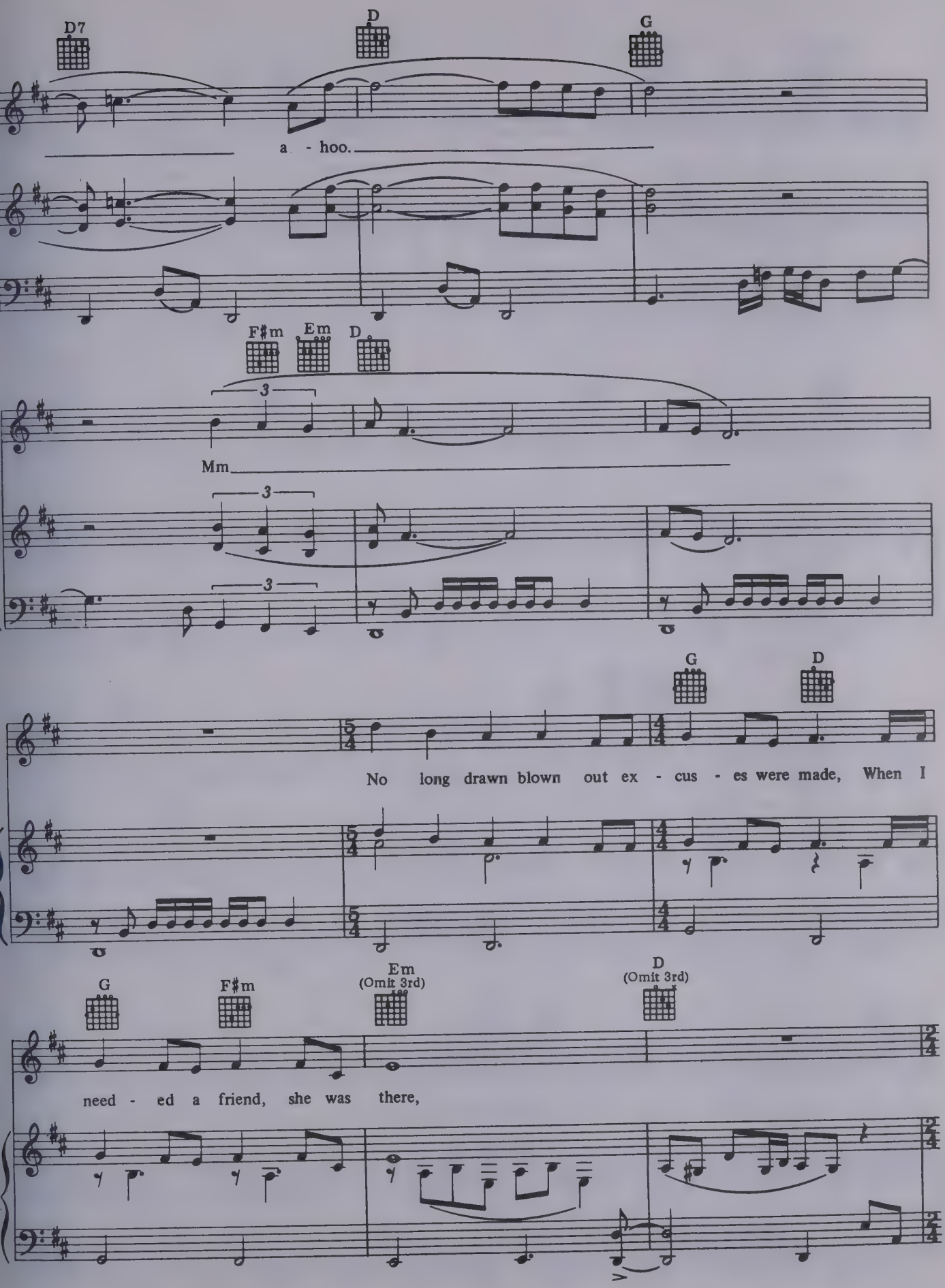
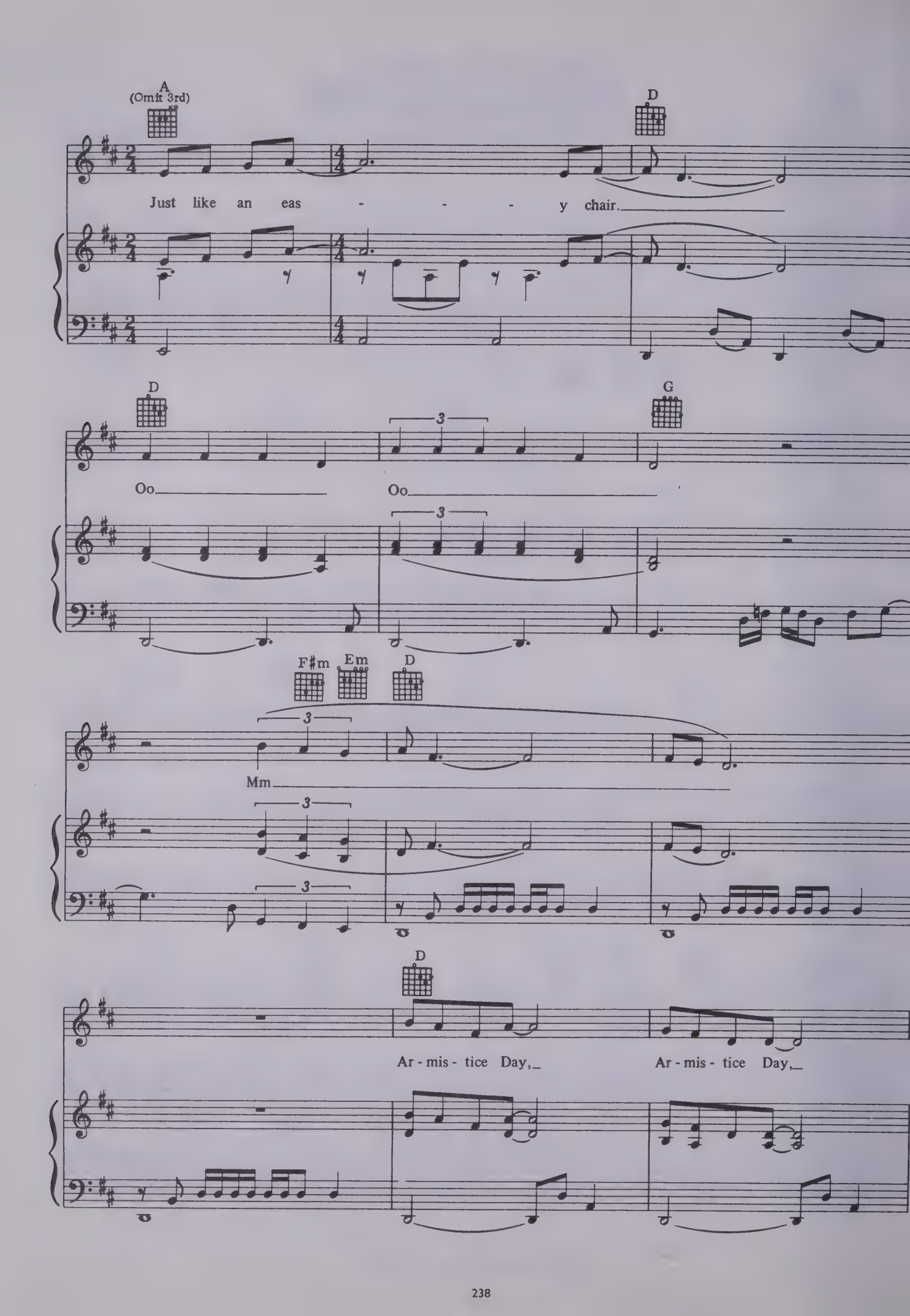
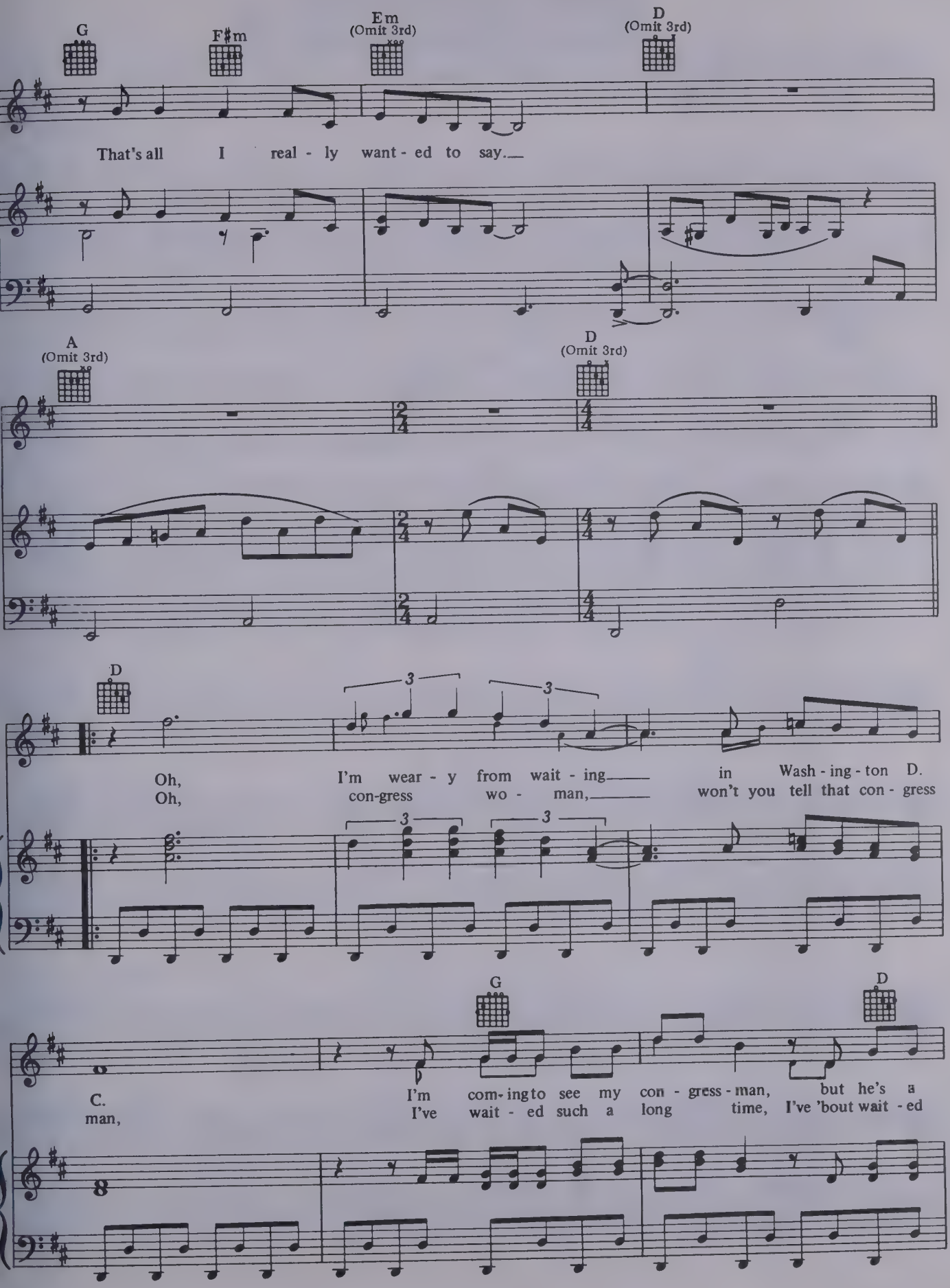
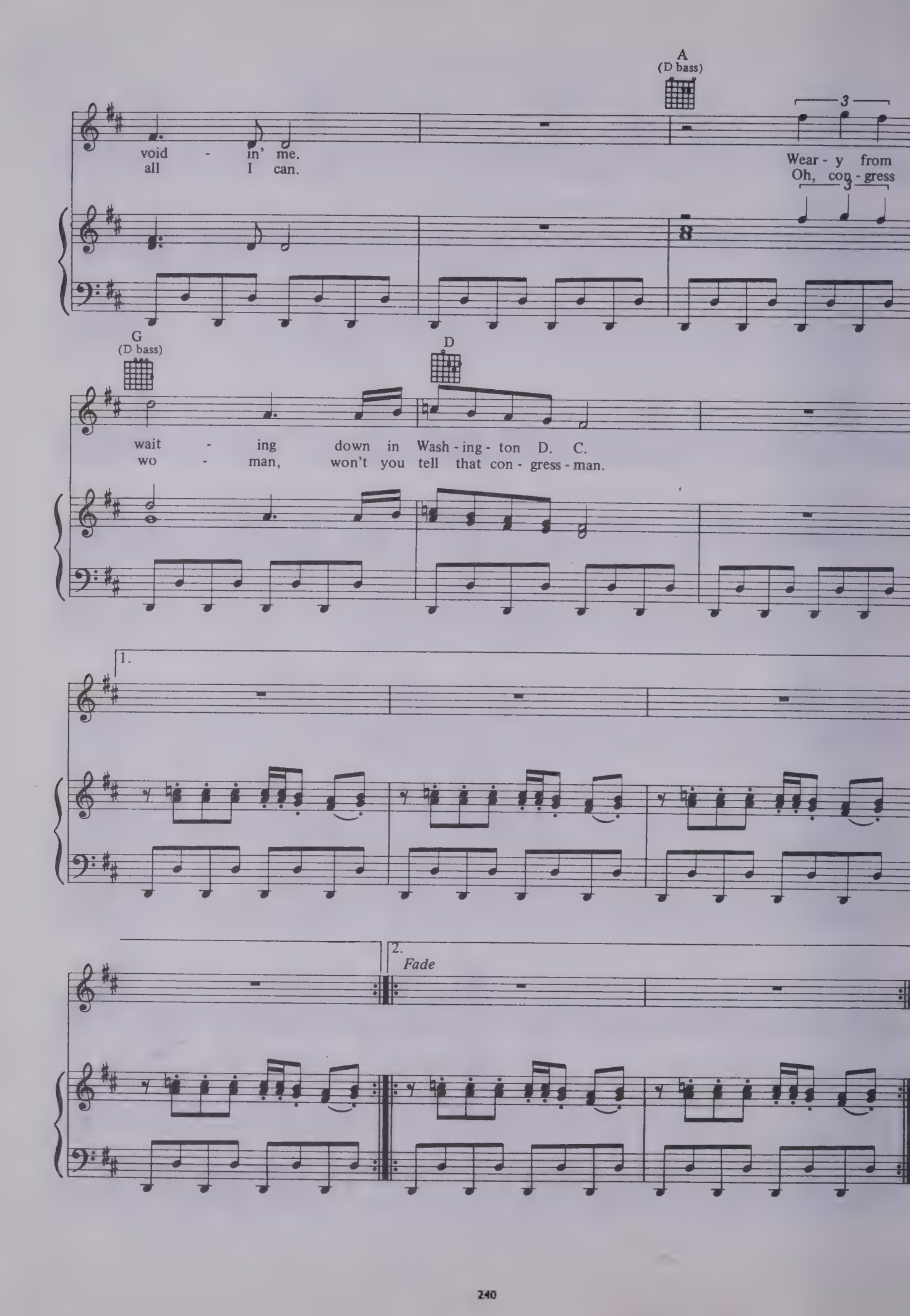

D7
D
G
a - hoo.
F♯m
Em
D
Mm
G
D
No long drawn blown out ex - cus - es were made, When I
G
F♯m
Em
(Omit 3rd)
D
(Omit 3rd)
need - ed a friend, she was there,

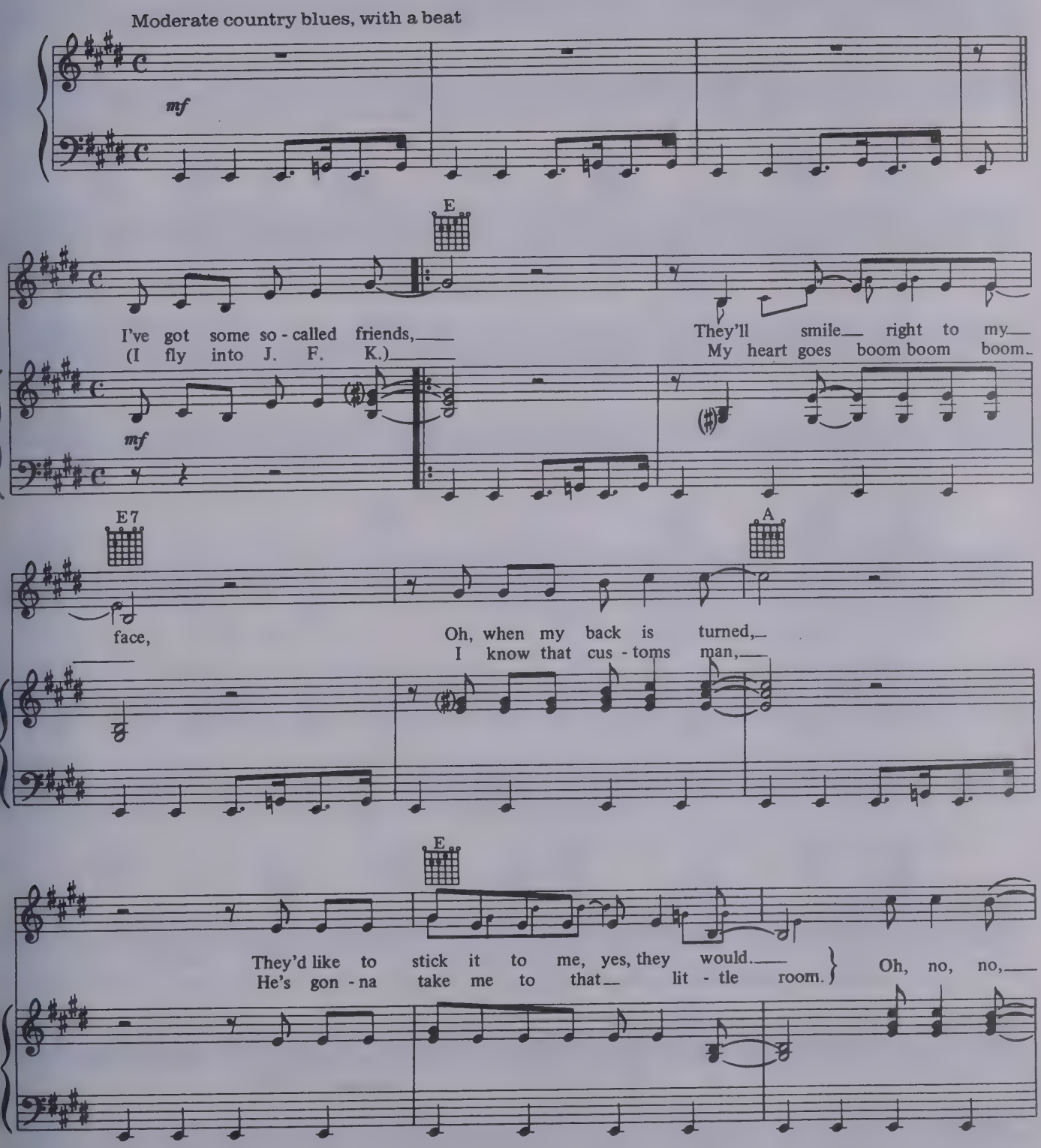

A
(Omit 3rd)
D
Just like an eas - - - y chair.
D
G
Oo
Oo
F♯m
Em
D
Mm
D
Ar - mis - tice Day,
Ar - mis - tice Day,


G
F♯m
Em
(Omit 3rd)
D
(Omit 3rd)
That's all I real - ly want - ed to say.
A
(Omit 3rd)
D
(Omit 3rd)
D
Oh, I'm wear - y from wait - ing in Wash - ing - ton D.
Oh, con-gress wo - man, won't you tell that con - gress
C.
man,
G
I'm com-ing to see my con - gress - man, but he's a
I've wait - ed such a long time, I've 'bout wait - ed
D


A
(D bass)
void - in' me.
all I can.
Wear - y from
Oh, con - gress
G
(D bass)
D
wait - ing down in Wash - ing - ton D. C.
wo - man, won't you tell that con - gress - man.
1.
2.
Fade

Paranoia Blues.

Words and music by Paul Simon.



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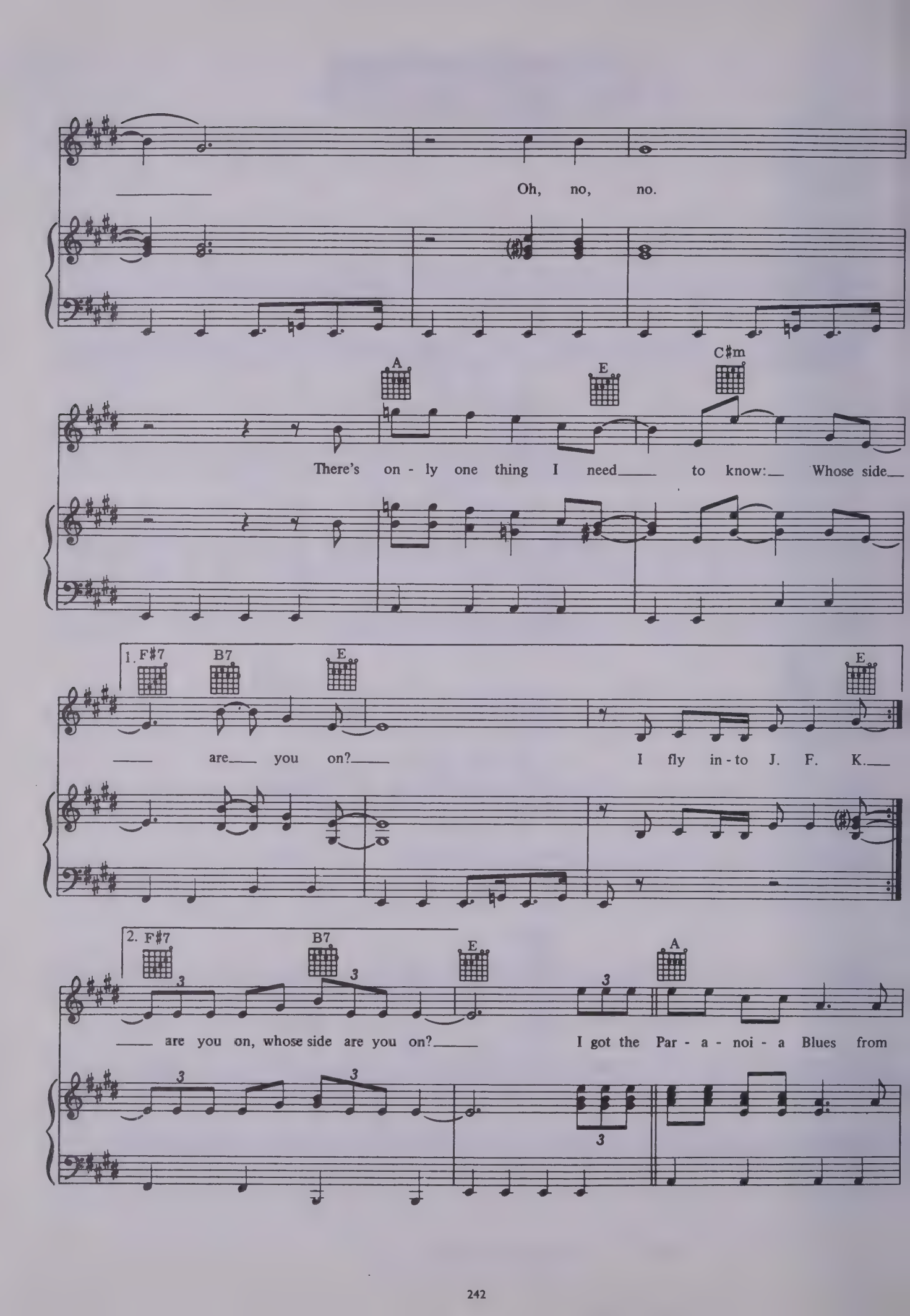
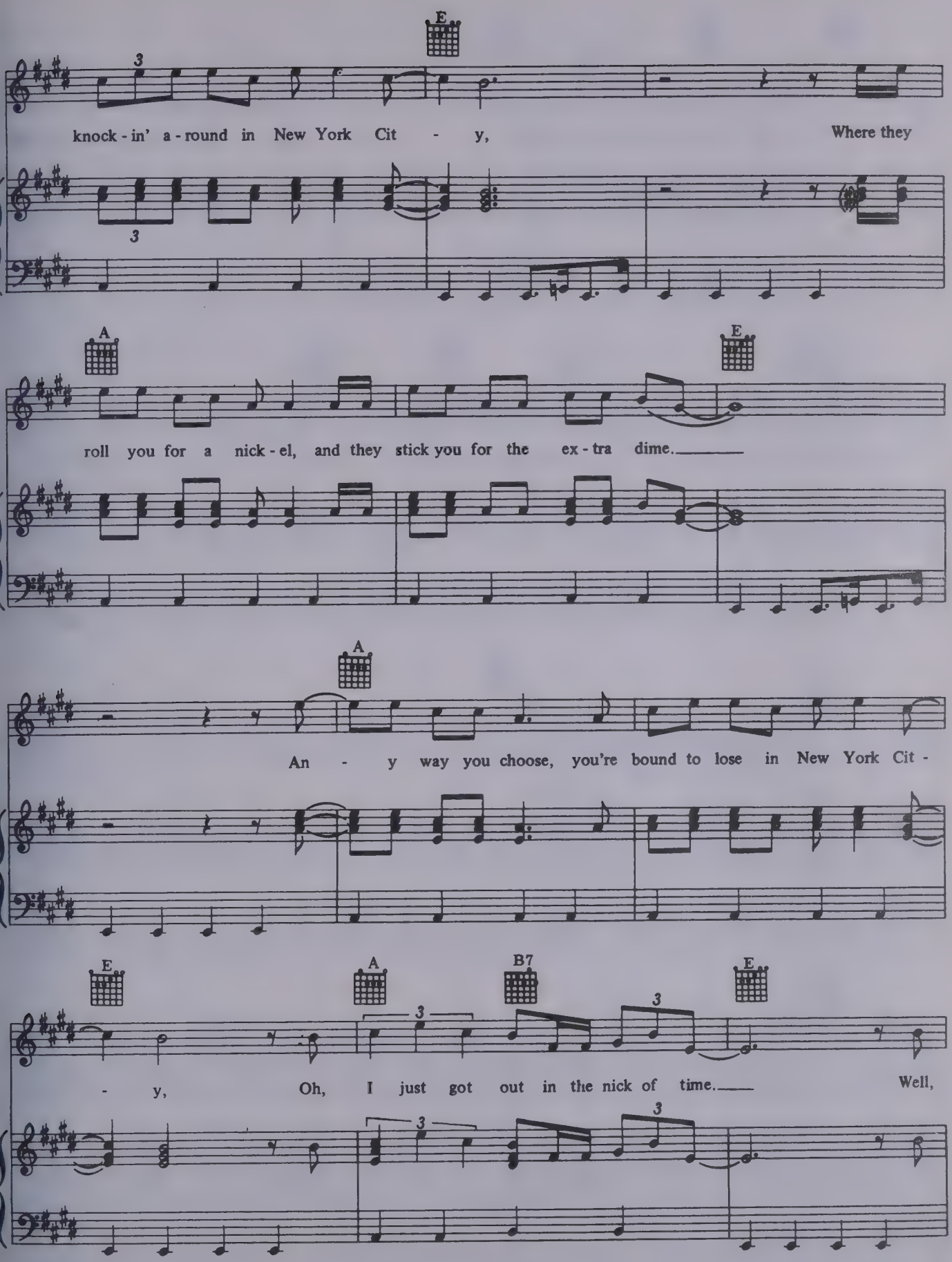
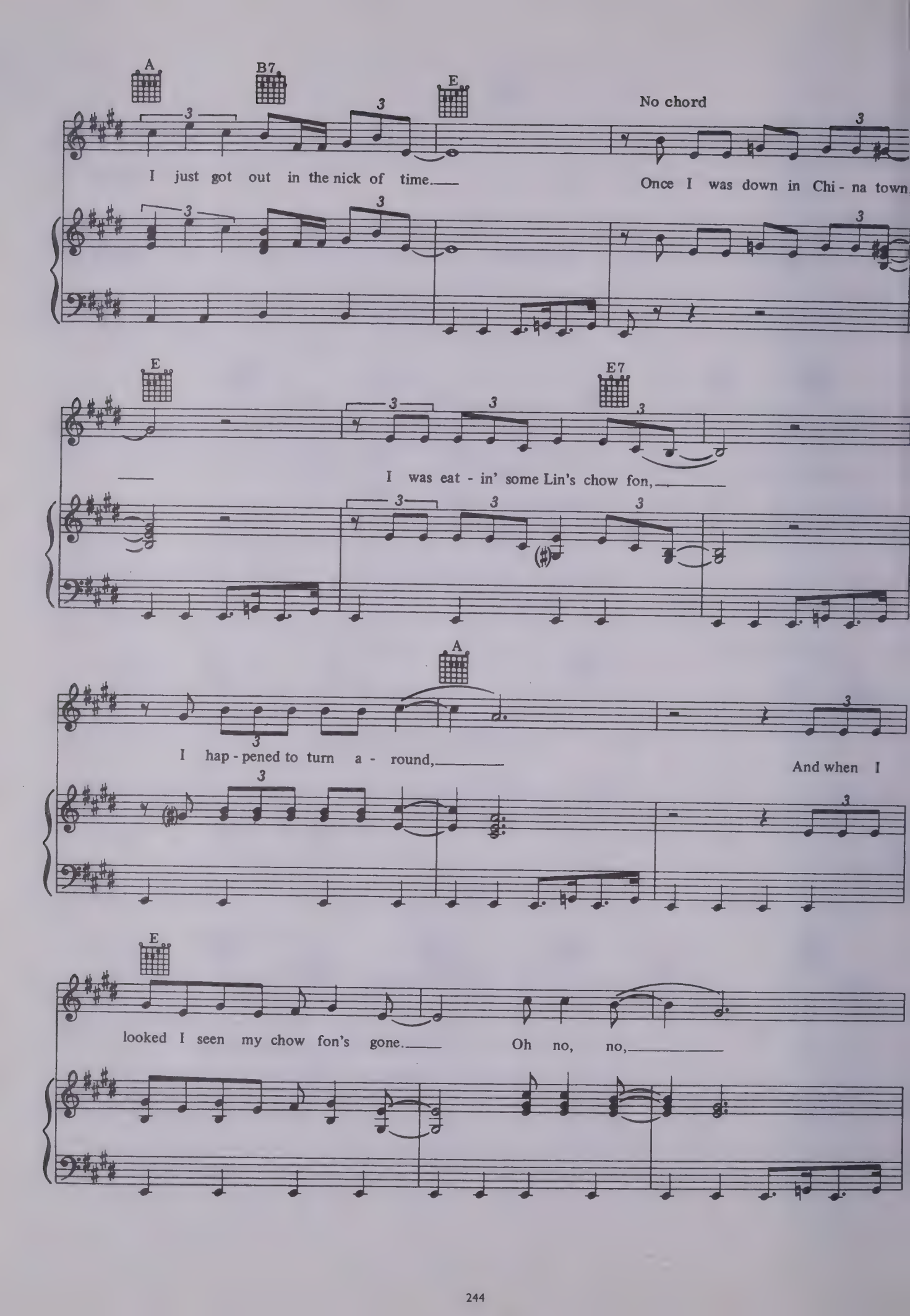
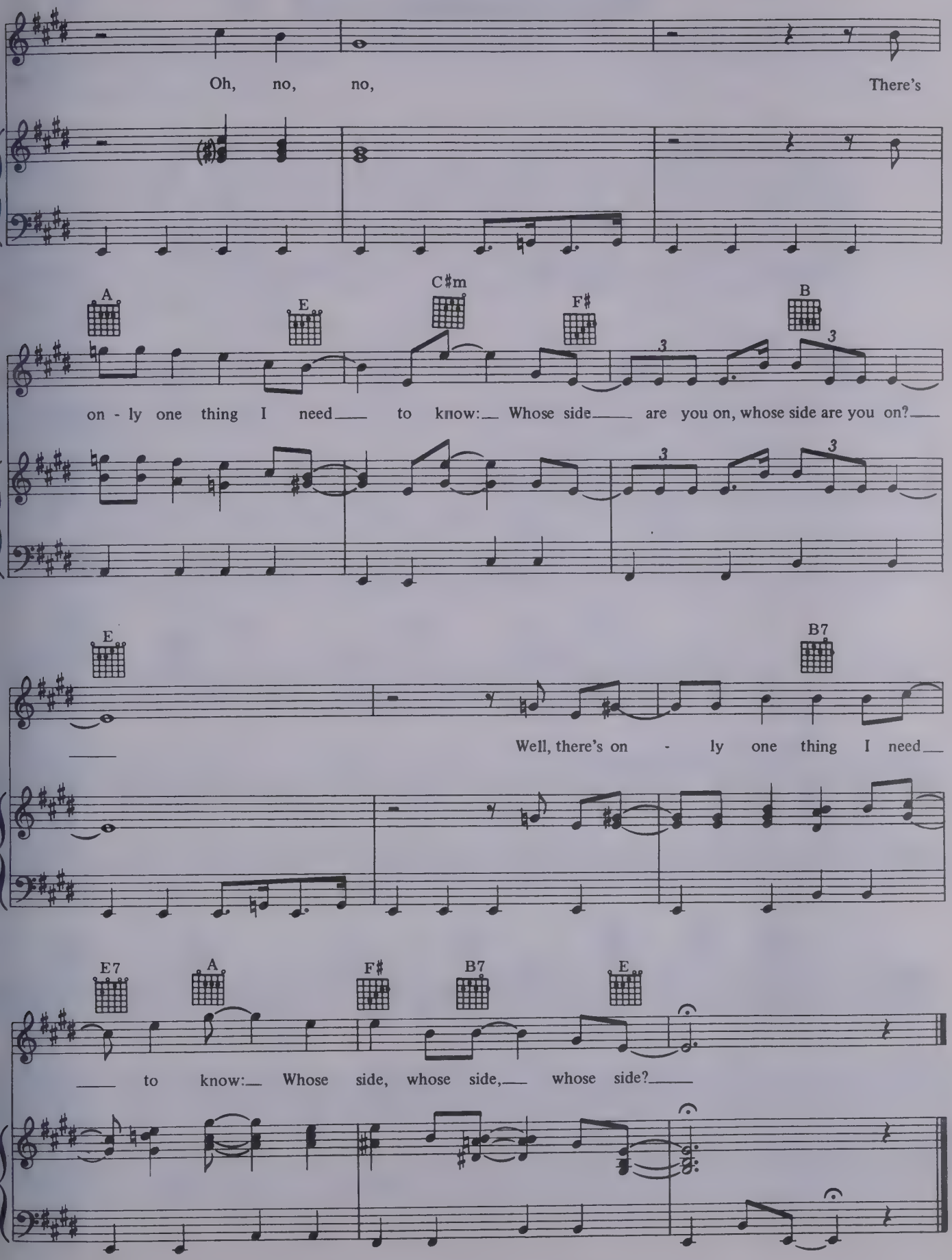

Oh, no, no.
A
E
C♯m
There's on - ly one thing I need to know: Whose side
1. F♯7
B7
E
E
are you on?
I fly in - to J. F. K.
2. F♯7
B7
E
A
are you on, whose side are you on?
I got the Par - a - noi - a Blues from

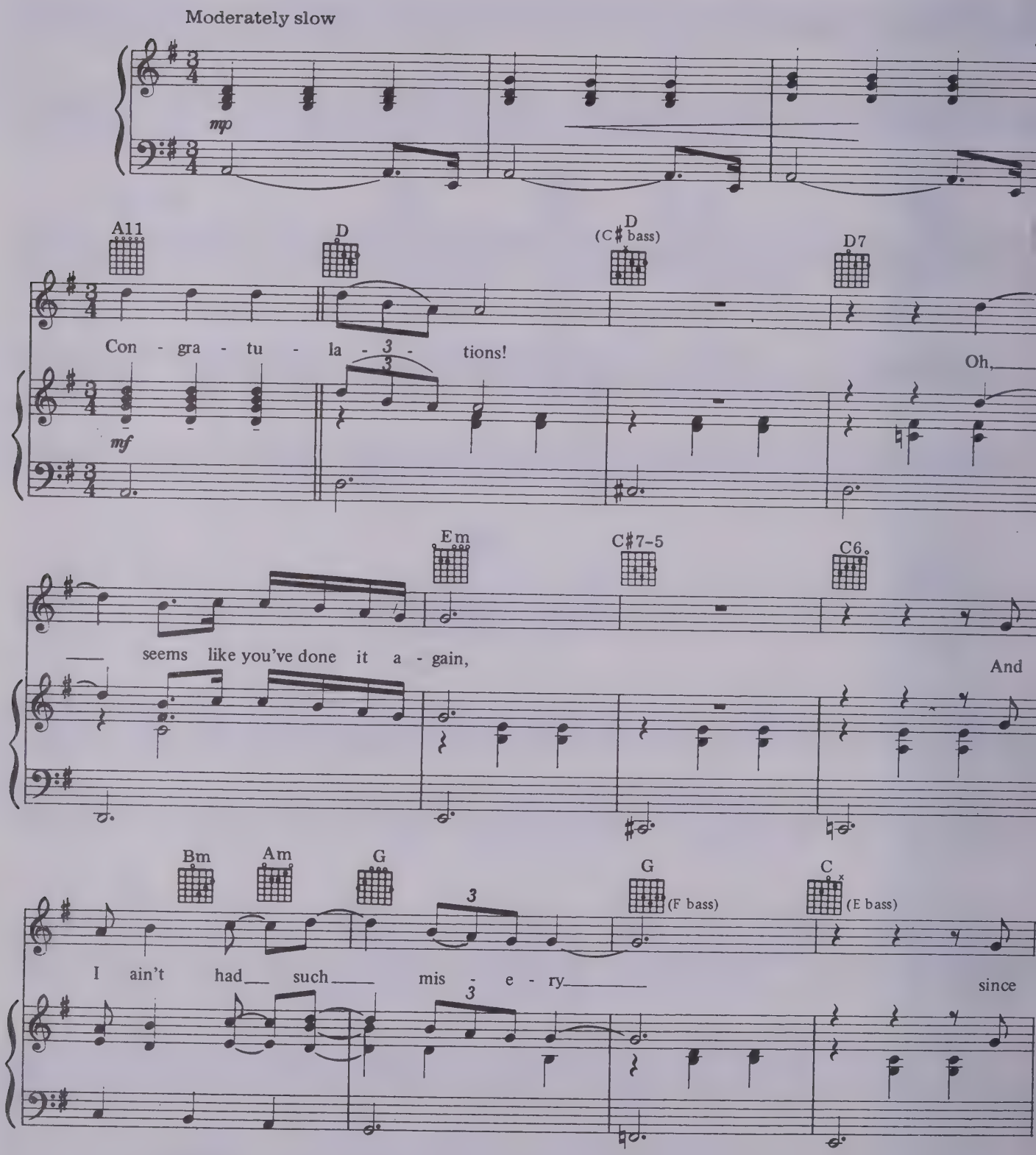

E
knock - in' a - round in New York Cit - y, Where they
A
E
roll you for a nick - el, and they stick you for the ex - tra dime.
A
An - y way you choose, you're bound to lose in New York Cit -
E
A
B7
E
- y, Oh, I just got out in the nick of time. Well,


A
B7
E
No chord
I just got out in the nick of time.
Once I was down in Chi - na town
E
E7
I was eat - in' some Lin's chow fon,
A
I hap - pened to turn a - round,
And when I
E
looked I seen my chow fon's gone.
Oh no, no,


Oh, no, no, There's
A
E
C♯m
F♯
B
on - ly one thing I need to know: Whose side are you on, whose side are you on?
E
B7
Well, there's on - ly one thing I need
E7
A
F♯
B7
E
to know: Whose side, whose side, whose side?

Congratulations.

Words and music by Paul Simon.



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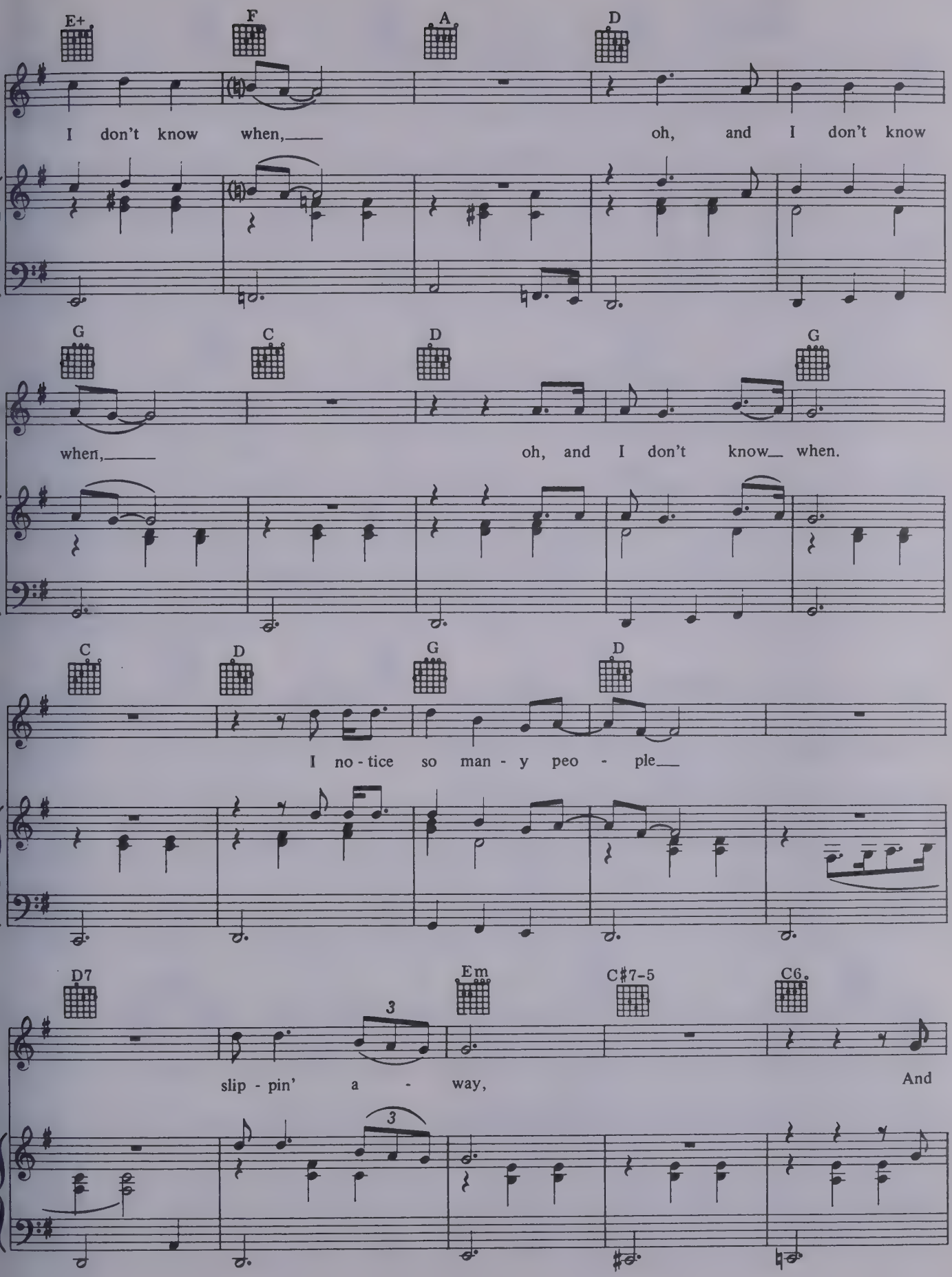
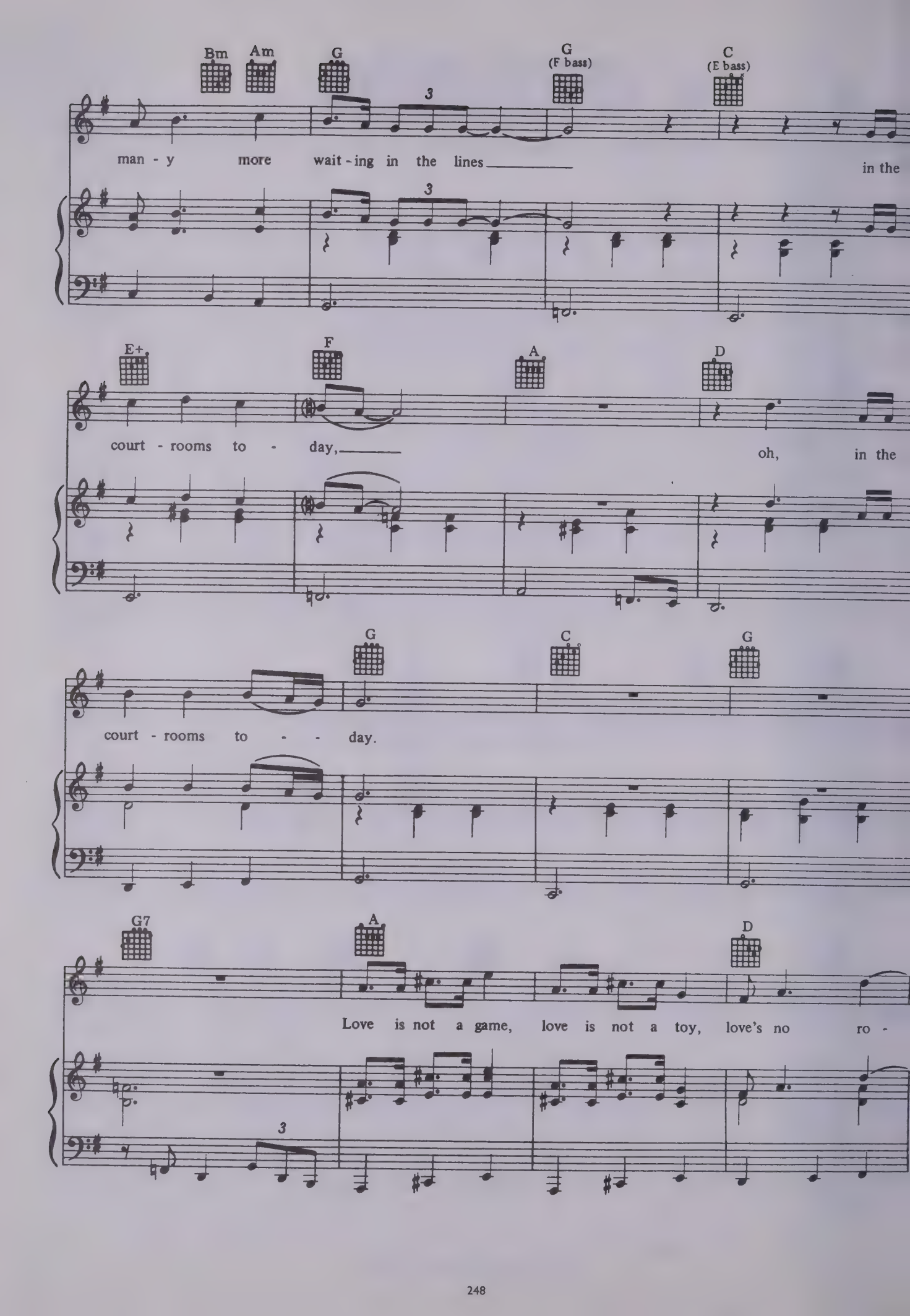
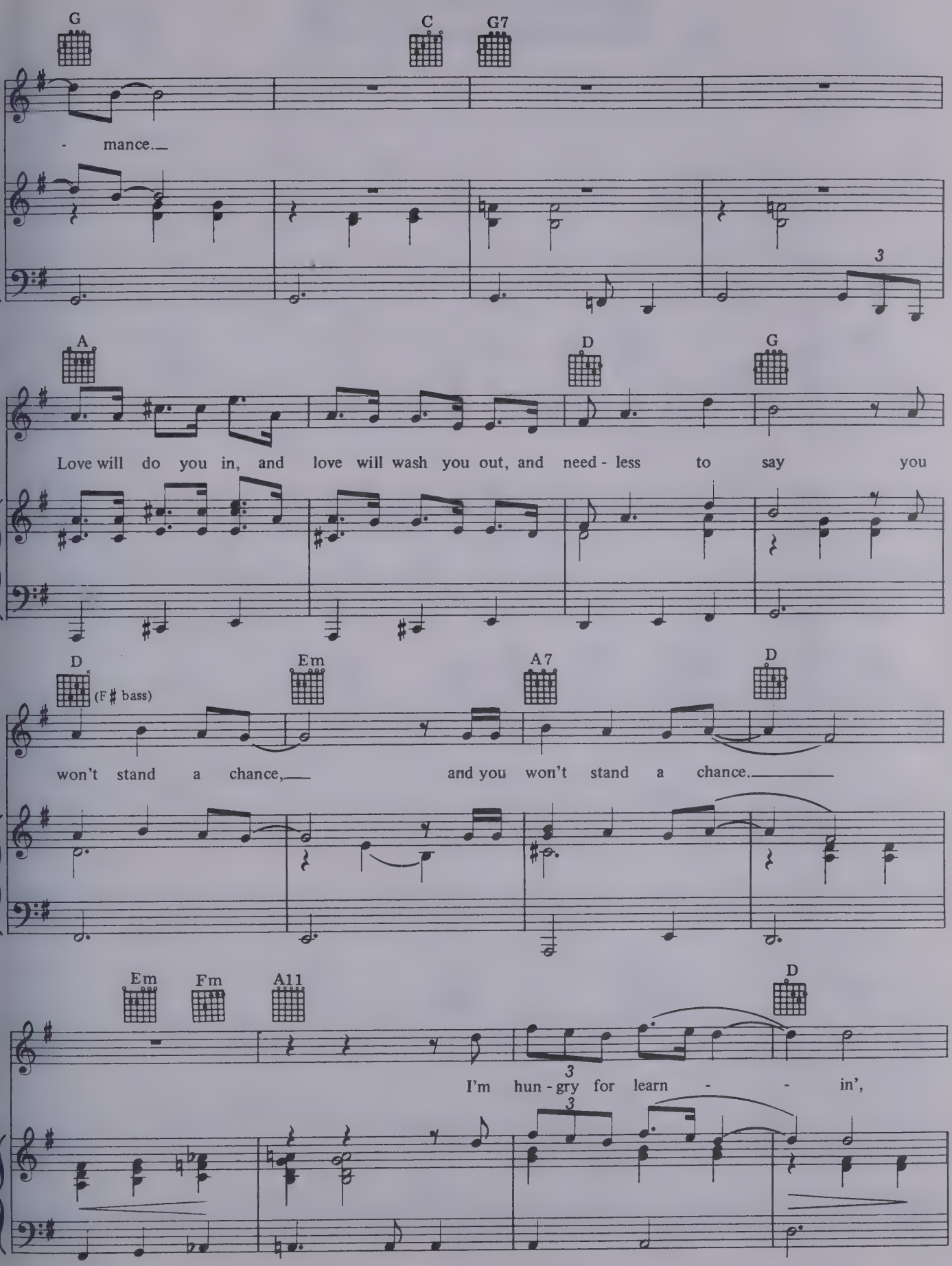
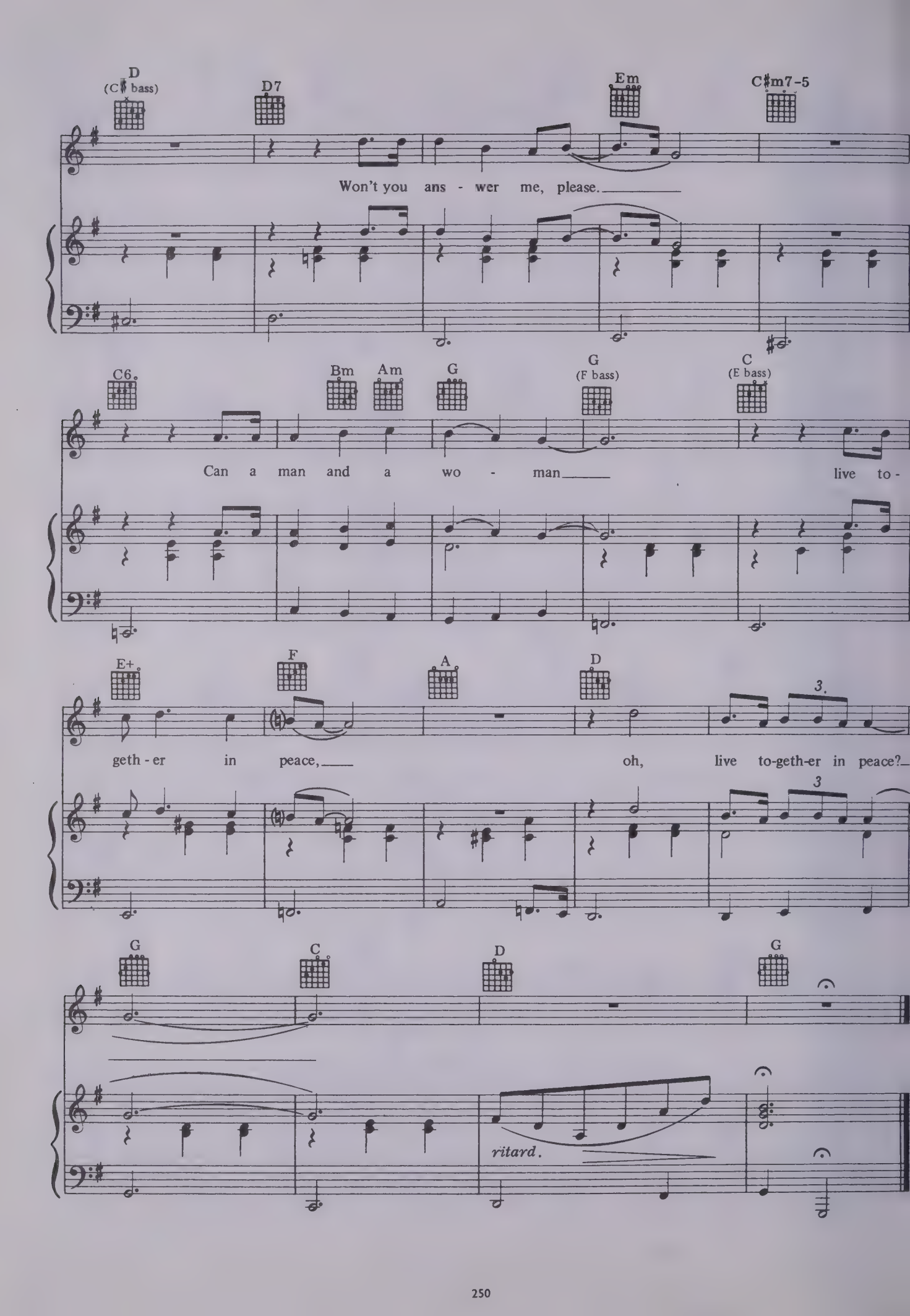

E+
F
A
D
I don't know when, oh, and I don't know
G
C
D
G
when, oh, and I don't know when.
C
D
G
D
I no - tice so man - y peo - ple
D7
Em
C#7-5
C6
3
slip - pin' a - way, And
3

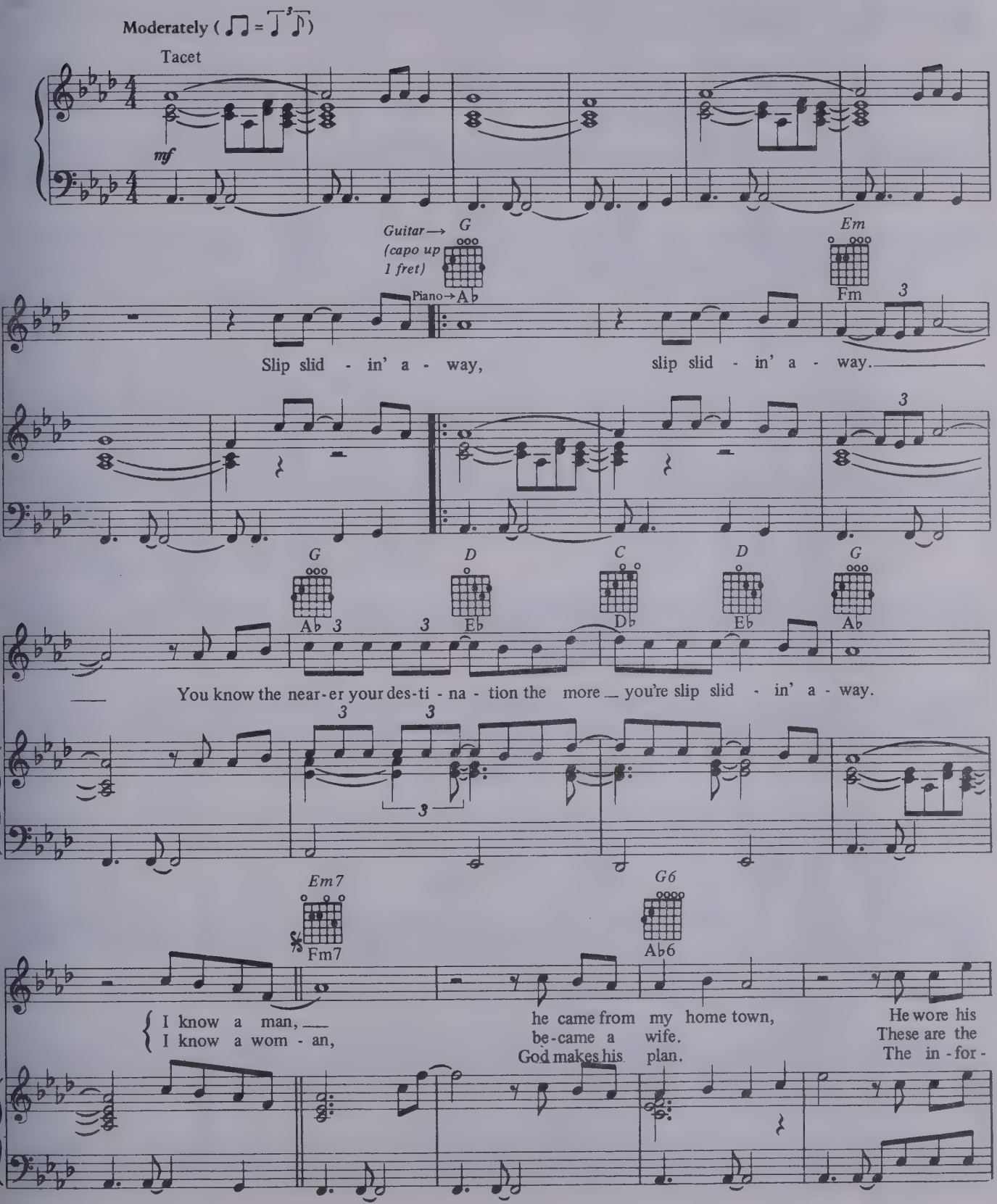

Bm
Am
G
G
(F bass)
C
(E bass)
man - y more wait - ing in the lines
in the
E+
F
A
D
court - rooms to - day,
oh, in the
G
C
G
court - rooms to - - day.
G7
A
D
Love is not a game, love is not a toy, love's no ro -


G
C
G7
- mance.
A
D
G
Love will do you in, and love will wash you out, and need - less to say you
D
(F♯ bass)
Em
A7
D
won't stand a chance, and you won't stand a chance.
Em
Fm
A11
D
I'm hun - gry for learn - - in',


D
(C♯ bass)
D7
Em
C♯m7-5
Won't you ans - wer me, please.
C6
Bm
Am
G
G
(F bass)
C
(E bass)
Can a man and a wo - man live to -
E+
F
A
D
geth - er in peace, oh, live to-geth-er in peace?
3.
3
G
C
D
G
ritard.

Slip Slidin' Away.

Words and music by Paul Simon.



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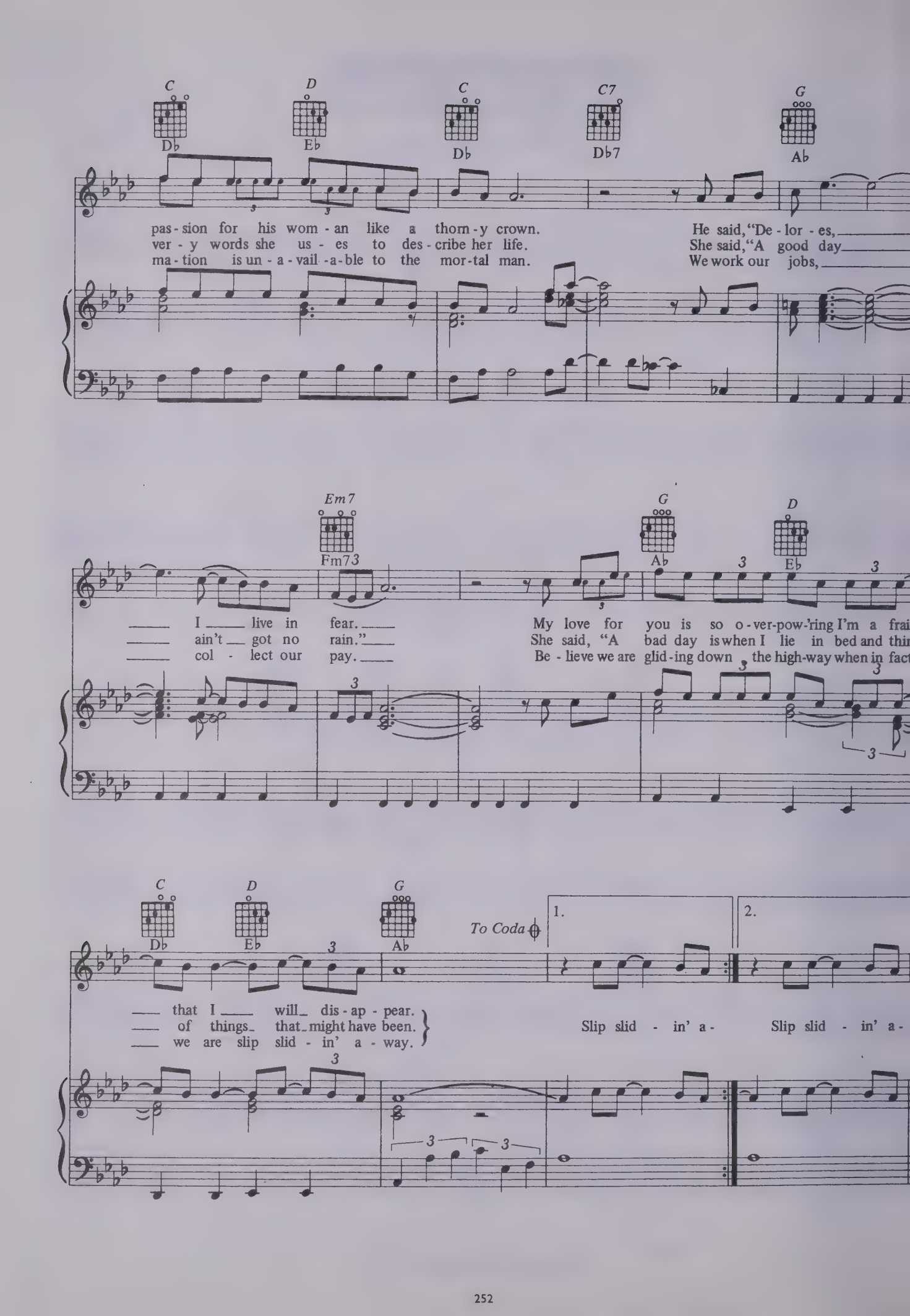
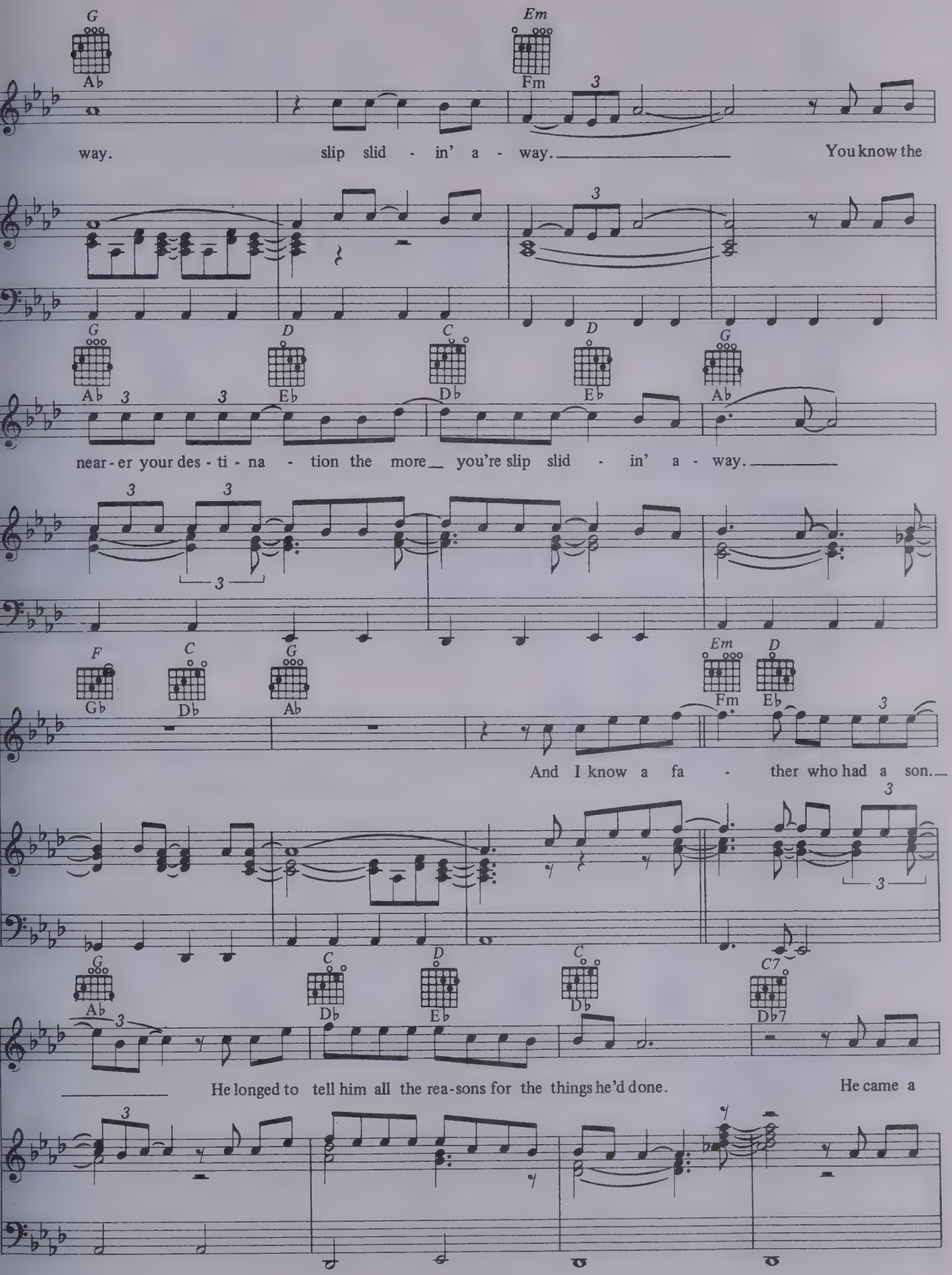
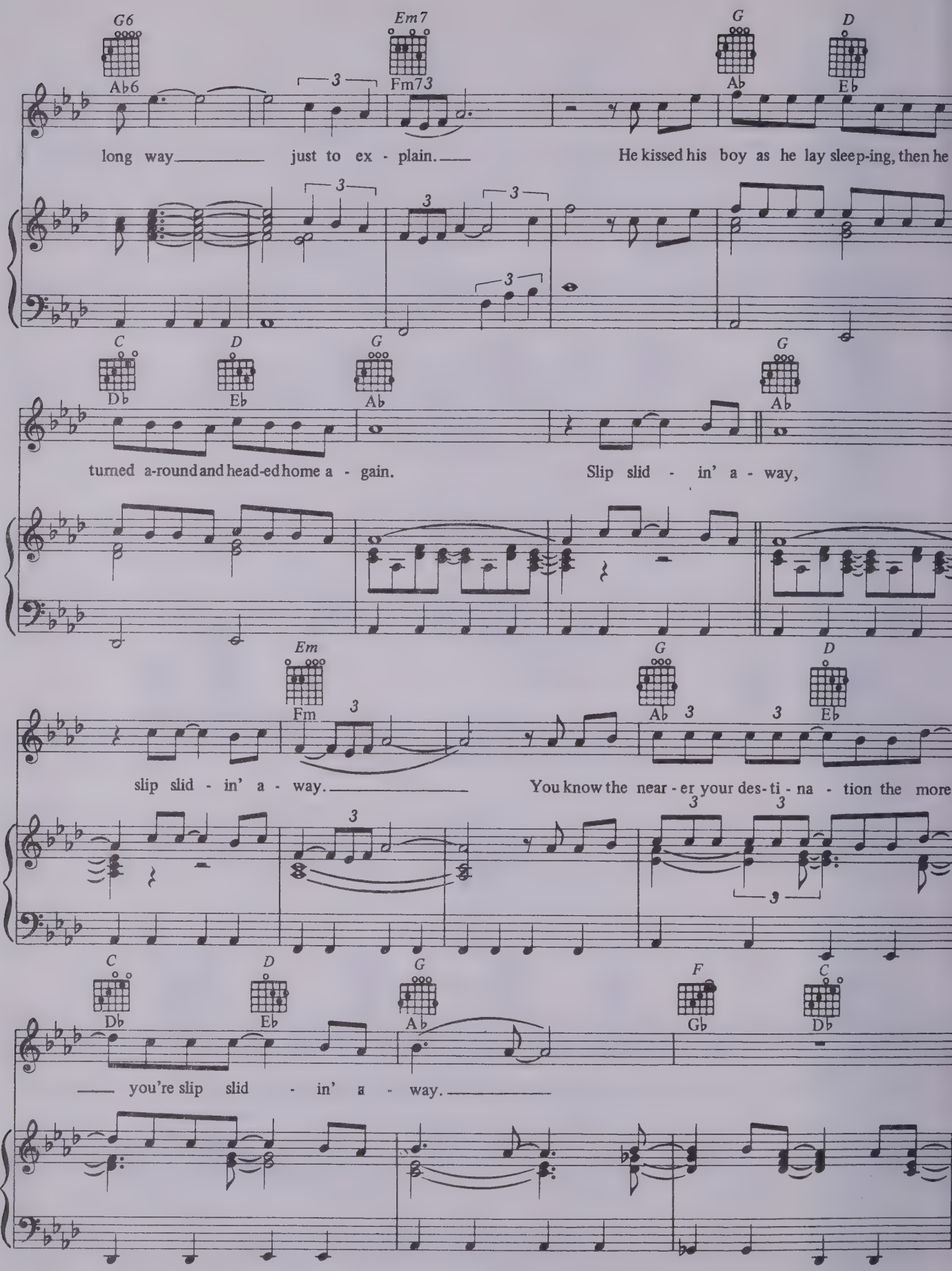
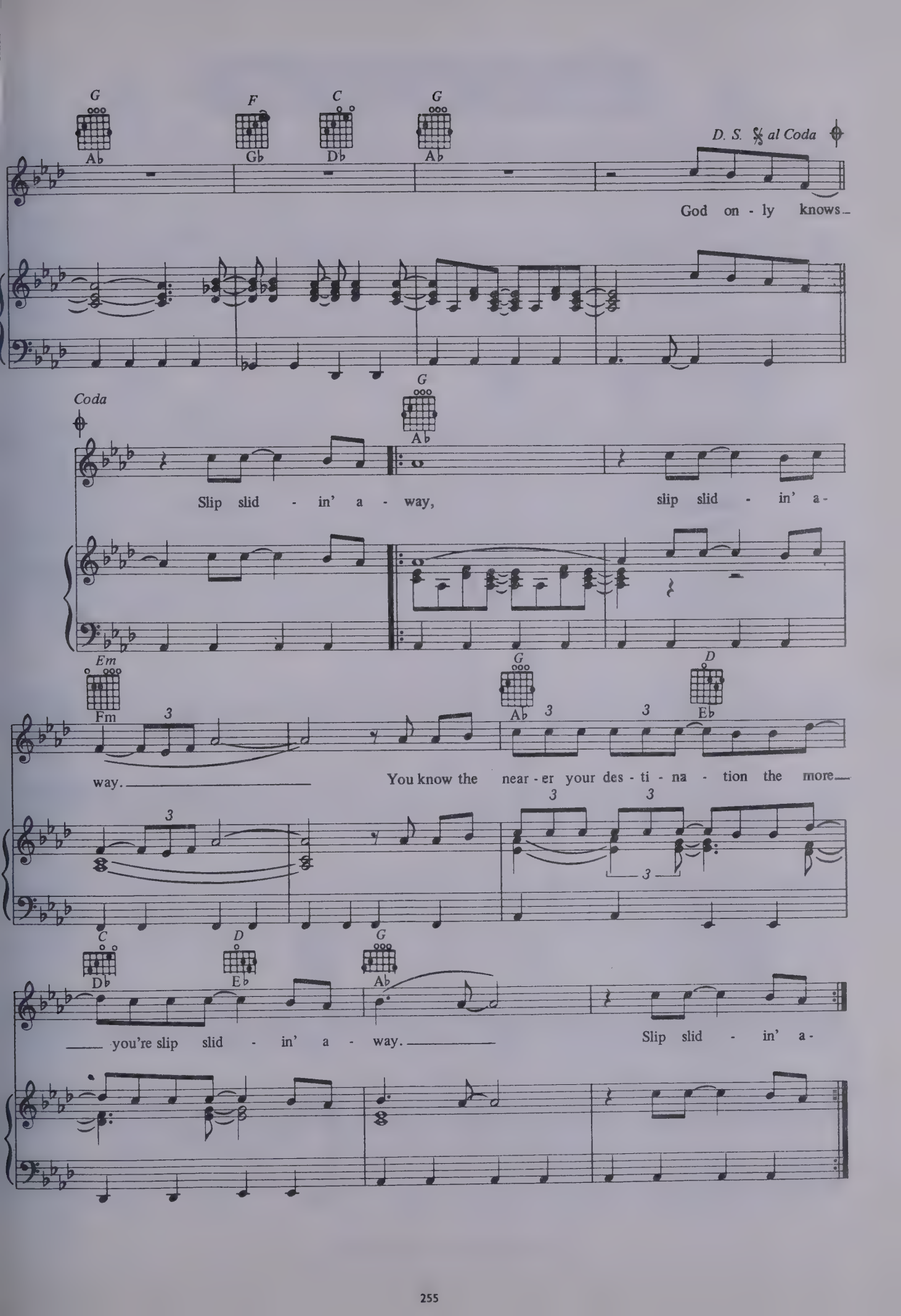
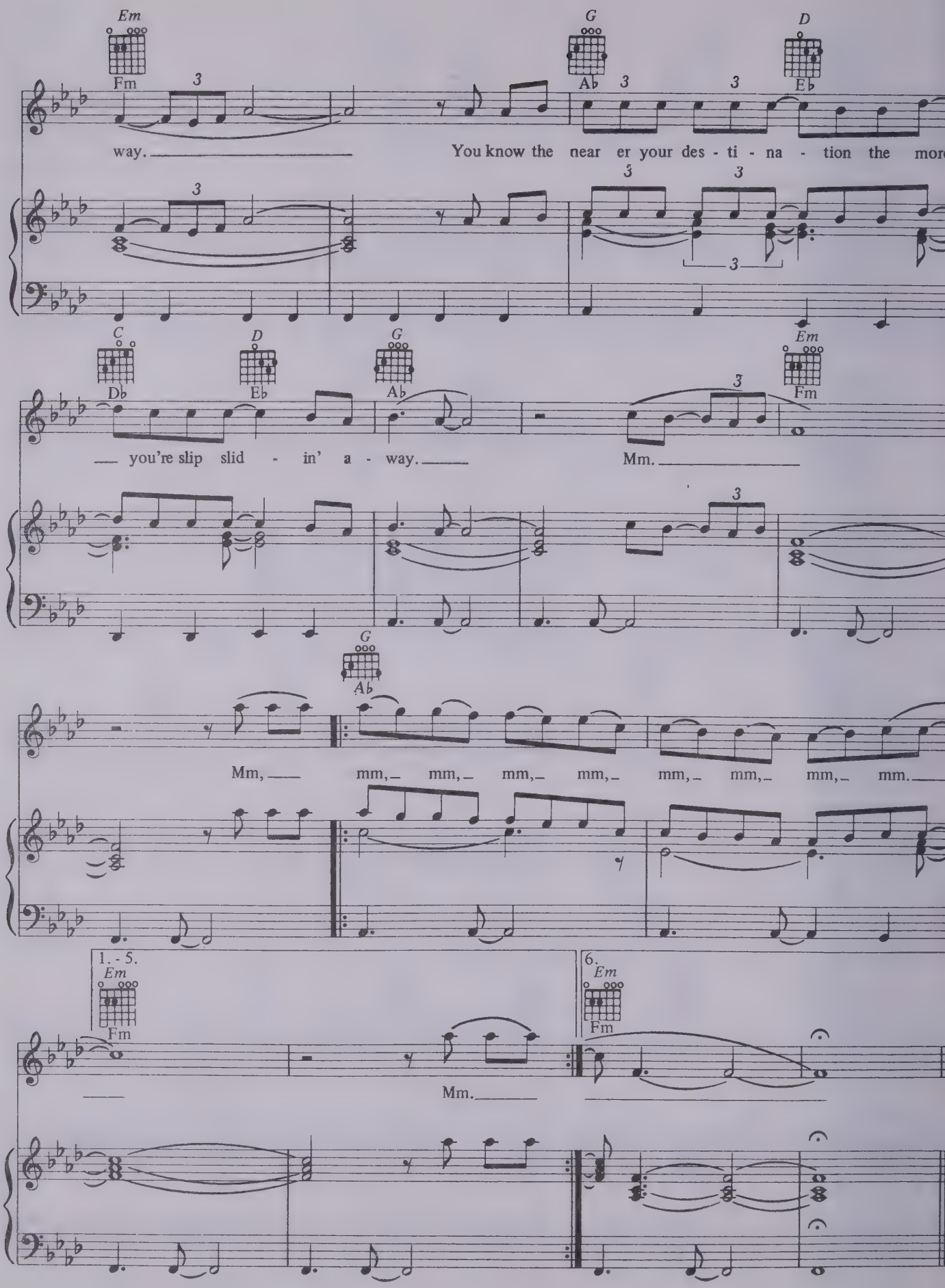

C
D
C
C7
G
Db
Eb
Db
Db7
Ab
pas - sion for his wom - an like a thorn - y crown.
ver - y words she us - es to des - cribe her life.
ma - tion is un - a - vail - a - ble to the mor - tal man.
He said, "De - lor - es,
She said, "A good day
We work our jobs,
Em7
Fm73
G
D
Ab
Eb
I live in fear.
ain't got no rain."
col - lect our pay.
My love for you is so o - ver-pow-'ring I'm a frai
She said, "A bad day is when I lie in bed and thin
Be - lieve we are glid - ing down the high-way when in fact
C
D
G
Db
Eb
Ab
To Coda
1.
2.
that I will dis - ap - pear.
of things that might have been.
we are slip slid - in' a - way.
Slip slid - in' a -
Slip slid - in' a -


G Ab
Em Fm
way. slip slid - in' a - way. You know the
G Ab
D Eb
C Db
D Eb
G Ab
near - er your des - ti - na - tion the more you're slip slid - in' a - way.
F Gb
C Db
G Ab
Em Fm
D Eb
And I know a fa - ther who had a son.
G Ab
C Db
D Eb
C Db
C7 Db7
He longed to tell him all the rea-sons for the things he'd done. He came a

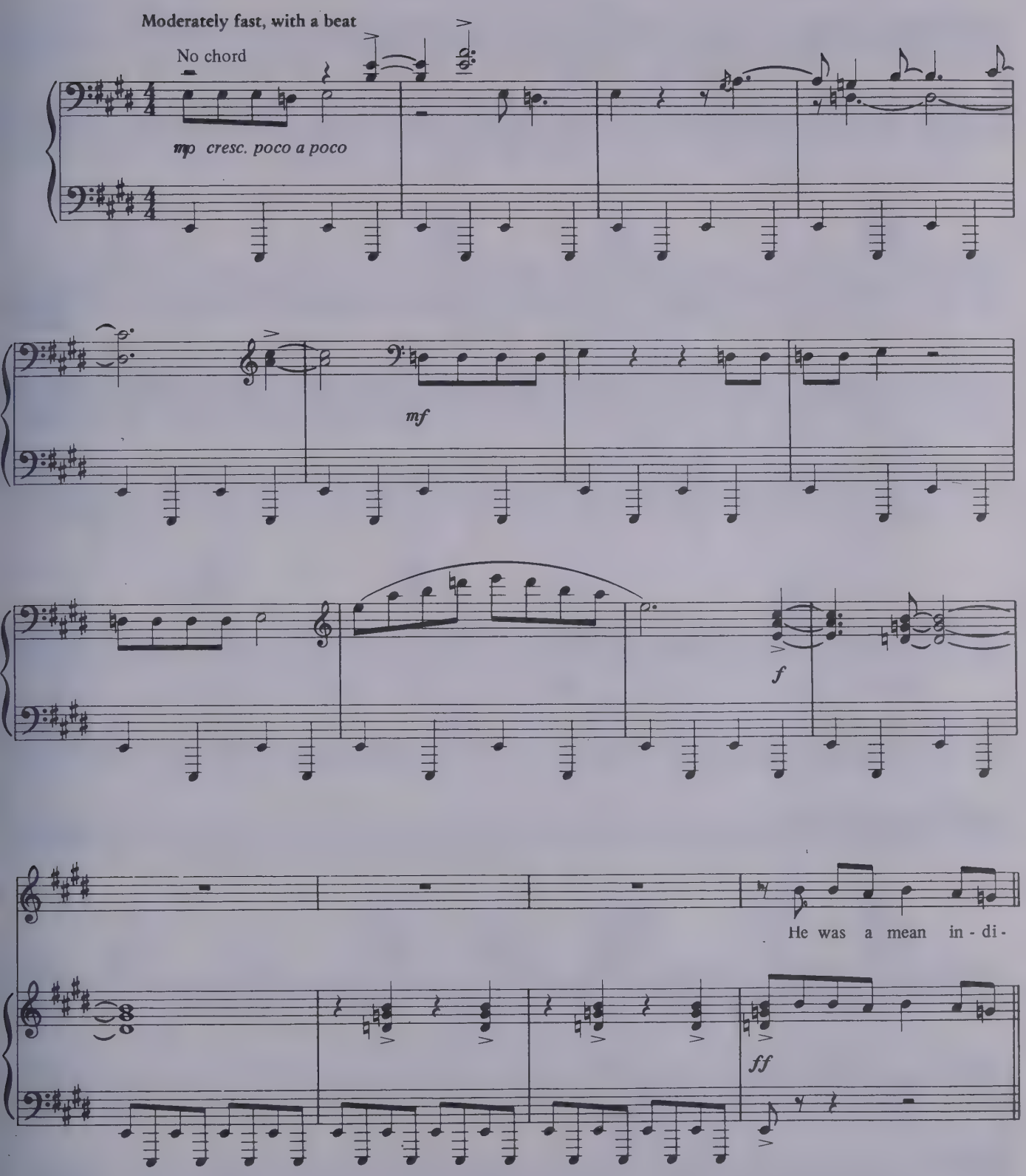

G6
Ab6
Em7
Fm73
G
Ab
D
Eb
long way just to ex - plain. He kissed his boy as he lay sleep-ing, then he
C
Db
D
Eb
G
Ab
G
Ab
turned a-round and head-ed home a - gain. Slip slid - in' a - way,
Em
Fm
G
Ab
D
Eb
slip slid - in' a - way. You know the near - er your des- ti - na - tion the more
C
Db
D
Eb
G
Ab
F
Gb
C
Db
you're slip slid - in' a - way.


G
Ab
F
Gb
C
Db
G
Ab
D. S. al Coda
God on - ly knows
Coda
G
Ab
Slip slid - in' a - way,
slip slid - in' a -
Em
Fm
G
Ab
D
Eb
way.
You know the near - er your des - ti - na - tion the more
C
Db
D
Eb
G
Ab
you're slip slid - in' a - way.
Slip slid - in' a -


Em
Fm
way.
G
Ab
D
Eb
You know the near er your des - ti - na - tion the mor
C
Db
you're slip slid - in' a - way.
Mm.
Mm, mm, mm, mm, mm, mm, mm, mm, mm.
1. - 5.
6.
Mm.

Stranded In A Limousine.

Words and music by Paul Simon.



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Moderately fast, funky beat

E7

vid - u - al, he had a heart like a bone. He was a nat - ur - al

A7 E7

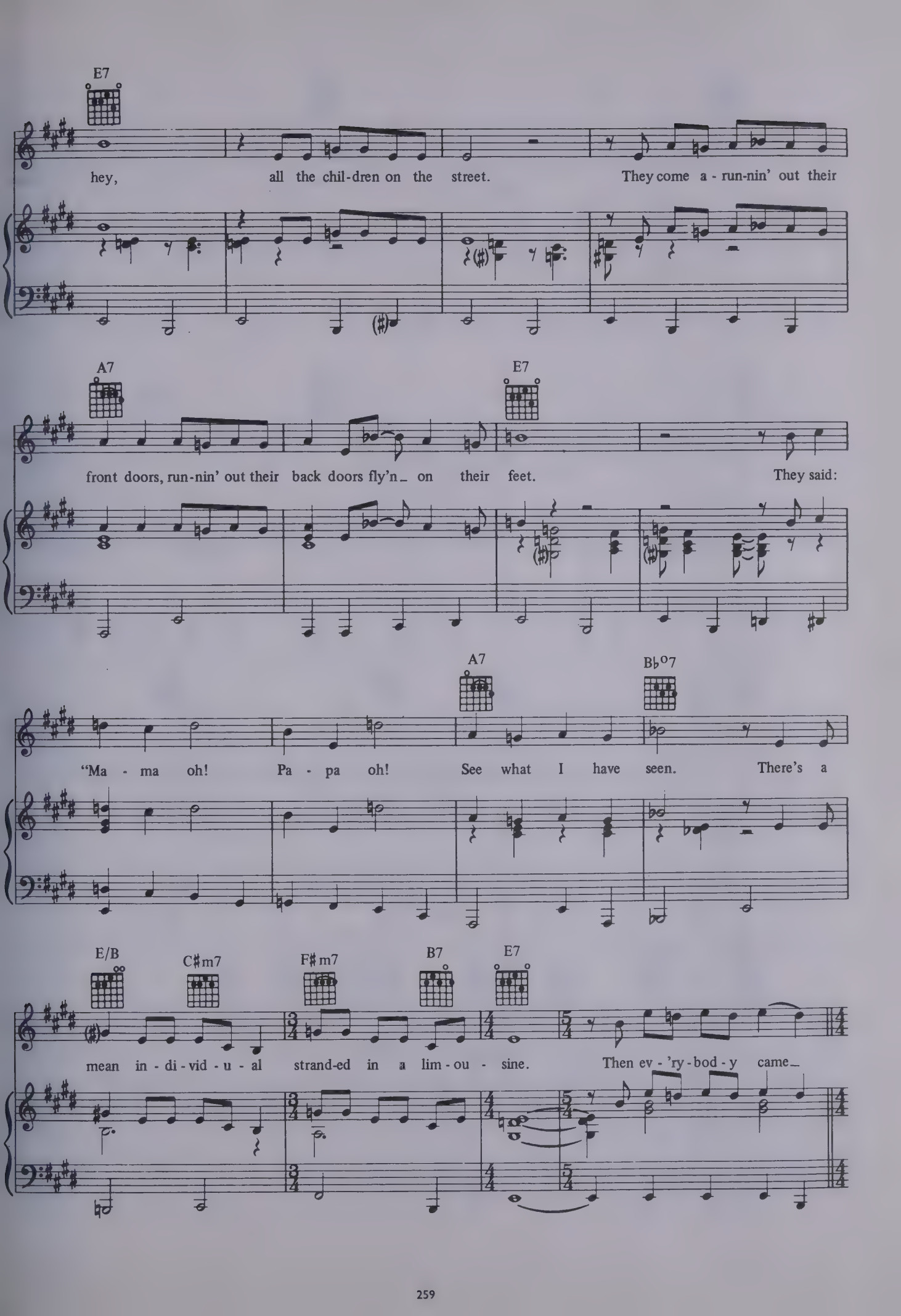
cra - zy man and bet - ter off left a - lone. Well, he

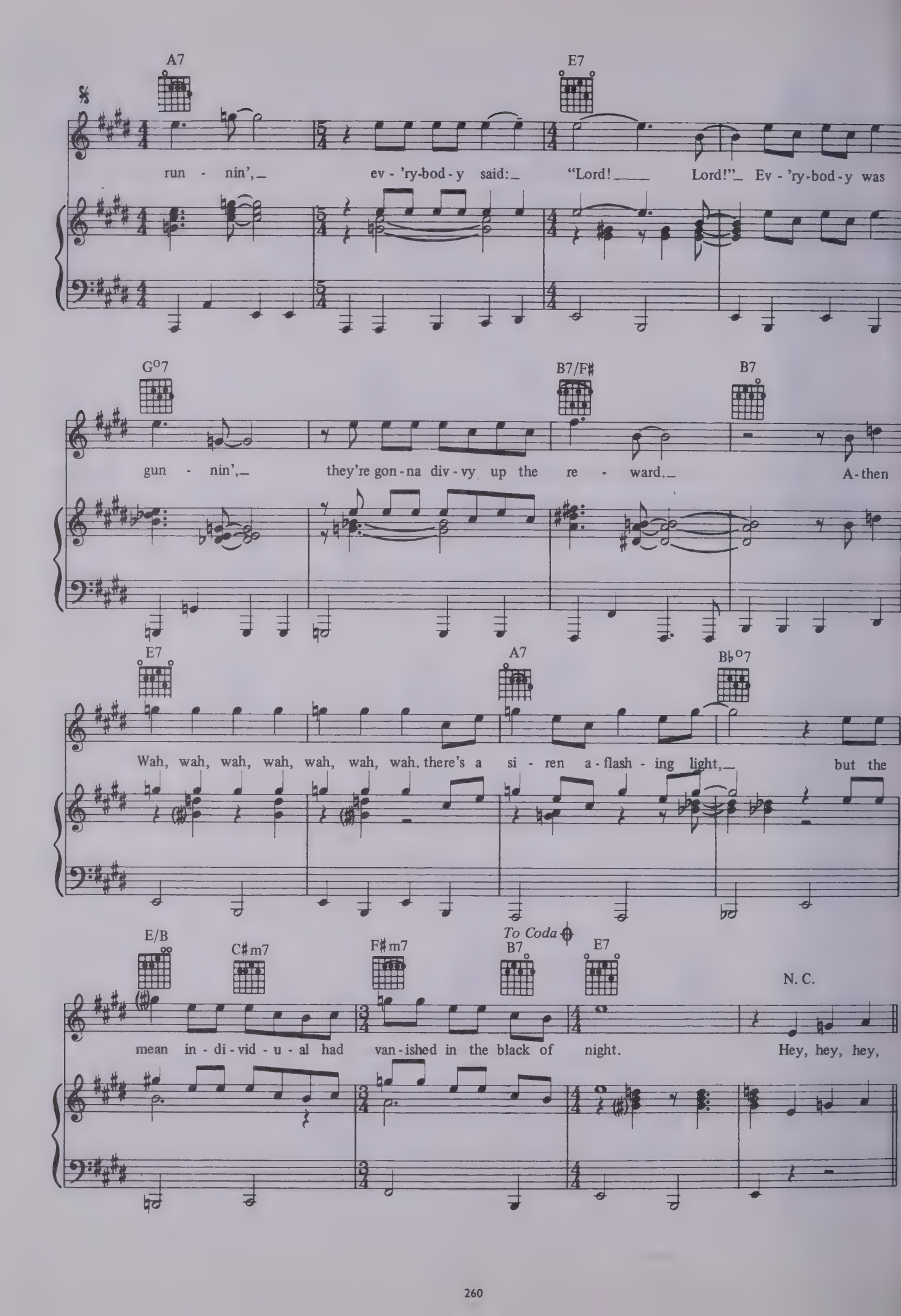
A7 B♭o7

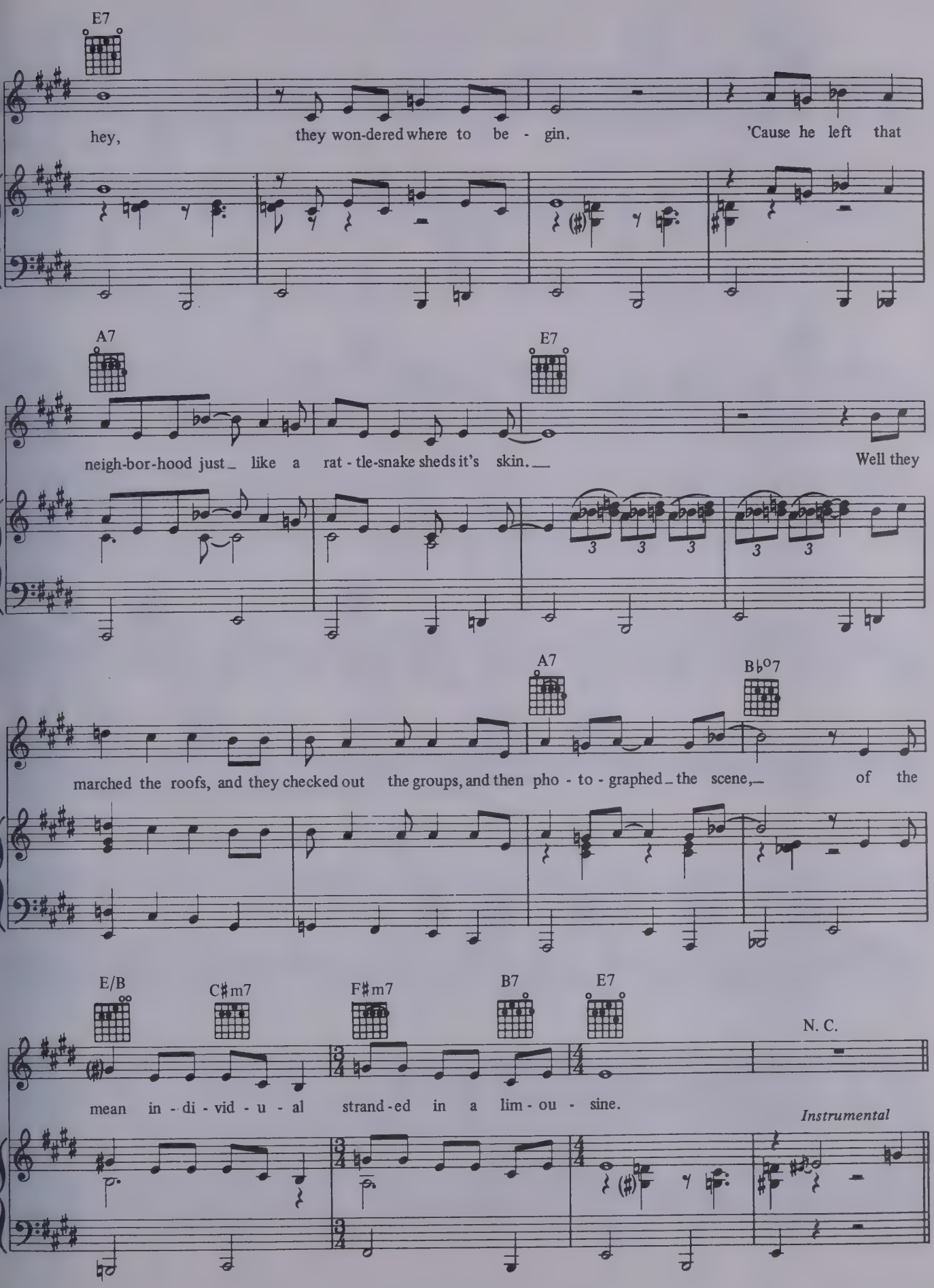
stopped one night at a traf - fic light and a - when that light turned green, he was a

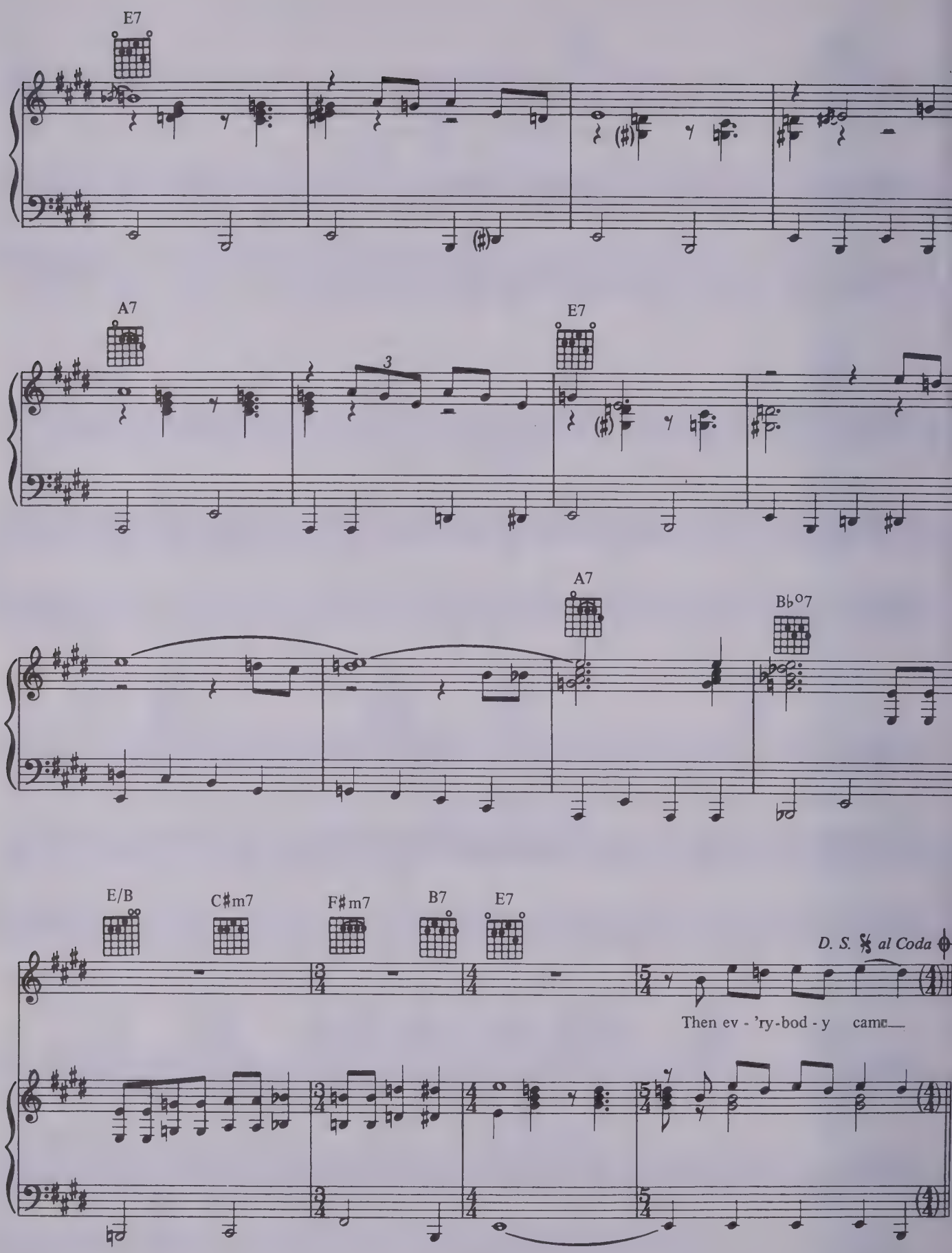
E/B C♯m7 F♯m7 B7 E7 N. C.

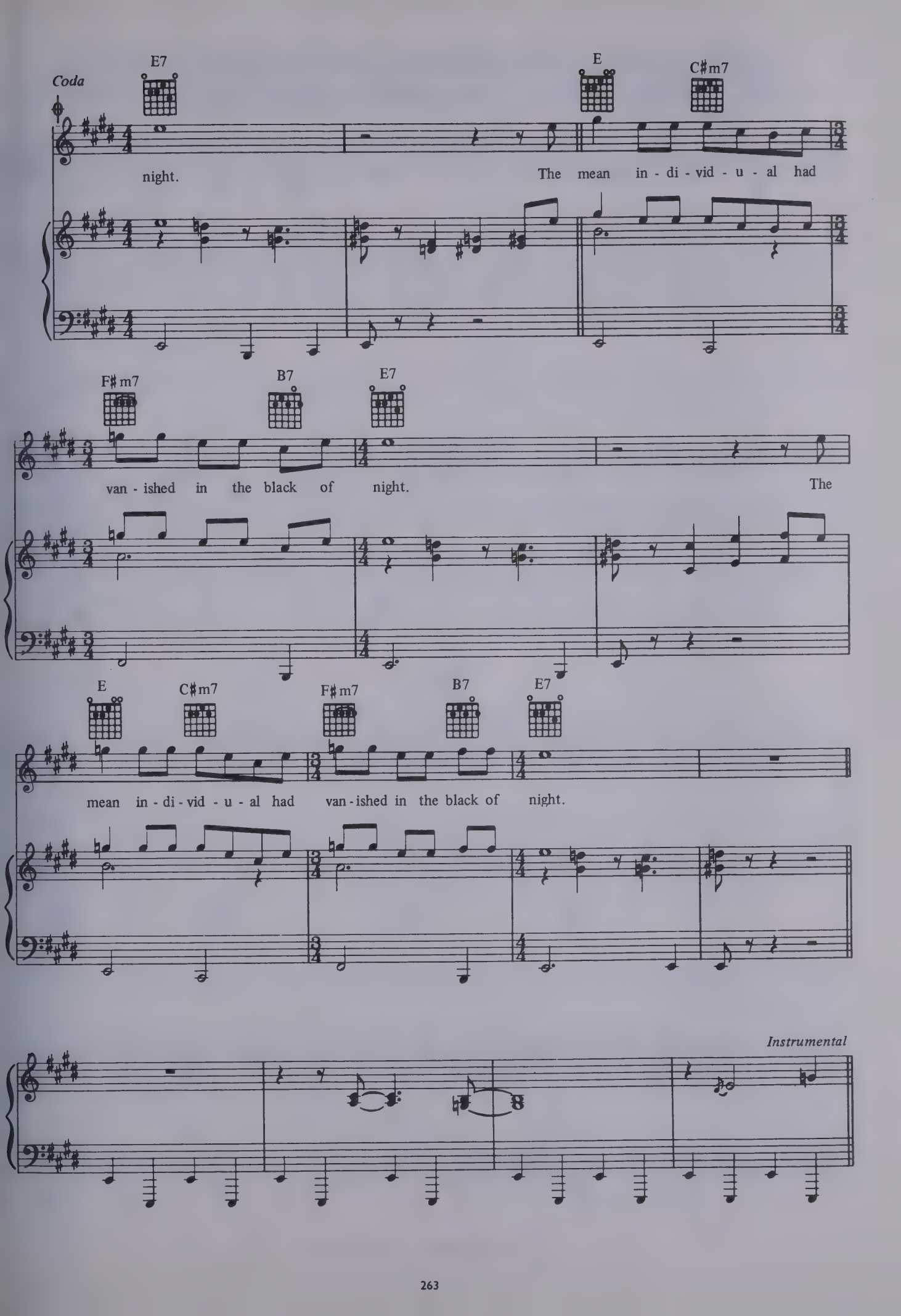
mean in - di - vid - u - al strand - ed in a lim - ou - sine. Hey, hey, hey,

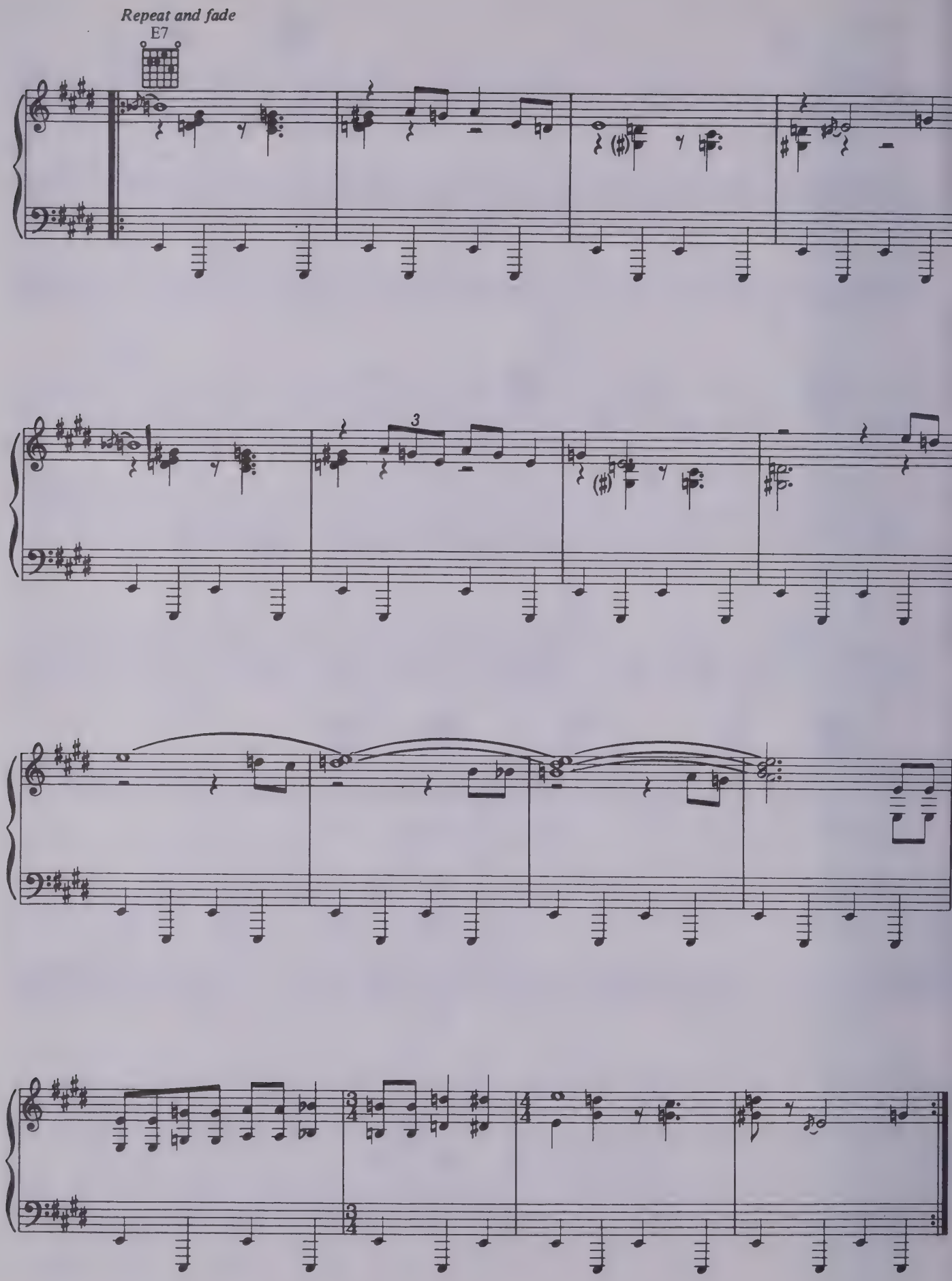

E7
hey, all the chil-dren on the street. They come a - run-nin' out their
A7
E7
front doors, run-nin' out their back doors fly'n on their feet. They said:
A7
B♭o7
"Ma - ma oh! Pa - pa oh! See what I have seen. There's a
E/B
C♯m7
F♯m7
B7
E7
mean in - di - vid - u - al strand-ed in a lim - ou - sine. Then ev - 'ry - bod - y came


A7
E7
run - nin', ev - 'ry-bod - y said: "Lord! Lord!" Ev - 'ry-bod - y was
G°7
B7/F♯
B7
gun - nin', they're gon - na div - vy up the re - ward. A - then
E7
A7
B♭°7
Wah, wah, wah, wah, wah, wah, wah. there's a si - ren a - flash - ing light, but the
E/B
C♯m7
F♯m7
To Coda
B7
E7
N. C.
mean in - di - vid - u - al had van - ished in the black of night. Hey, hey, hey,


E7
hey, they won-dered where to be - gin. 'Cause he left that
A7
E7
neigh-bor-hood just like a rat - tle-snake sheds it's skin. Well they
A7
B♭o7
marched the roofs, and they checked out the groups, and then pho - to - graphed the scene, of the
E/B
C♯m7
F♯m7
B7
E7
N. C.
mean in - di - vid - u - al strand - ed in a lim - ou - sine.
Instrumental

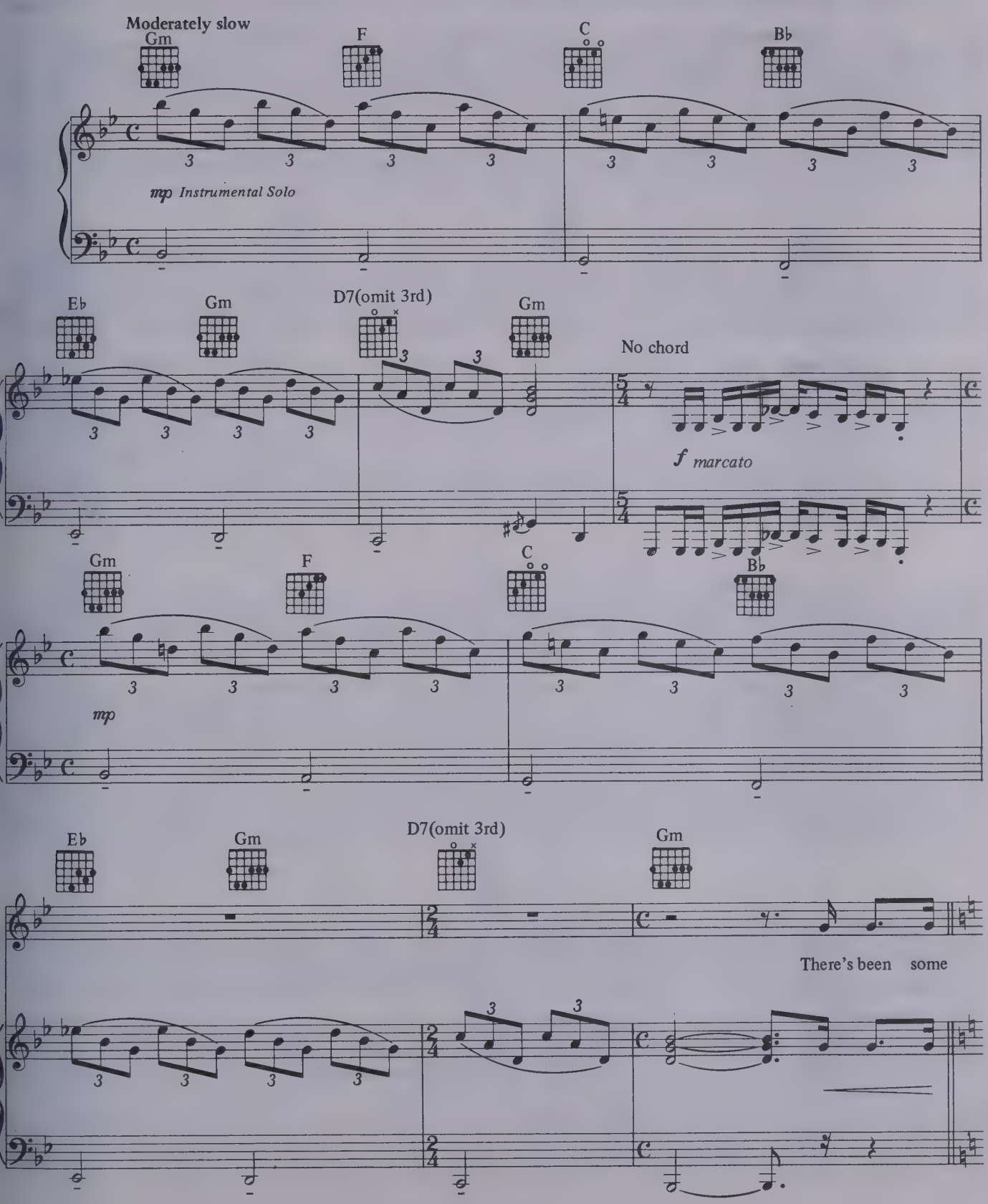

E7
A7
E7
A7
B♭o7
E/B
C♯m7
F♯m7
B7
E7
D. S. 𝄋 al Coda
Then ev - 'ry-bod - y came


Coda
E7
E
C♯m7
night.
The mean in - di - vid - u - al had
F♯m7
B7
E7
van - ished in the black of night.
The
E
C♯m7
F♯m7
B7
E7
mean in - di - vid - u - al had van - ished in the black of night.
Instrumental


Repeat and fade
E7
3

One Man's Ceiling Is Another Man's Floor.

Words and music by Paul Simon.



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G

hard feel - ings here a - bout some words that were said, Been some

mf *light shuffle*

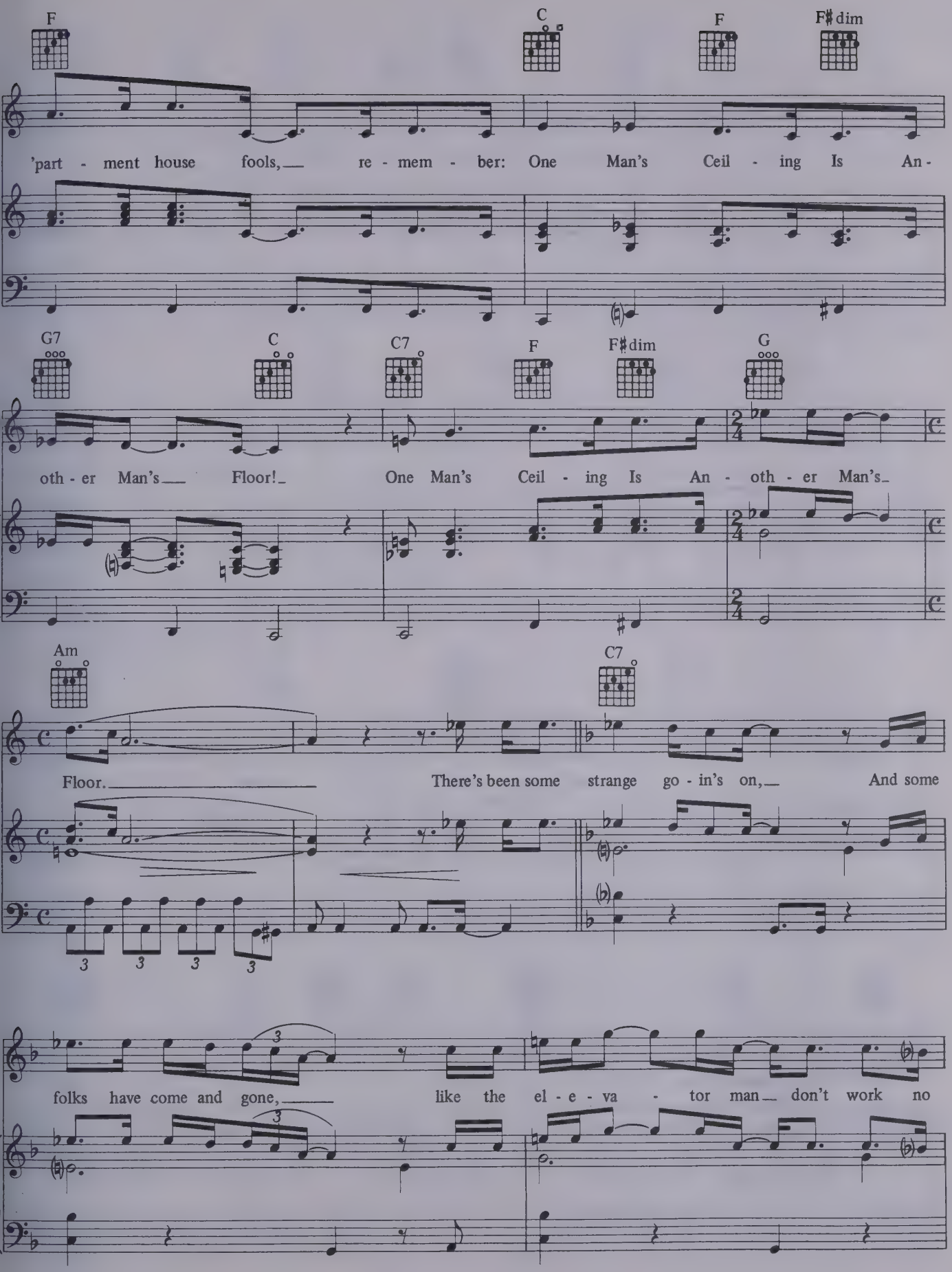
G7 C7

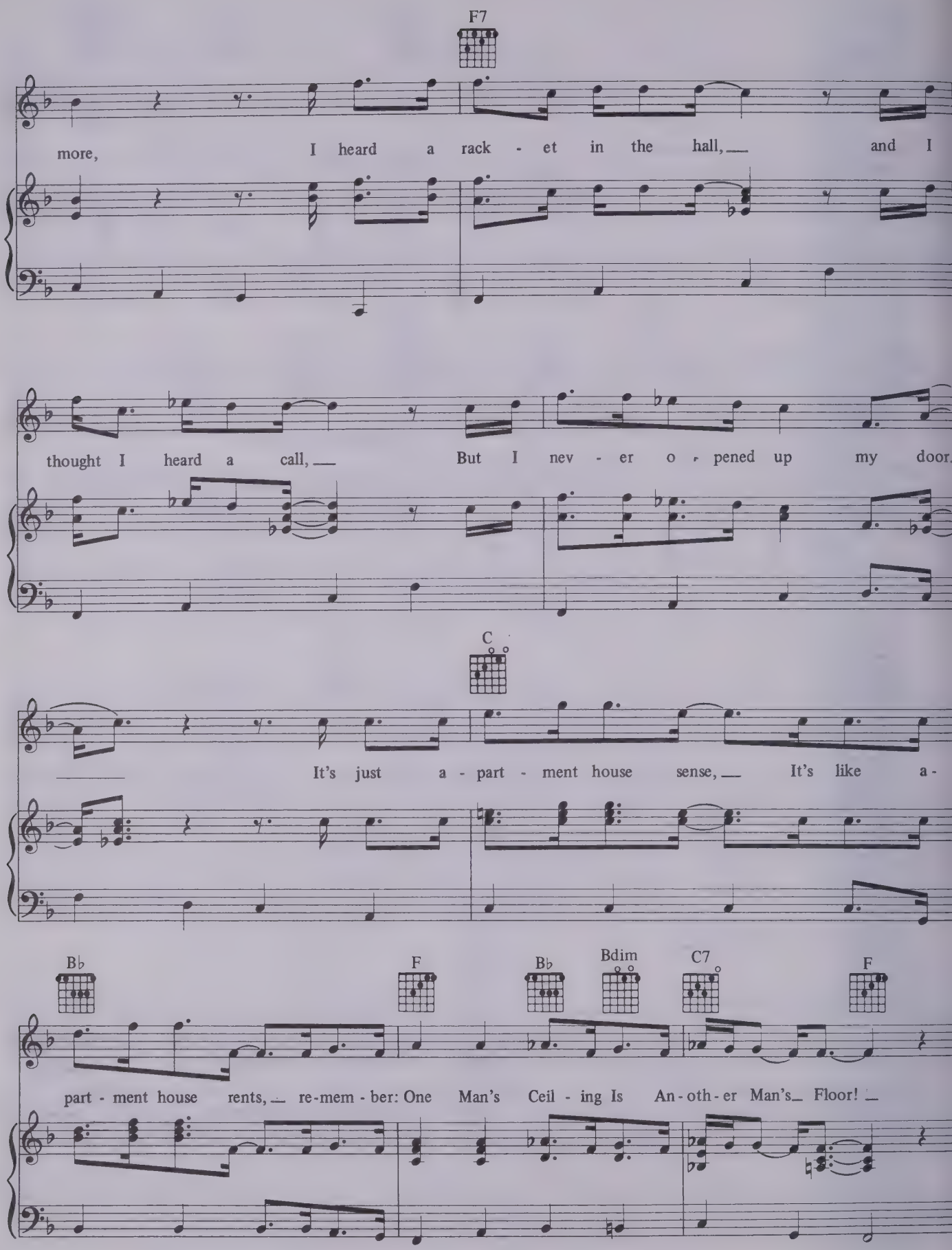
hard feel - ings here, and what is more, There's been a blood - y pur - ple nose, And som

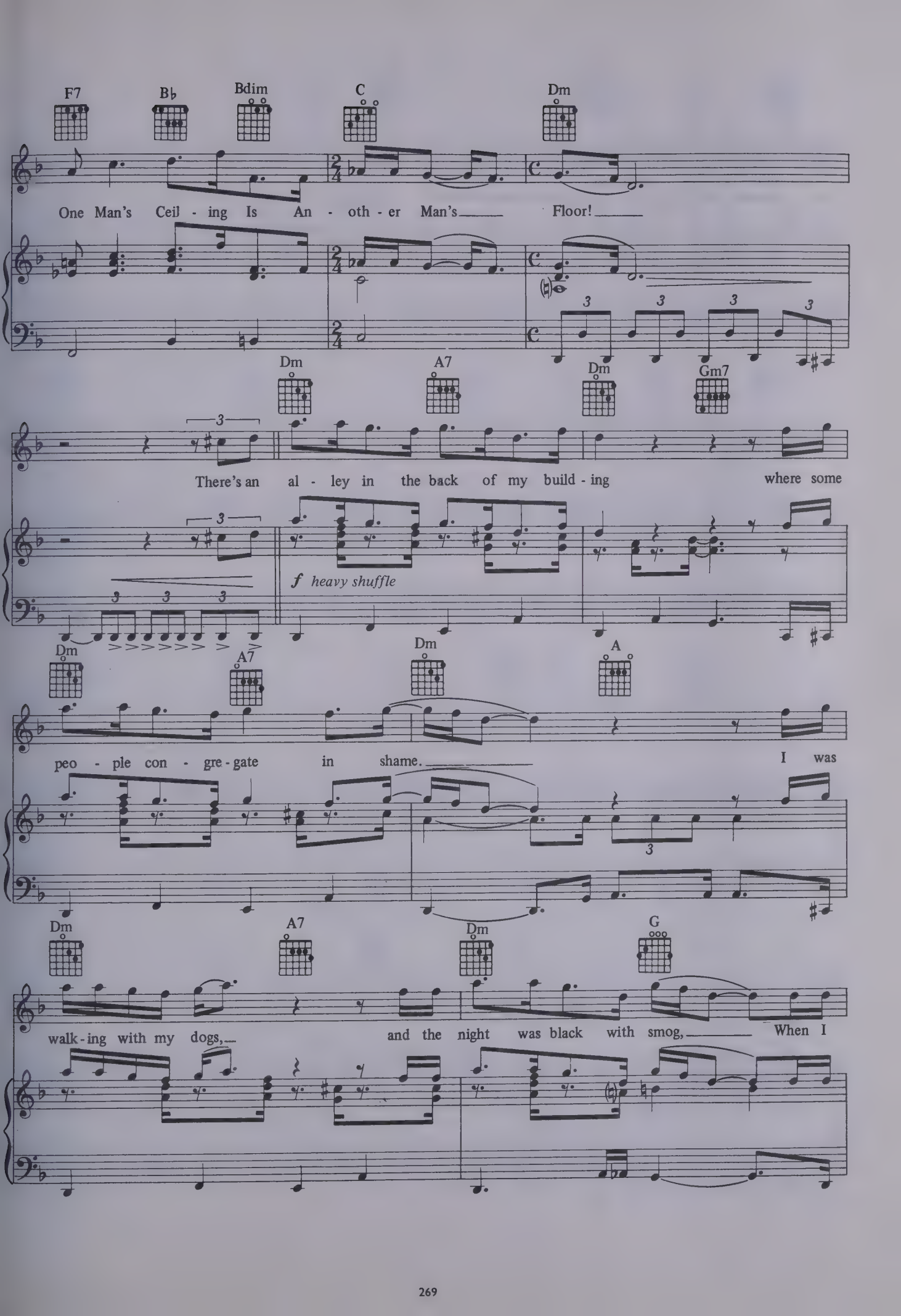
blood - y pur - ple clothes that were mess - in' up the lob - by

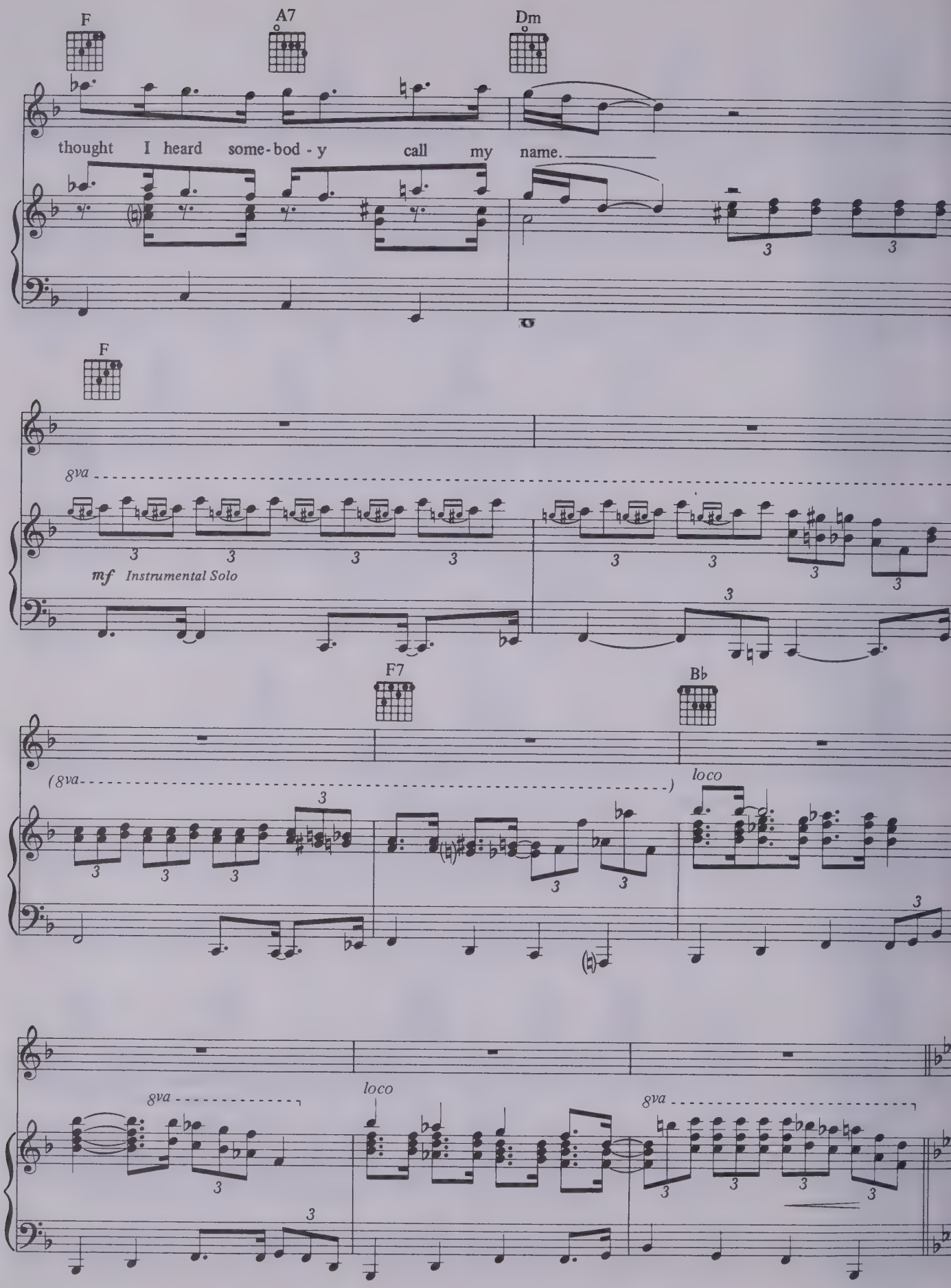
G

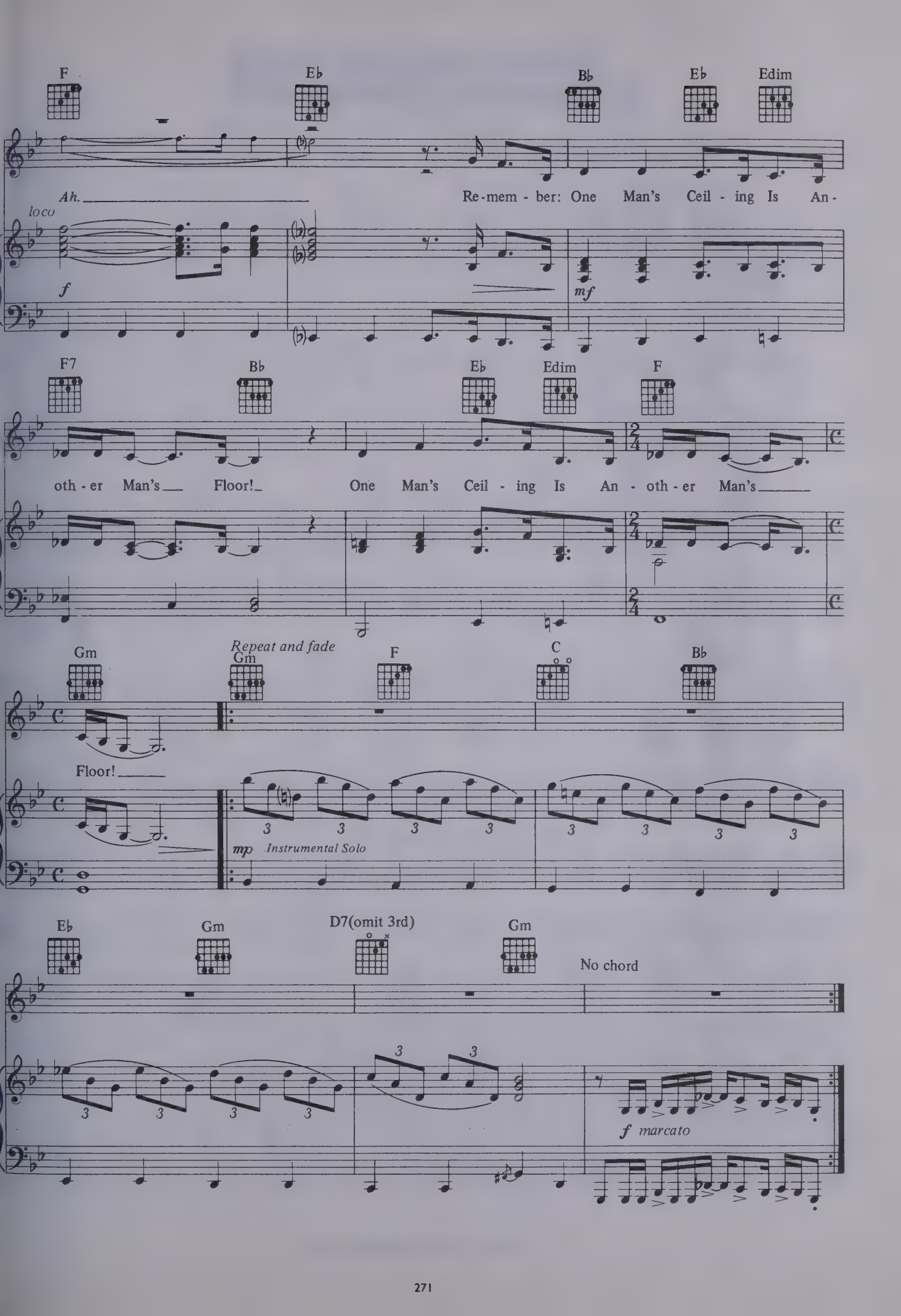
floor, It's just a - part - ment house rules, So all you


F
C
F
F♯dim
'part - ment house fools, re - mem - ber: One Man's Ceil - ing Is An -
G7
C
C7
F
F♯dim
G
oth - er Man's Floor! One Man's Ceil - ing Is An - oth - er Man's
Am
C7
Floor. There's been some strange go - in's on, And some
folks have come and gone, like the el - e - va - tor man don't work no


F7
more, I heard a rack - et in the hall, and I
thought I heard a call, But I nev - er o - pened up my door.
C
It's just a - part - ment house sense, It's like a -
B♭ F B♭ Bdim C7 F
part - ment house rents, re-mem - ber: One Man's Ceil - ing Is An - oth - er Man's Floor!

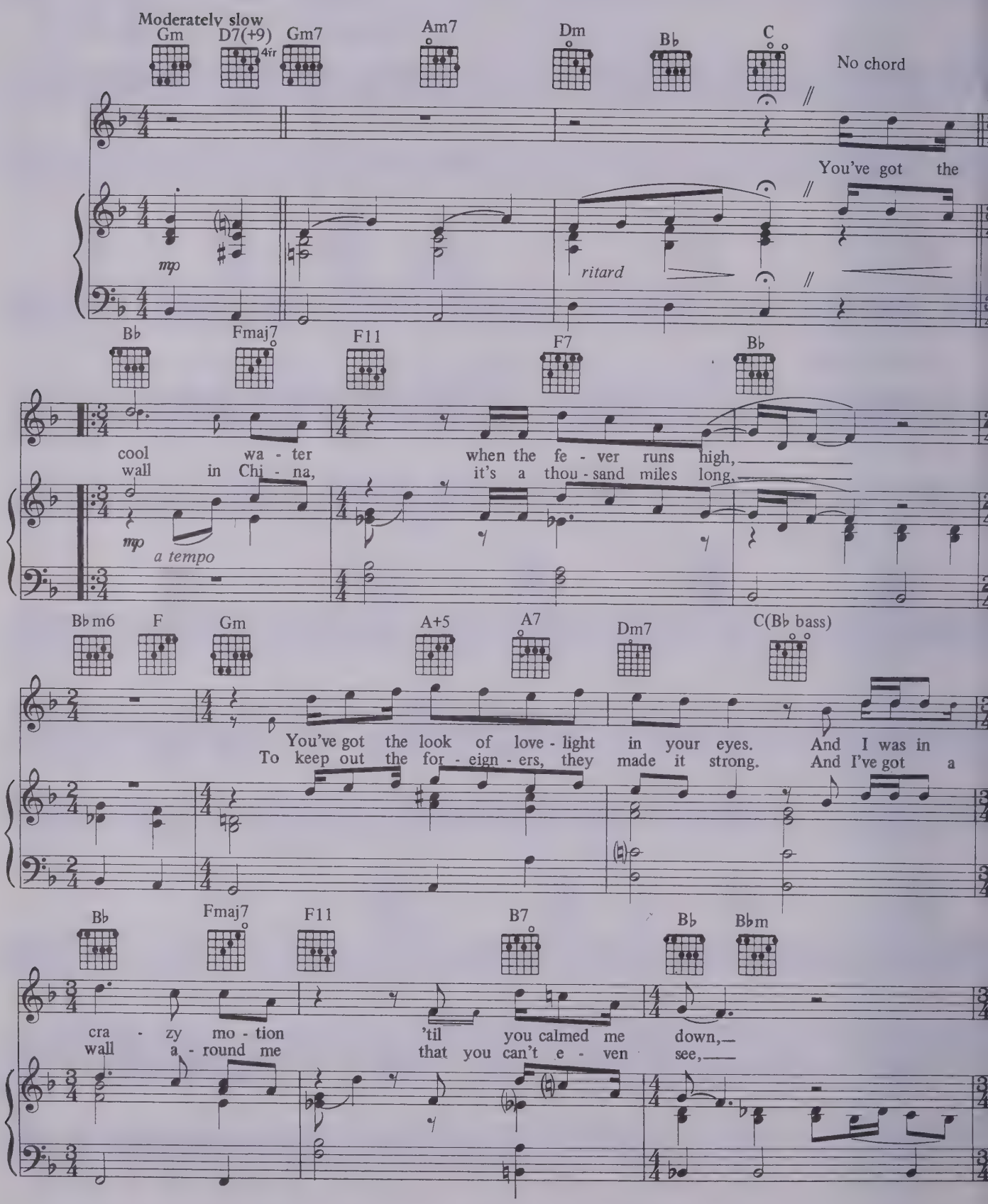

F7
B♭
Bdim
C
Dm
One Man's Ceil - ing Is An - oth - er Man's Floor!
Dm
A7
Dm
Gm7
There's an al - ley in the back of my build - ing where some
f heavy shuffle
Dm
A7
Dm
A
peo - ple con - gre - gate in shame. I was
Dm
A7
Dm
G
walk - ing with my dogs, and the night was black with smog, When I


F
A7
Dm
thought I heard some-bod-y call my name.
F
8va
mf Instrumental Solo
F7
Bb
(8va
loco
8va
loco
8va


F
E♭
B♭
E♭
Edim
Ah.
Re-mem - ber: One Man's Ceil - ing Is An -
loco
f
mf
F7
B♭
E♭
Edim
F
oth - er Man's Floor! One Man's Ceil - ing Is An - oth - er Man's
Gm
Repeat and fade
Gm
F
C
B♭
Floor!
mp
Instrumental Solo
E♭
Gm
D7(omit 3rd)
Gm
No chord
f marcato

Something So Right.

Words and music by Paul Simon.



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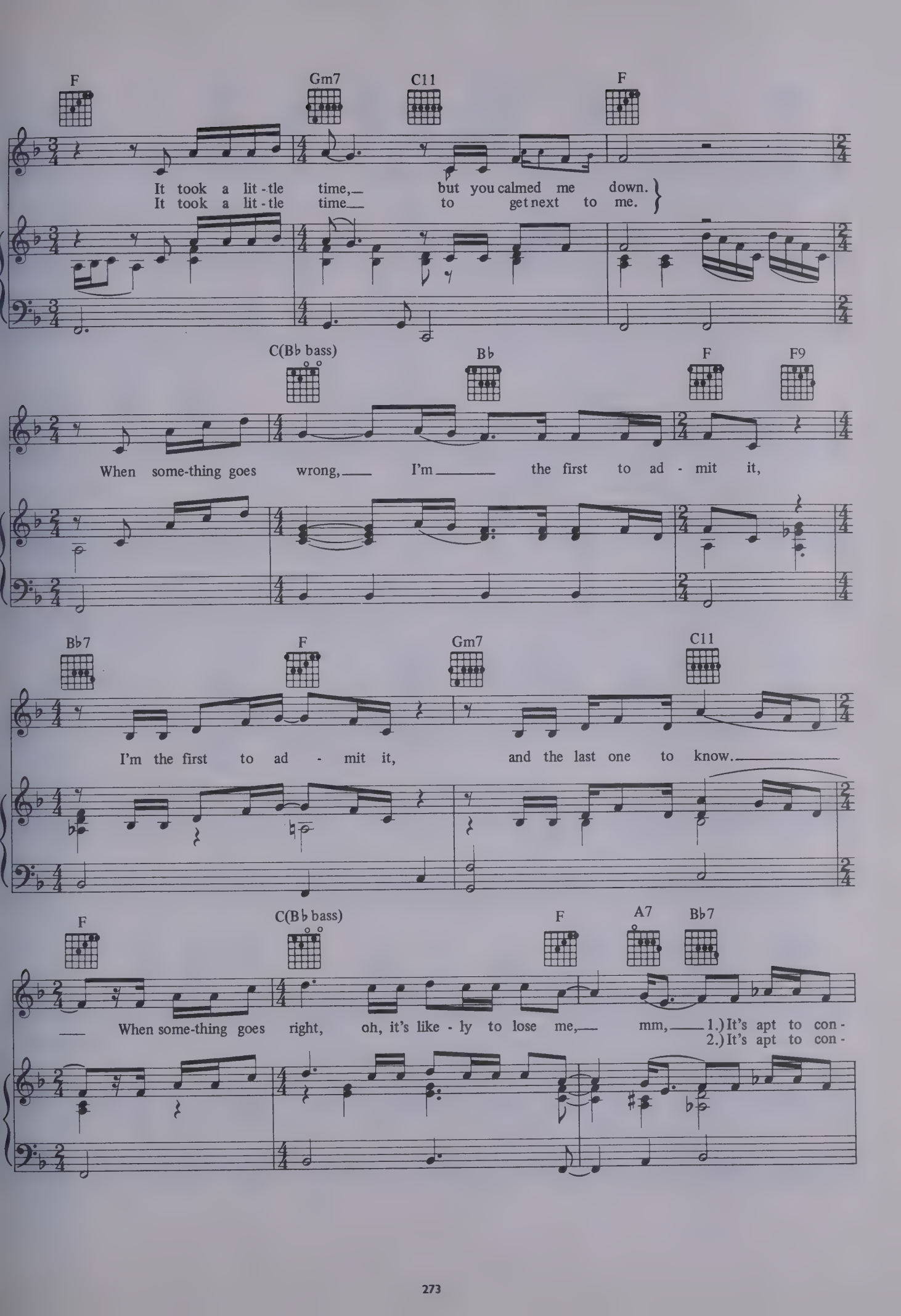
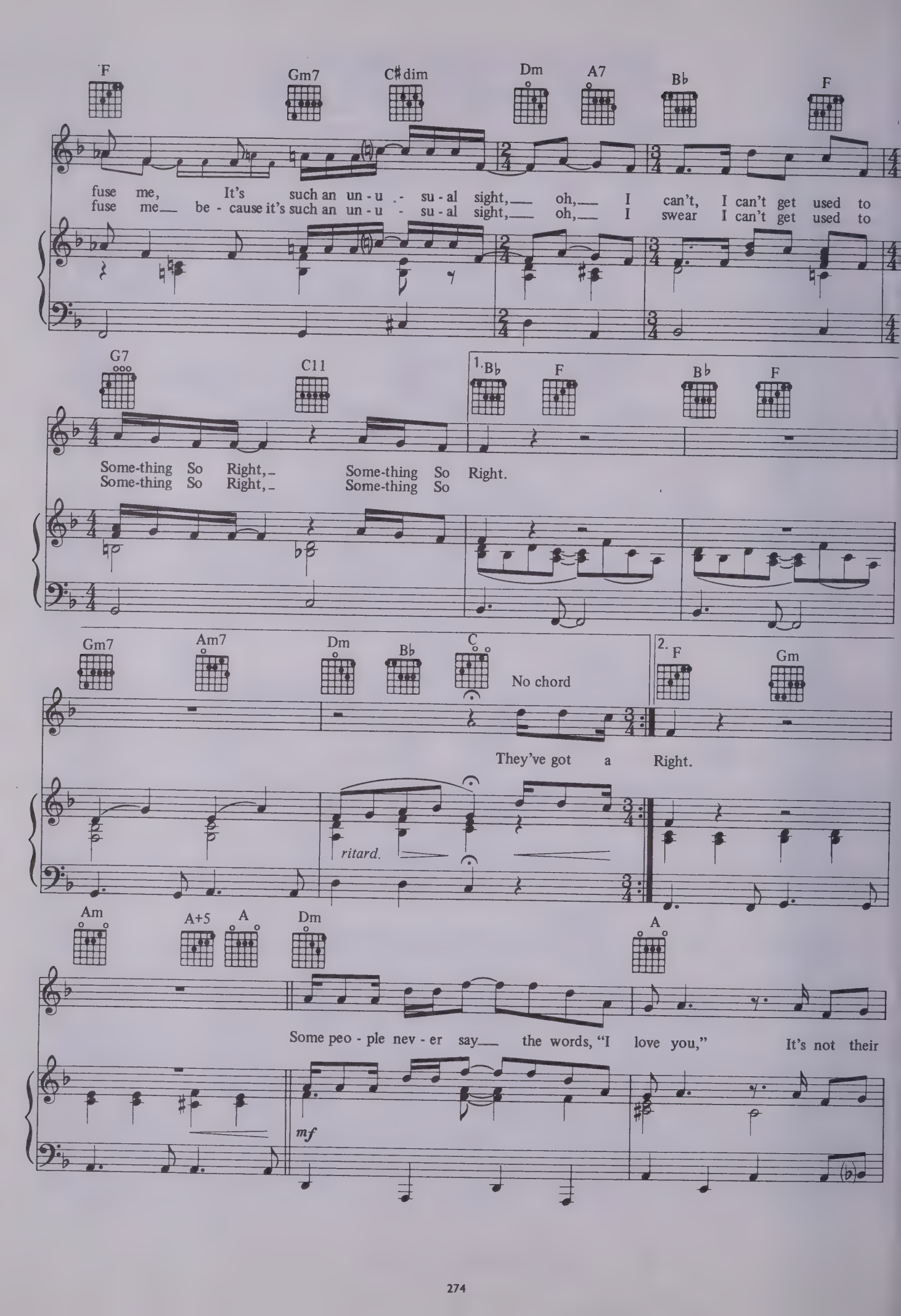
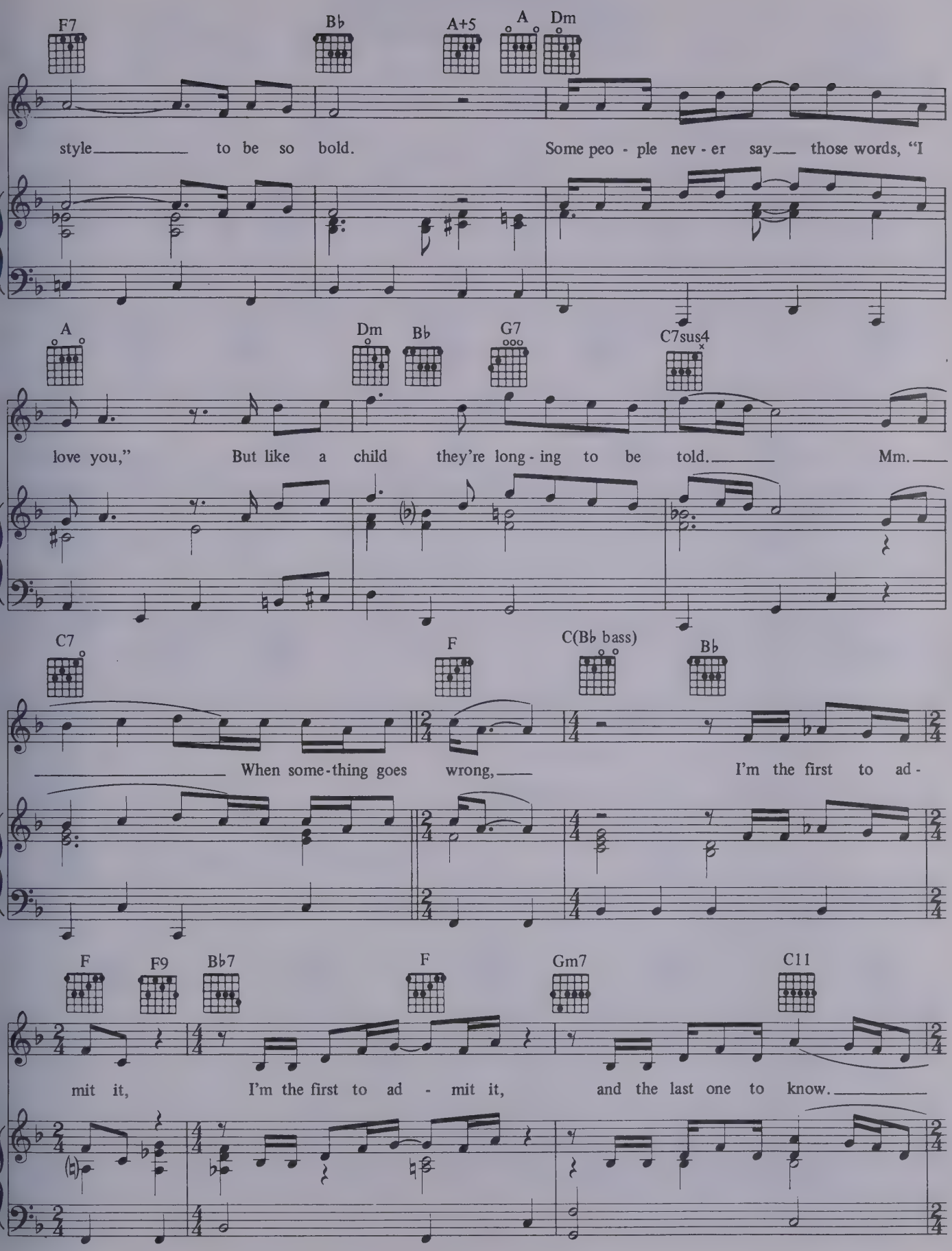
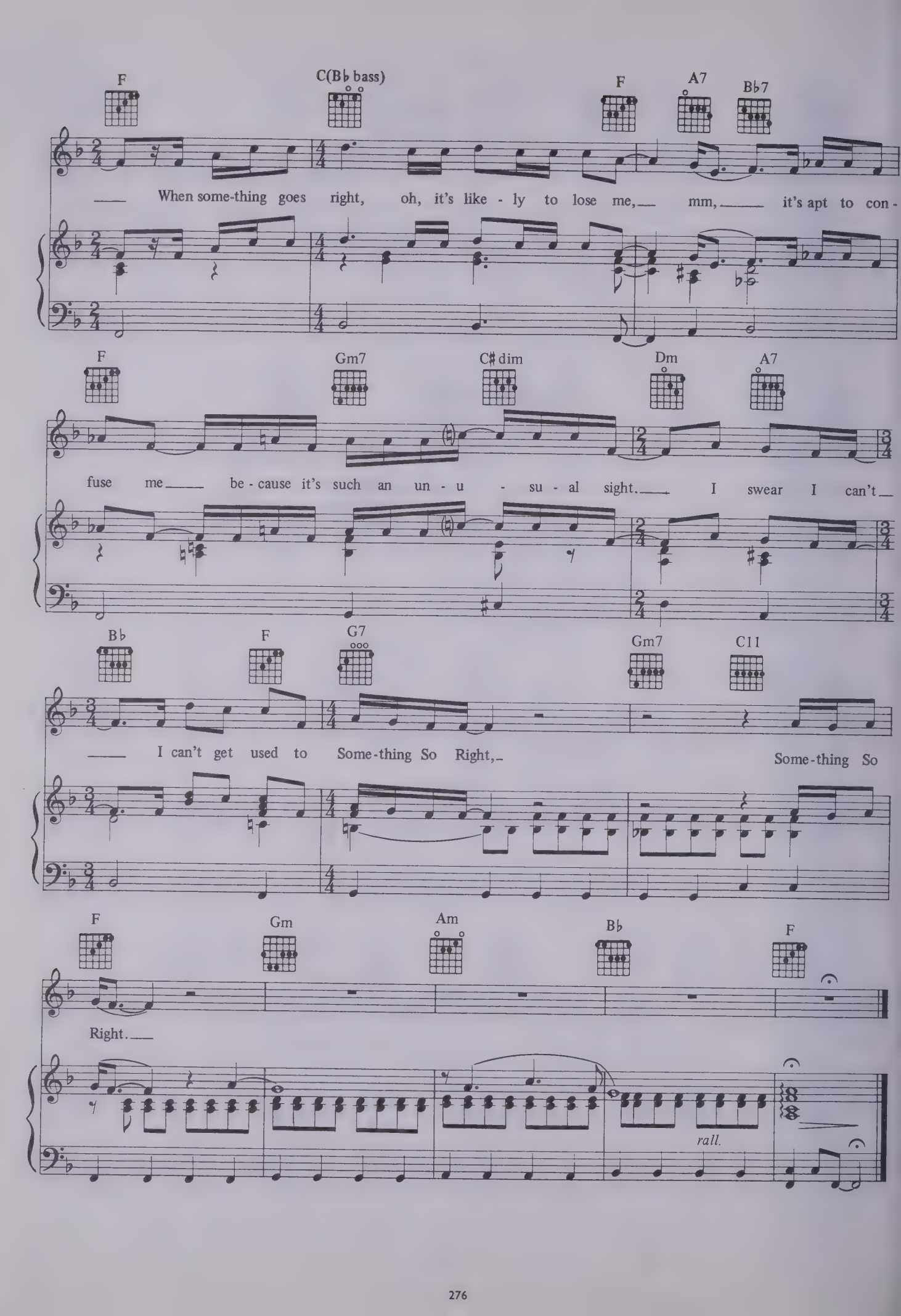

F
Gm7
C11
F
It took a lit-tle time, but you calmed me down.
It took a lit-tle time to get next to me.
C(B♭ bass)
B♭
F
F9
When some-thing goes wrong, I'm the first to ad-mit it,
B♭7
F
Gm7
C11
I'm the first to ad-mit it, and the last one to know.
F
C(B♭ bass)
F
A7
B♭7
When some-thing goes right, oh, it's like-ly to lose me, mm,
1.) It's apt to con-
2.) It's apt to con-

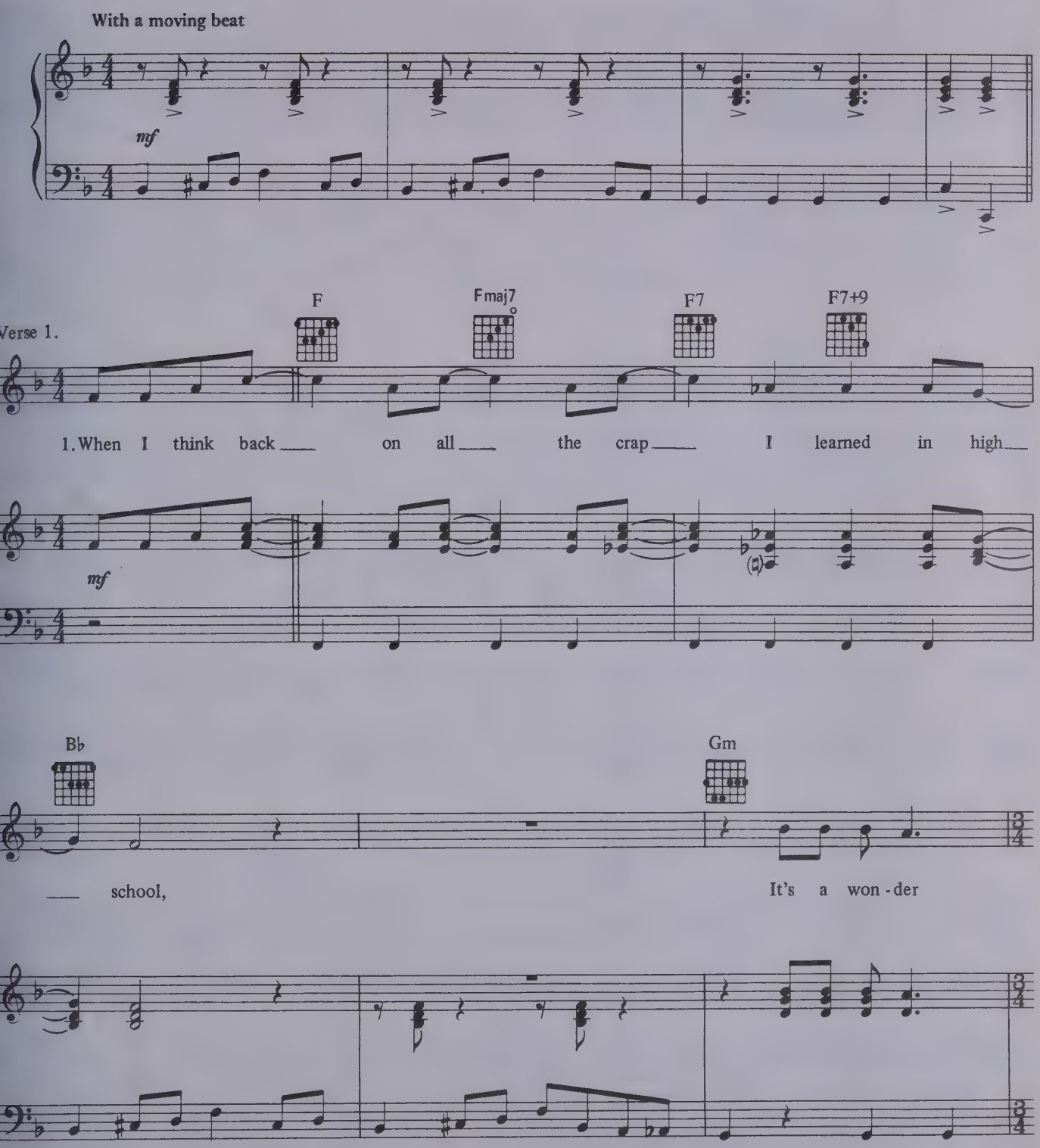

F
Gm7
C♯dim
Dm
A7
B♭
F
fuse me, It's such an un - u - su - al sight, oh, I can't, I can't get used to
fuse me be - cause it's such an un - u - su - al sight, oh, I swear I can't get used to
G7
C11
1. B♭
F
B♭
F
Some-thing So Right, Some-thing So Right.
Some-thing So Right, Some-thing So
Gm7
Am7
Dm
B♭
C
No chord
2. F
Gm
They've got a Right.
ritard.
Am
A+5
A
Dm
A
Some peo - ple nev - er say the words, "I love you," It's not their
mf


F7
B♭
A+5
A
Dm
style to be so bold. Some peo - ple nev - er say those words, "I
A
Dm
B♭
G7
C7sus4
love you," But like a child they're long - ing to be told. Mm.
C7
F
C(B♭ bass)
B♭
When some - thing goes wrong, I'm the first to ad -
F
F9
B♭7
F
Gm7
C11
mit it, I'm the first to ad - mit it, and the last one to know.


F
C(B♭ bass)
F
A7
B♭7
When some-thing goes right, oh, it's like - ly to lose me, mm, it's apt to con-
F
Gm7
C♯dim
Dm
A7
fuse me be - cause it's such an un - u - su - al sight. I swear I can't
B♭
F
G7
Gm7
C11
I can't get used to Some-thing So Right,
Some-thing So
F
Gm
Am
B♭
F
Right.
rall.

Kodachrome.*

Words and music by Paul Simon.



*"KODACHROME" is a registered trademark for color film.

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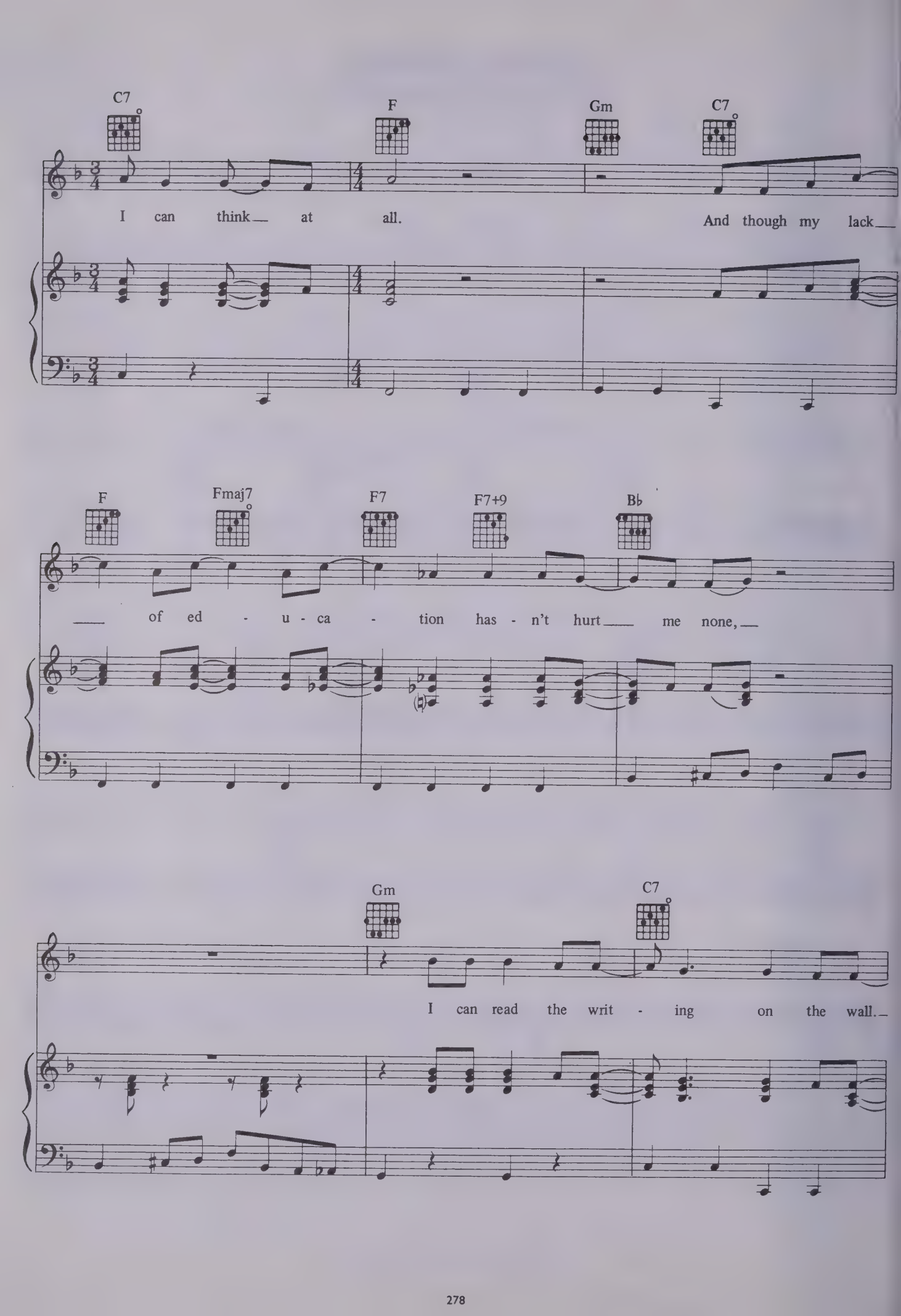
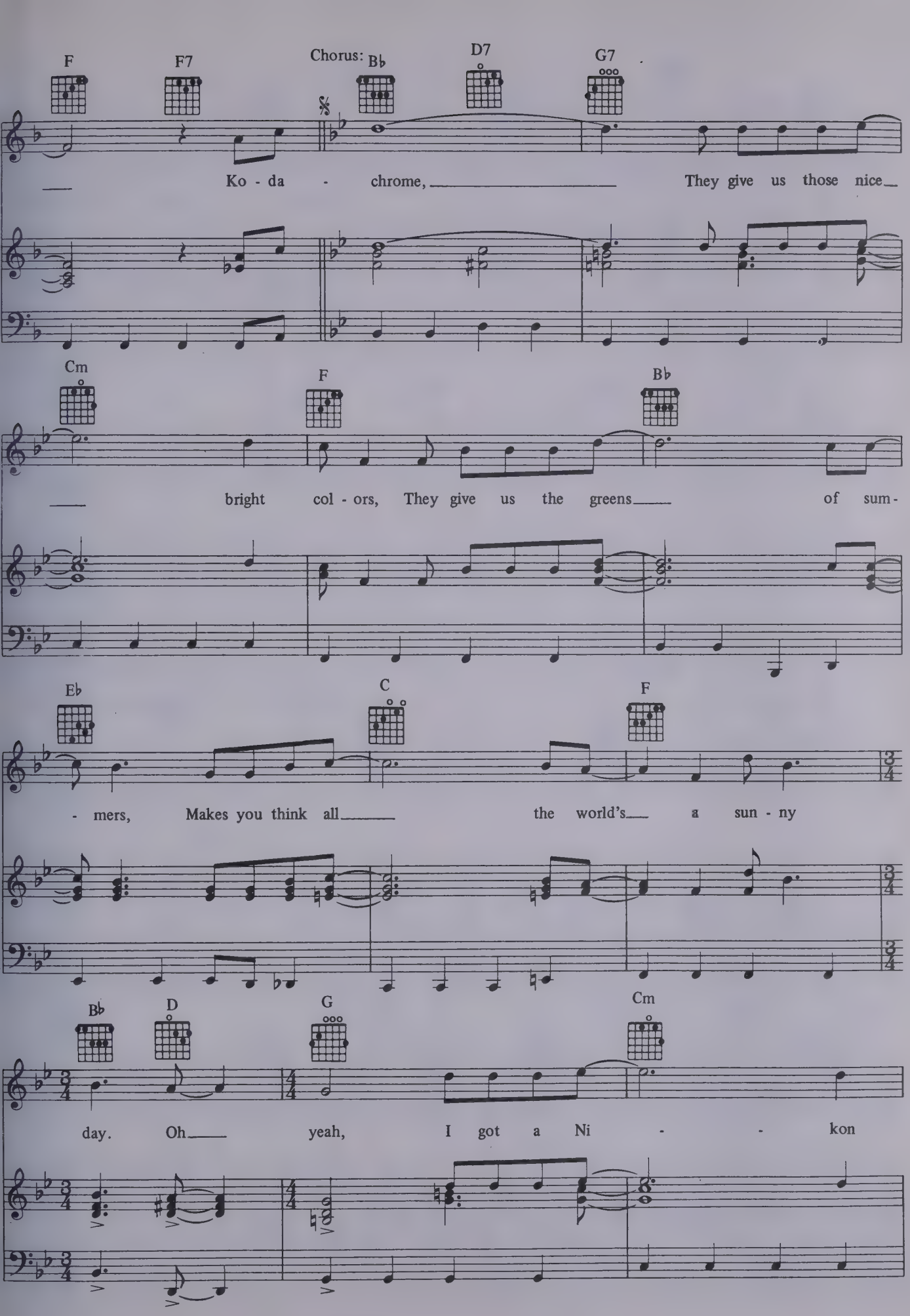
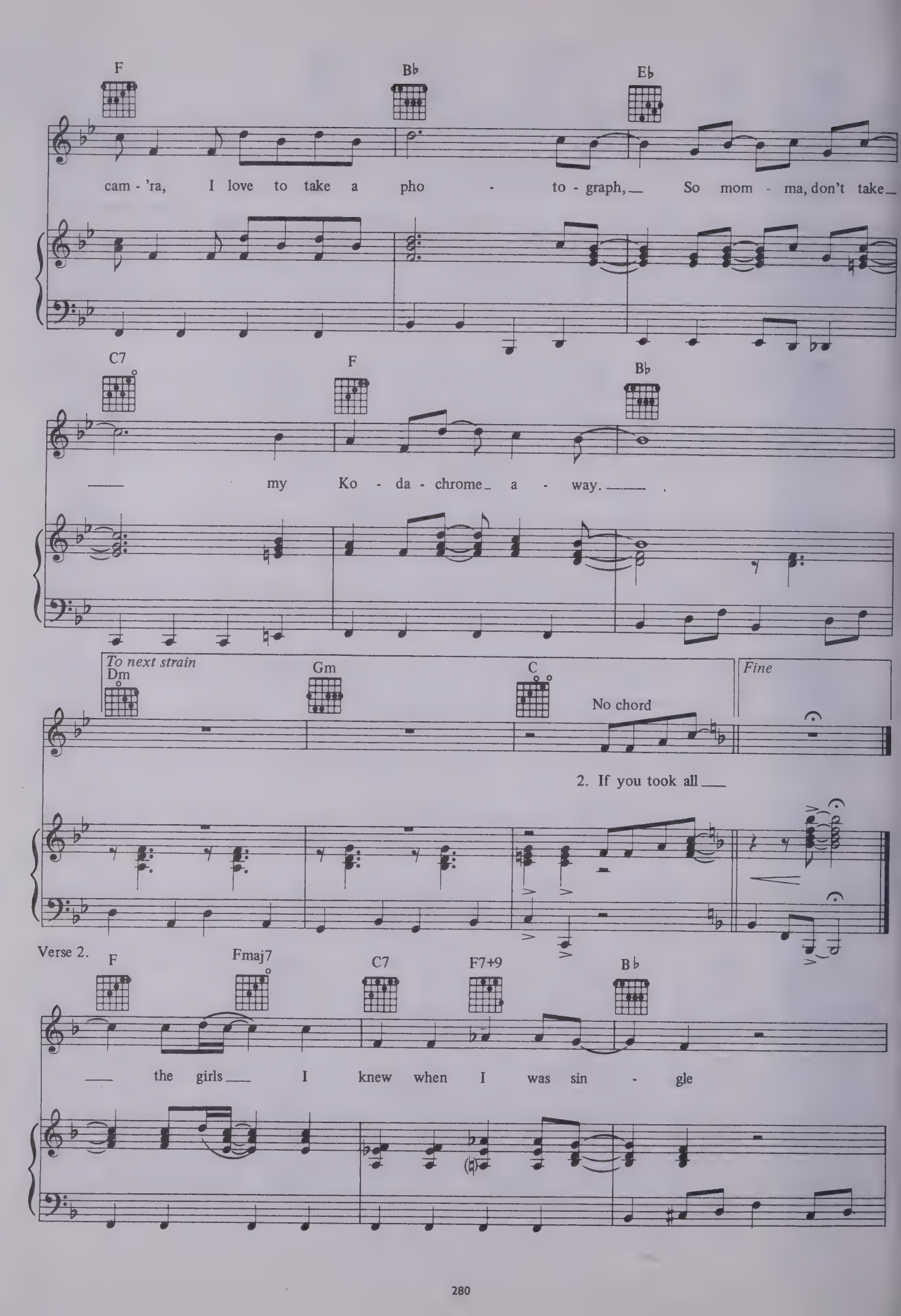
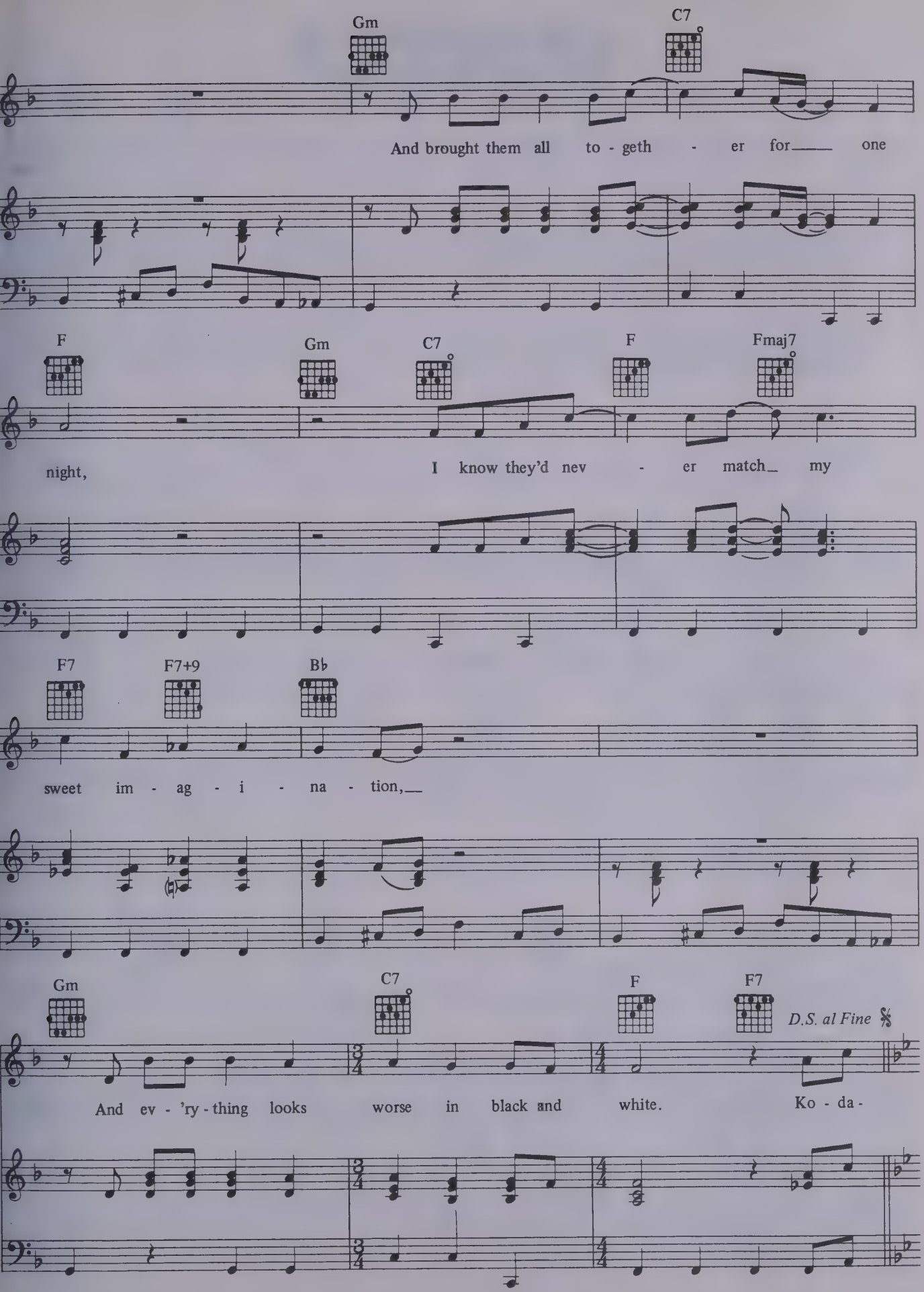

C7
F
Gm
C7
I can think at all.
And though my lack
F
Fmaj7
F7
F7+9
B♭
of ed - u - ca - tion has - n't hurt me none,
Gm
C7
I can read the writ - ing on the wall.

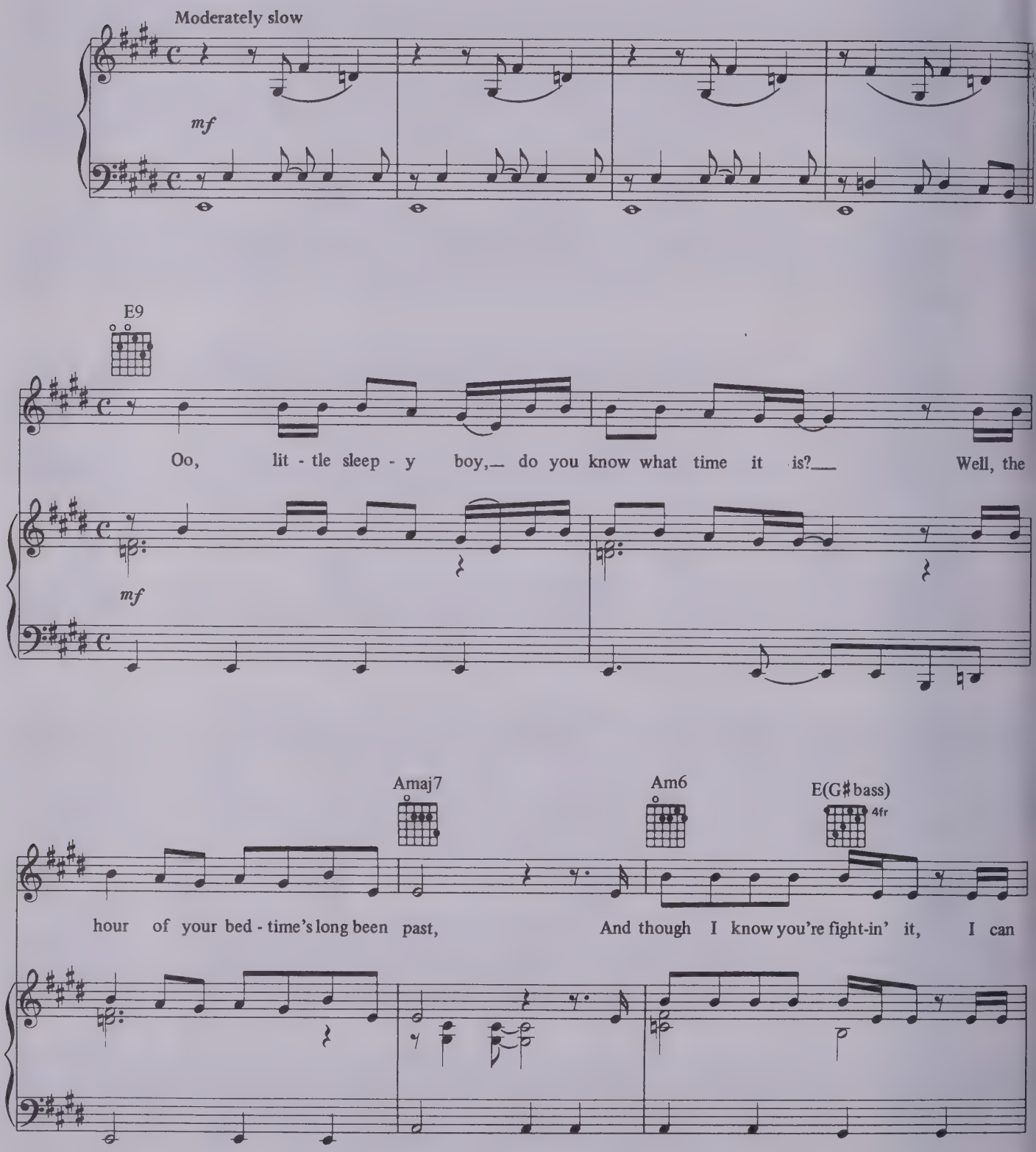

F
F7
Chorus:
B♭
D7
G7
Ko - da - chrome, They give us those nice
Cm
F
B♭
bright col - ors, They give us the greens of sum-
E♭
C
F
- mers, Makes you think all the world's a sun - ny
B♭
D
G
Cm
day. Oh yeah, I got a Ni - - kon


F
B♭
E♭
cam - 'ra, I love to take a pho - to - graph, So mom - ma, don't take
C7
F
B♭
my Ko - da - chrome a - way.
To next strain
Dm
Gm
C
No chord
Fine
2. If you took all
Verse 2.
F
Fmaj7
C7
F7+9
B♭
the girls I knew when I was sin - gle


Gm
C7
And brought them all to - geth - er for___ one
F
Gm
C7
F
Fmaj7
night,
I know they'd nev - er match_ my
F7
F7+9
B♭
sweet im - ag - i - na - tion,__
Gm
C7
F
F7
D.S. al Fine
And ev - 'ry - thing looks worse in black and white.
Ko - da -

St Judy's Comet.

Words and music by Paul Simon.



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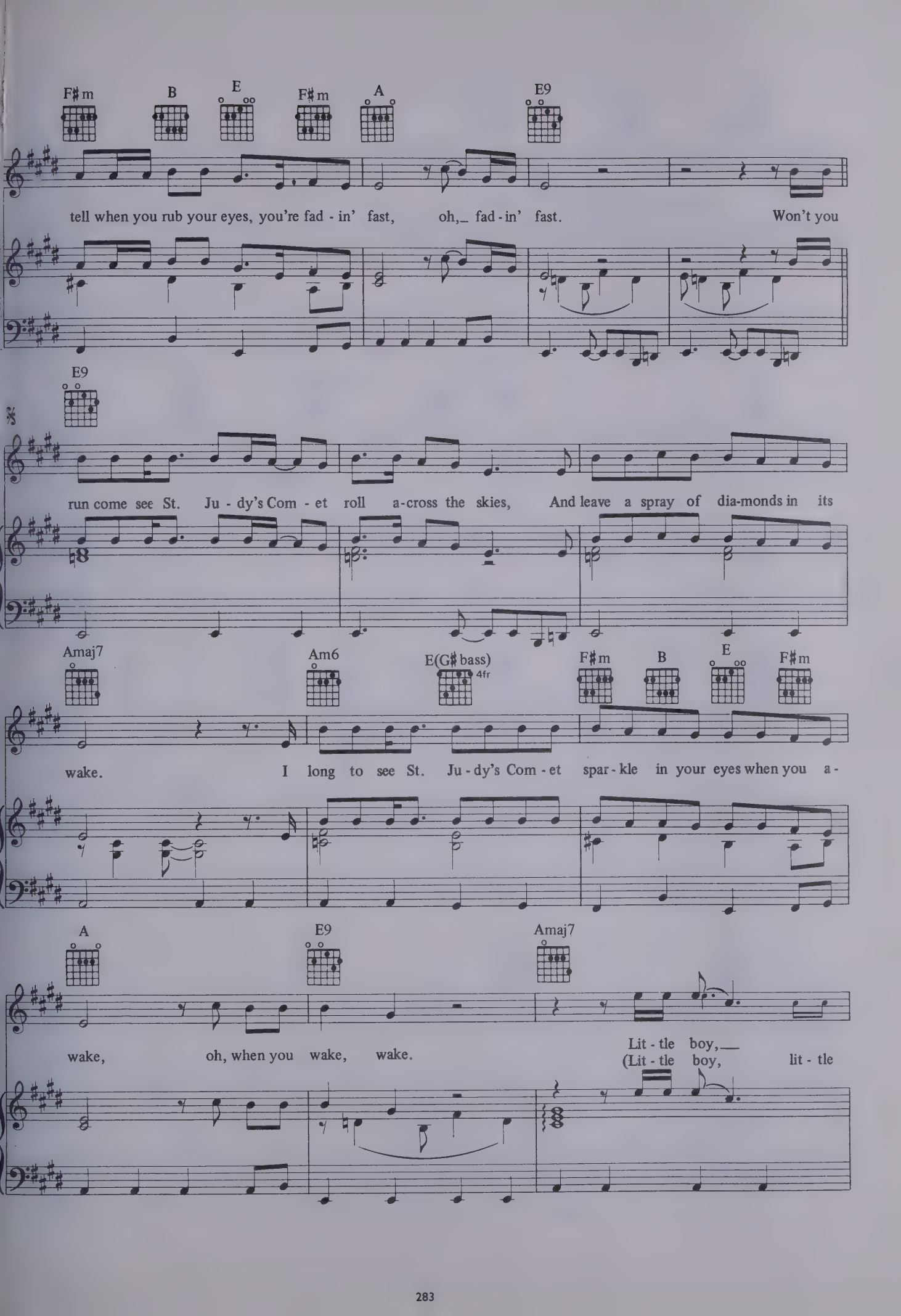
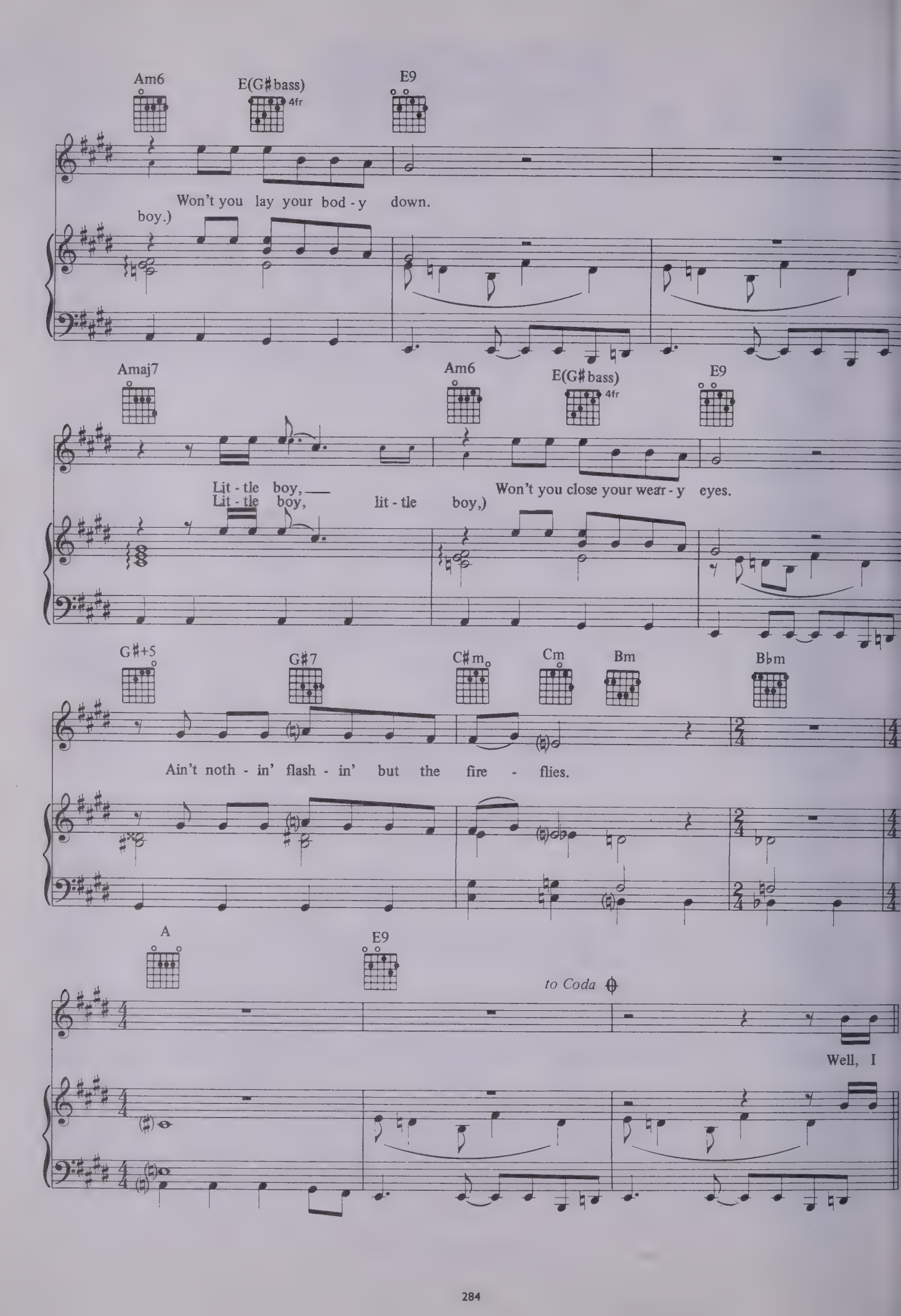
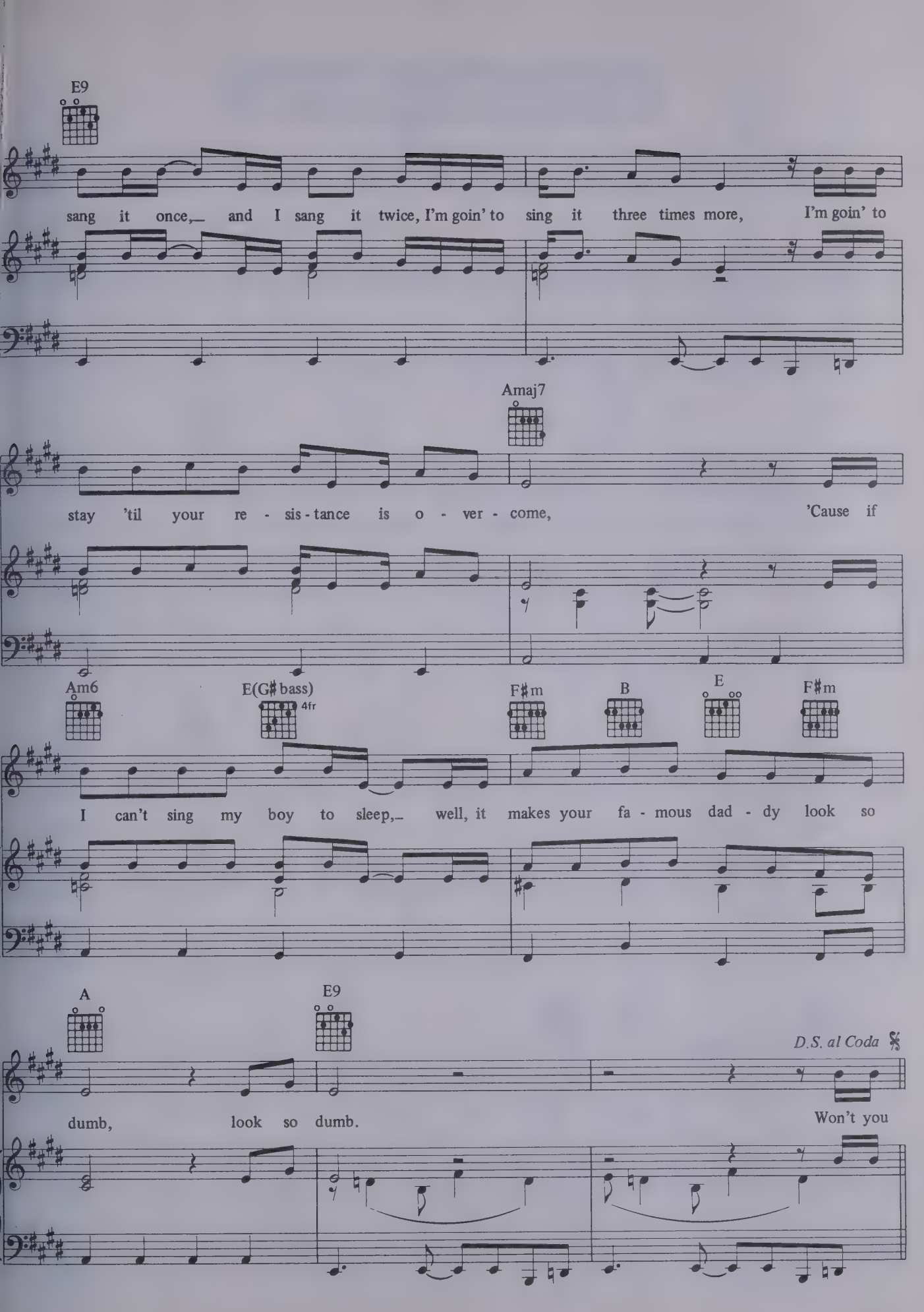
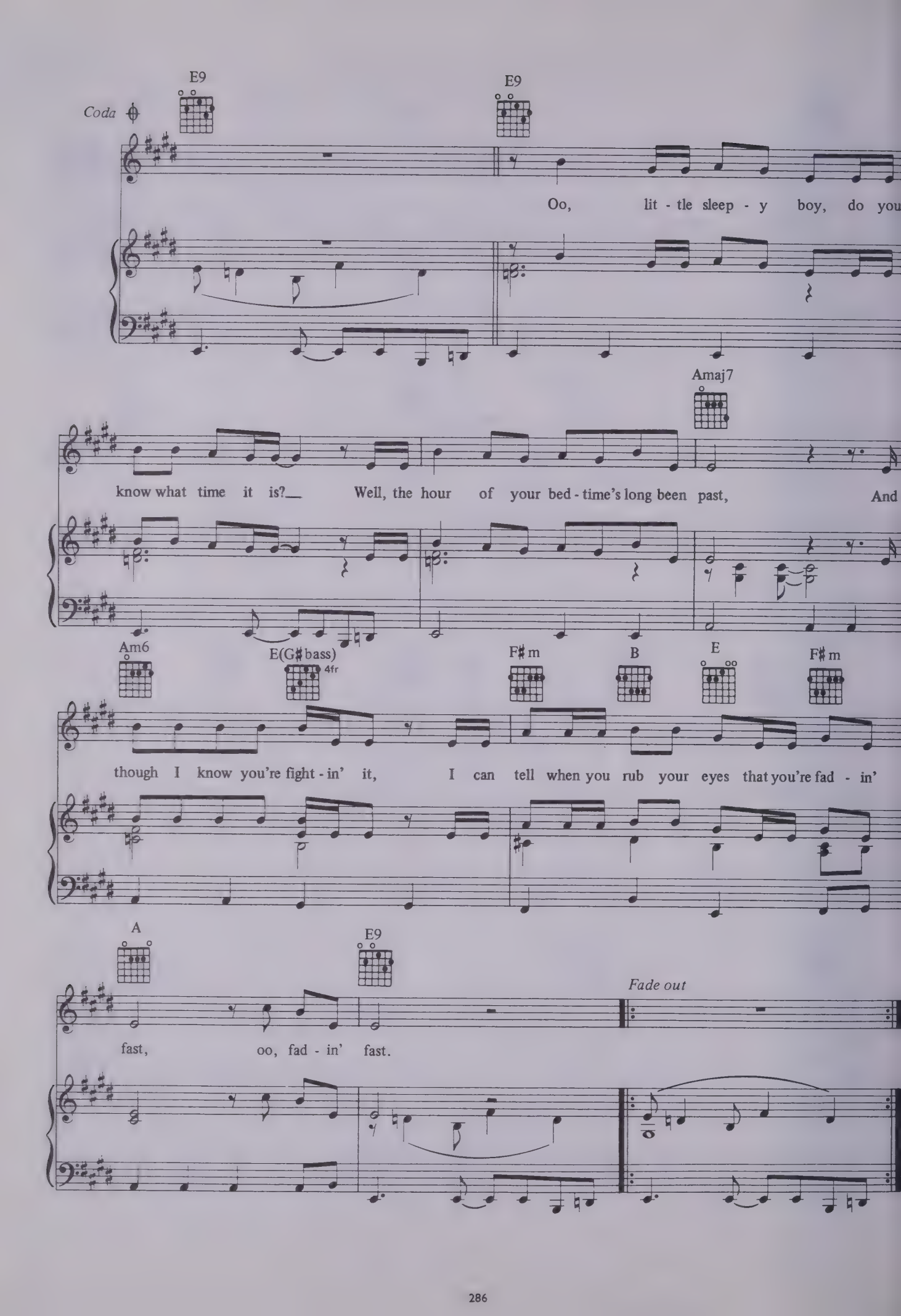

F♯m
B
E
F♯m
A
E9
tell when you rub your eyes, you're fad - in' fast, oh,_ fad - in' fast. Won't you
E9
run come see St. Ju - dy's Com - et roll a-cross the skies, And leave a spray of dia-monds in its
Amaj7
Am6
E(G♯ bass)
4fr
F♯m
B
E
F♯m
wake. I long to see St. Ju - dy's Com - et spar - kle in your eyes when you a-
A
E9
Amaj7
wake, oh, when you wake, wake.
Lit - tle boy,__
(Lit - tle boy, lit - tle


Am6
E(G♯bass)
4fr
E9
Won't you lay your bod - y down.
boy.)
Amaj7
Am6
E(G♯bass)
4fr
E9
Lit - tle boy,
Lit - tle boy,
lit - tle boy,)
Won't you close your wear - y eyes.
G♯+5
G♯7
C♯m
Cm
Bm
B♭m
Ain't noth - in' flash - in' but the fire - flies.
A
E9
to Coda
Well, I


E9
sang it once,— and I sang it twice, I'm goin' to sing it three times more, I'm goin' to
Amaj7
stay 'til your re - sis - tance is o - ver - come, 'Cause if
Am6
E(G♯ bass)
4fr
F♯m
B
E
F♯m
I can't sing my boy to sleep,— well, it makes your fa - mous dad - dy look so
A
E9
D.S. al Coda
dumb, look so dumb. Won't you


Coda
E9
E9
Oo, lit - tle sleep - y boy, do you
Amaj7
know what time it is?__ Well, the hour of your bed - time's long been past, And
Am6
E(G♯bass)
4fr
F♯m
B
E
F♯m
though I know you're fight - in' it, I can tell when you rub your eyes that you're fad - in'
A
E9
Fade out
fast, oo, fad - in' fast.

Loves Me Like A Rock.

Words and music by Paul Simon.

With a moving shuffle beat

mf

G C G

1. When I was a lit - tle boy, (When I was just a boy.) and the dev - il would call my

mf

C G C7

name, (When I was just a boy.) I'd say, "Now who do,

G C G

who do you think you're fool - ing?" (When I was just a boy.) I'm a con - se - crat - ed

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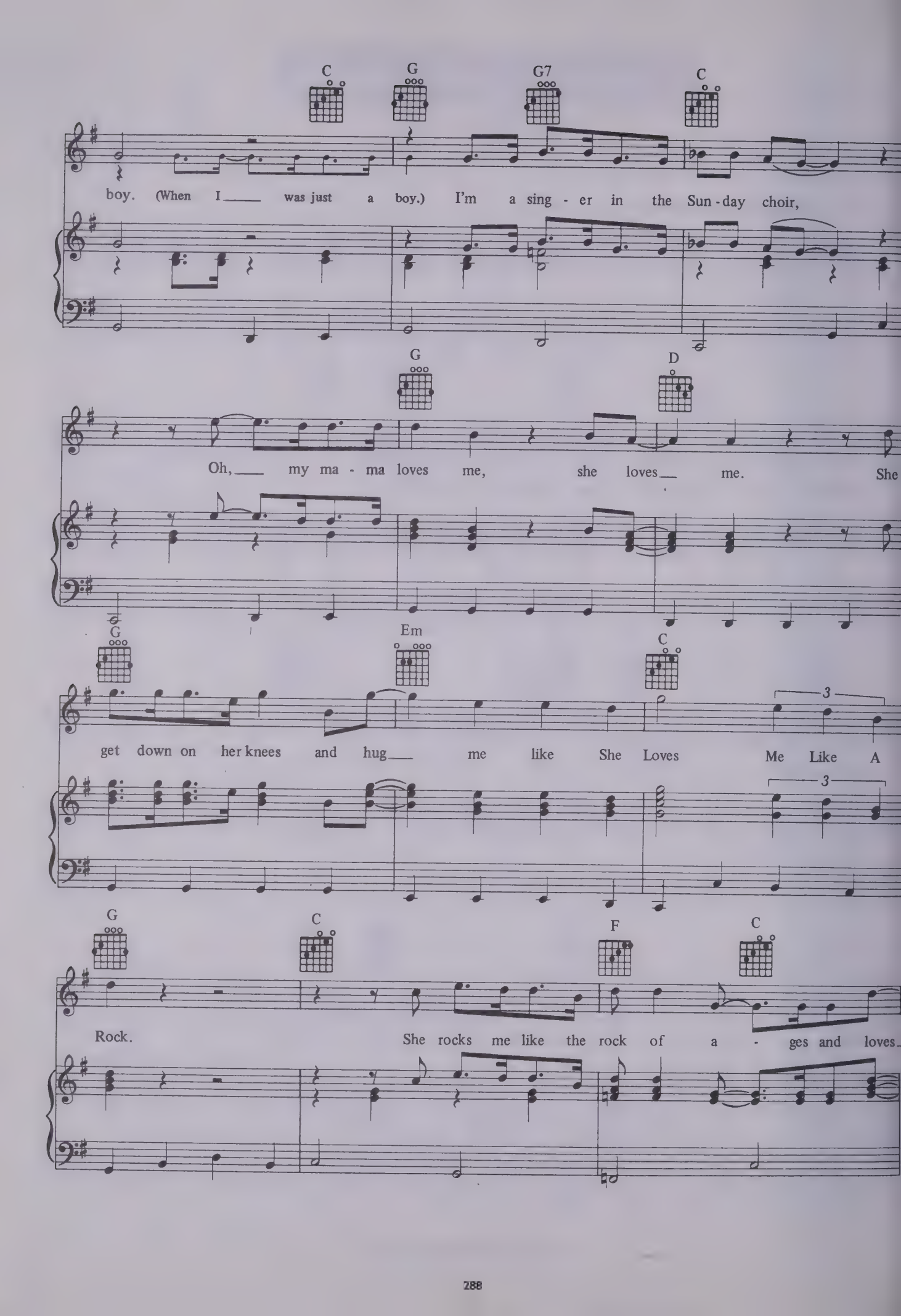
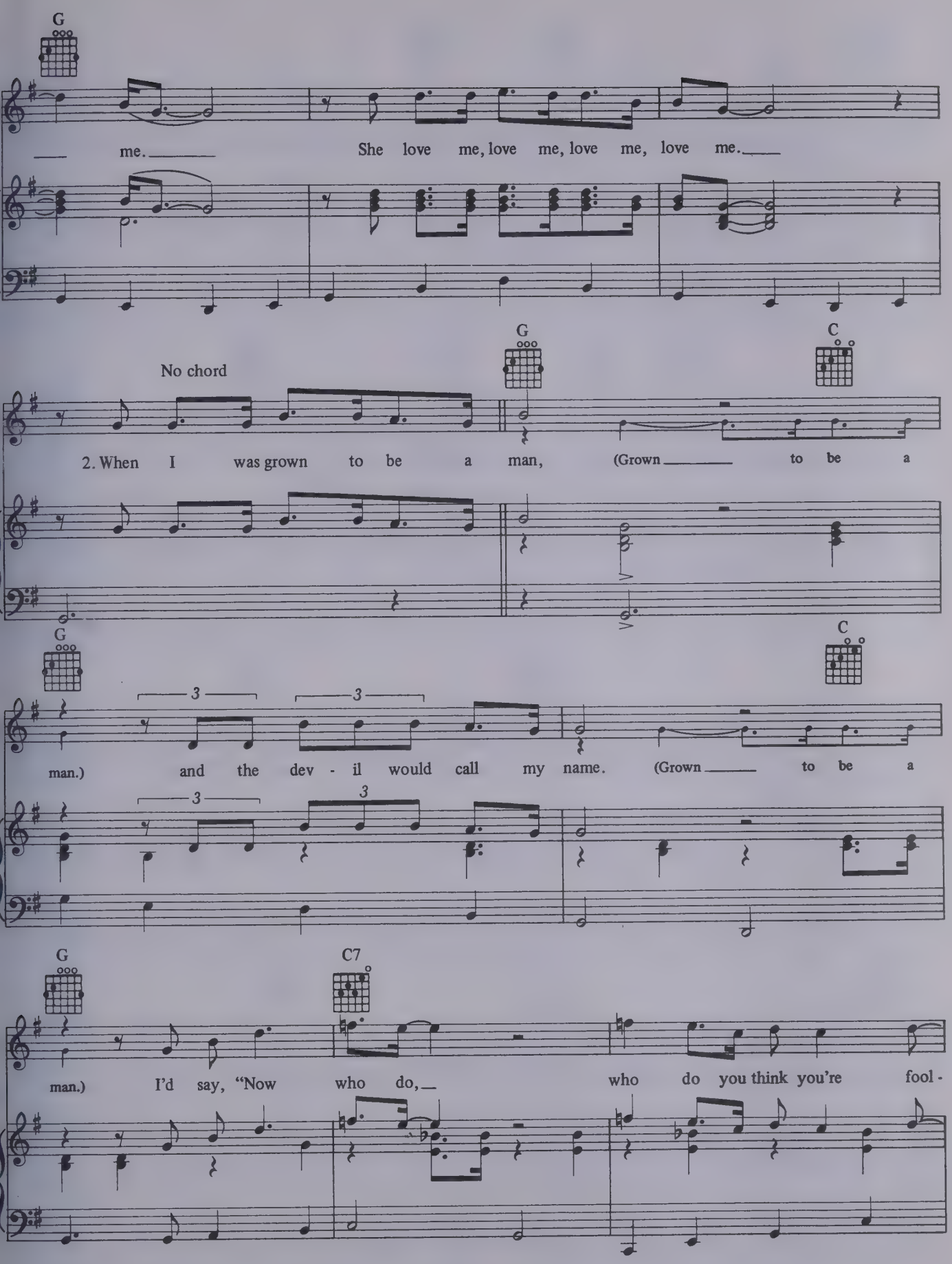
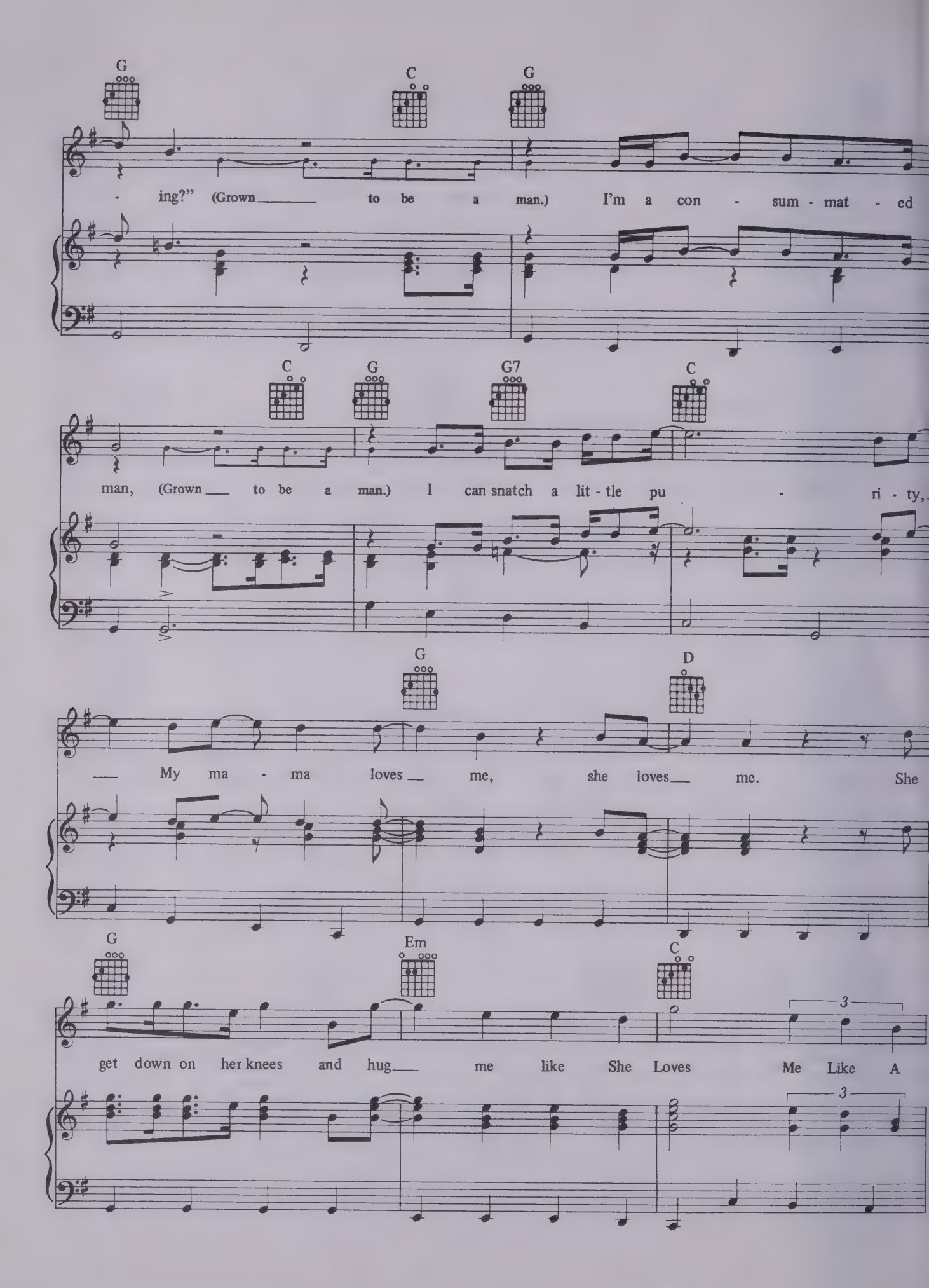
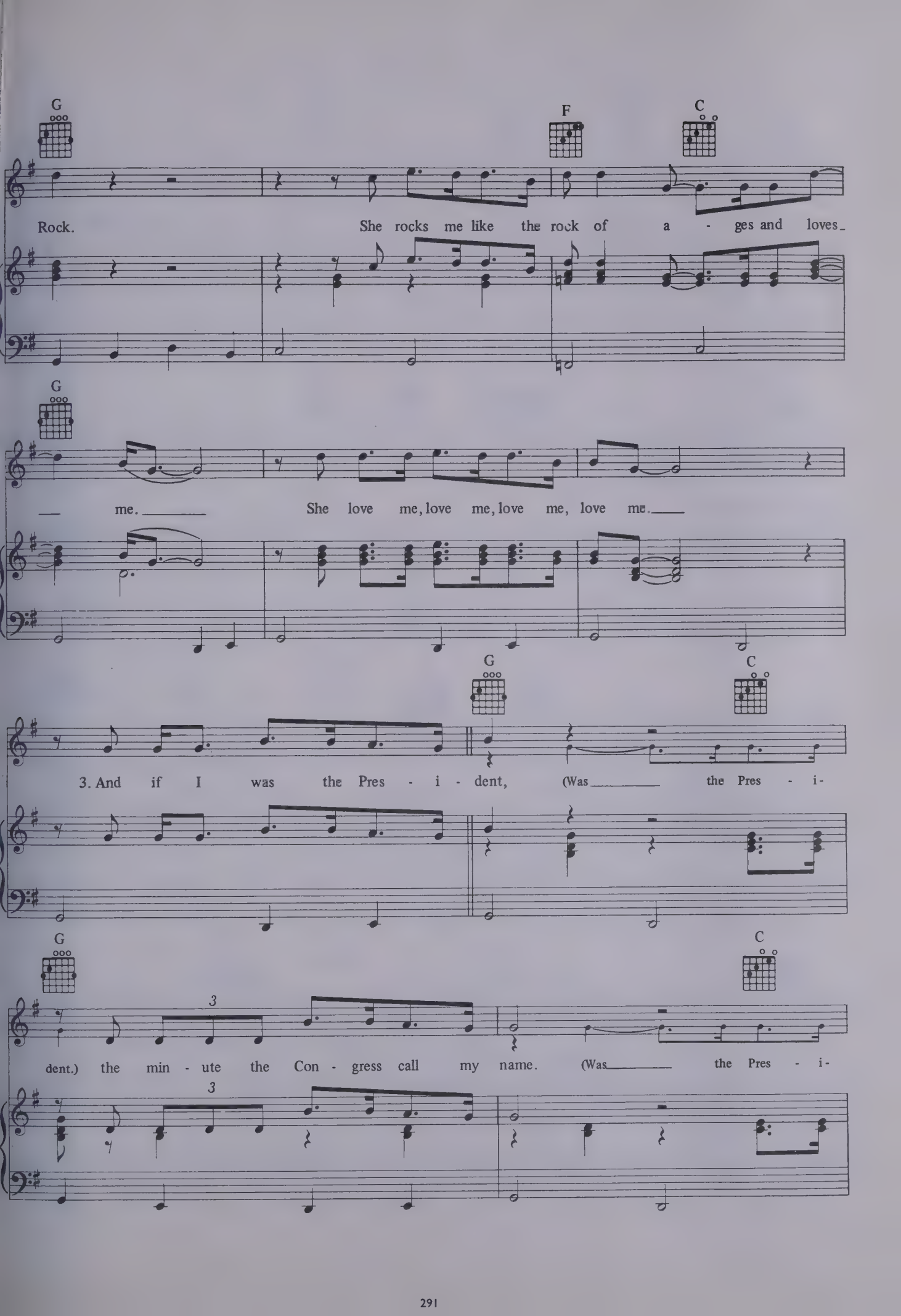
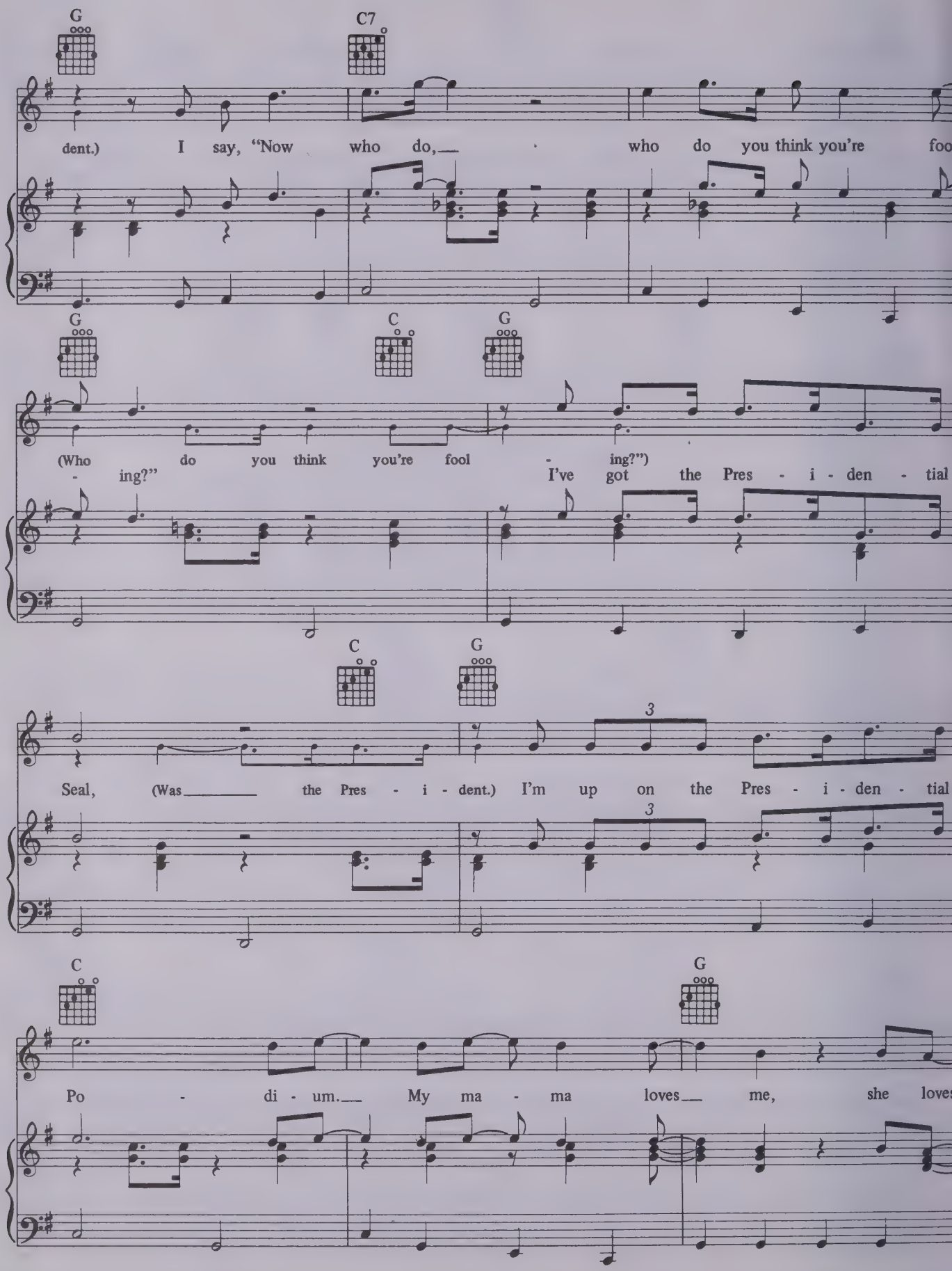

C G G7 C
boy. (When I ___ was just a boy.) I'm a sing - er in the Sun - day choir,
G D
Oh, ___ my ma - ma loves me, she loves ___ me. She
G Em C
get down on her knees and hug ___ me like She Loves Me Like A
3
G C F C
Rock. She rocks me like the rock of a - ges and loves


G
me. She love me, love me, love me, love me.
No chord
G
C
2. When I was grown to be a man, (Grown to be a
G
C
man.) and the dev - il would call my name. (Grown to be a
G
C7
man.) I'd say, "Now who do, who do you think you're fool -


G C G
- ing?" (Grown to be a man.) I'm a con - sum - mat - ed
C G G7 C
man, (Grown to be a man.) I can snatch a lit - tle pu - ri - ty,
G D
My ma - ma loves me, she loves me. She
G Em C
get down on her knees and hug me like She Loves Me Like A
3
3


G
F
C
Rock. She rocks me like the rock of a - ges and loves_
G
me. She love me, love me, love me, love me.
G
C
3. And if I was the Pres - i - dent, (Was the Pres - i-
G
C
3
dent.) the min - ute the Con - gress call my name. (Was the Pres - i-
3


G
C7
dent.) I say, "Now who do, who do you think you're foo
G
C
G
(Who do you think you're fool - ing?")
- ing?" I've got the Pres - i - den - tial
C
G
3
Seal, (Was the Pres - i - dent.) I'm up on the Pres - i - den - tial
3
C
G
Po - di - um. My ma - ma loves me, she loves

D G Em

___ me. She get down on her knees and hug___ me like She

C G C

Loves Me Like A Rock. She rocks me like the

F C G

rock of a - ges and loves___ me.___ She love me, love me, love me,

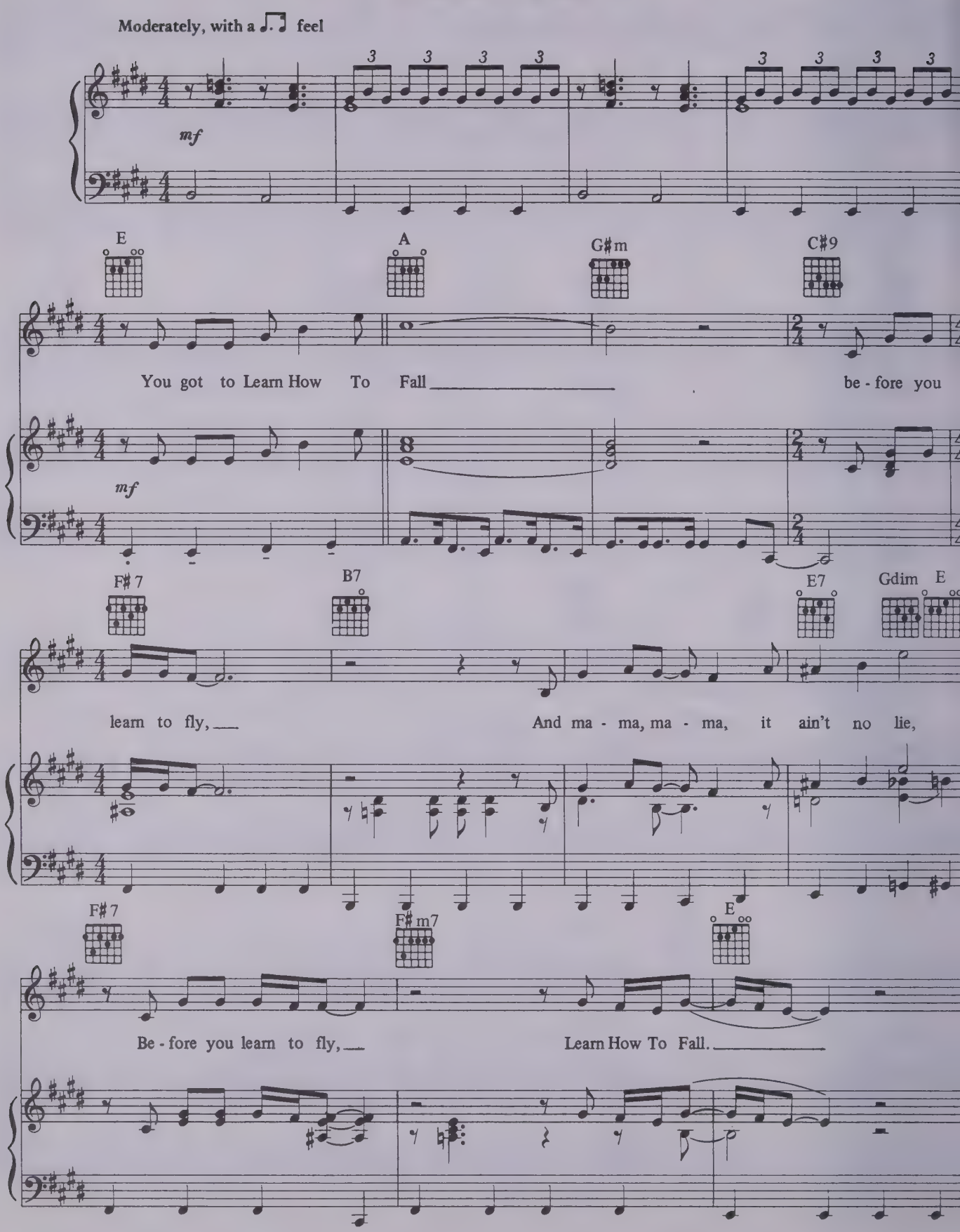
Fade out

(Love___ me like a rock.) (Love___ me like a

love me.___ She love me, love me, love me, love me.___

Learn How To Fall.

Words and music by Paul Simon.



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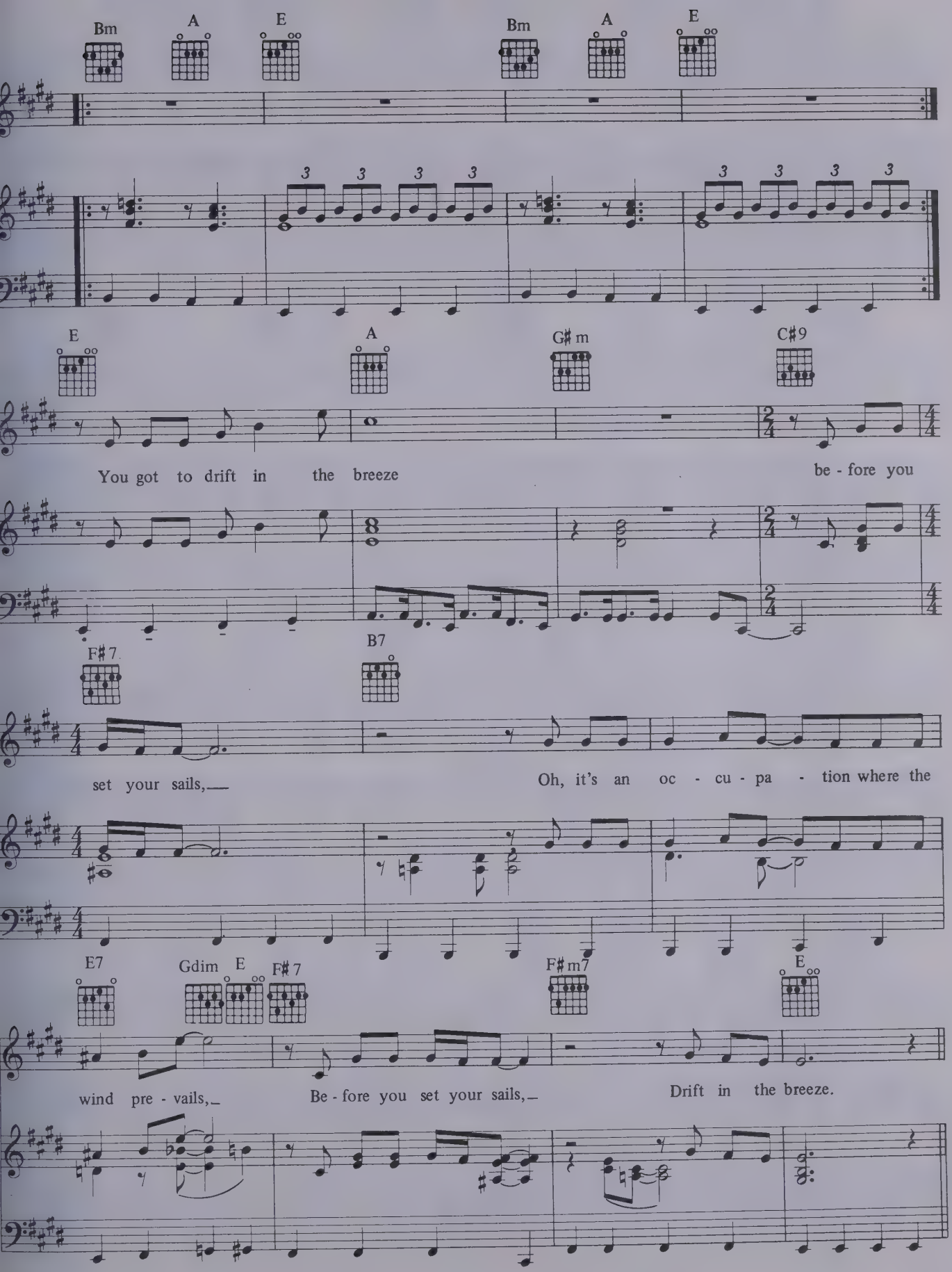
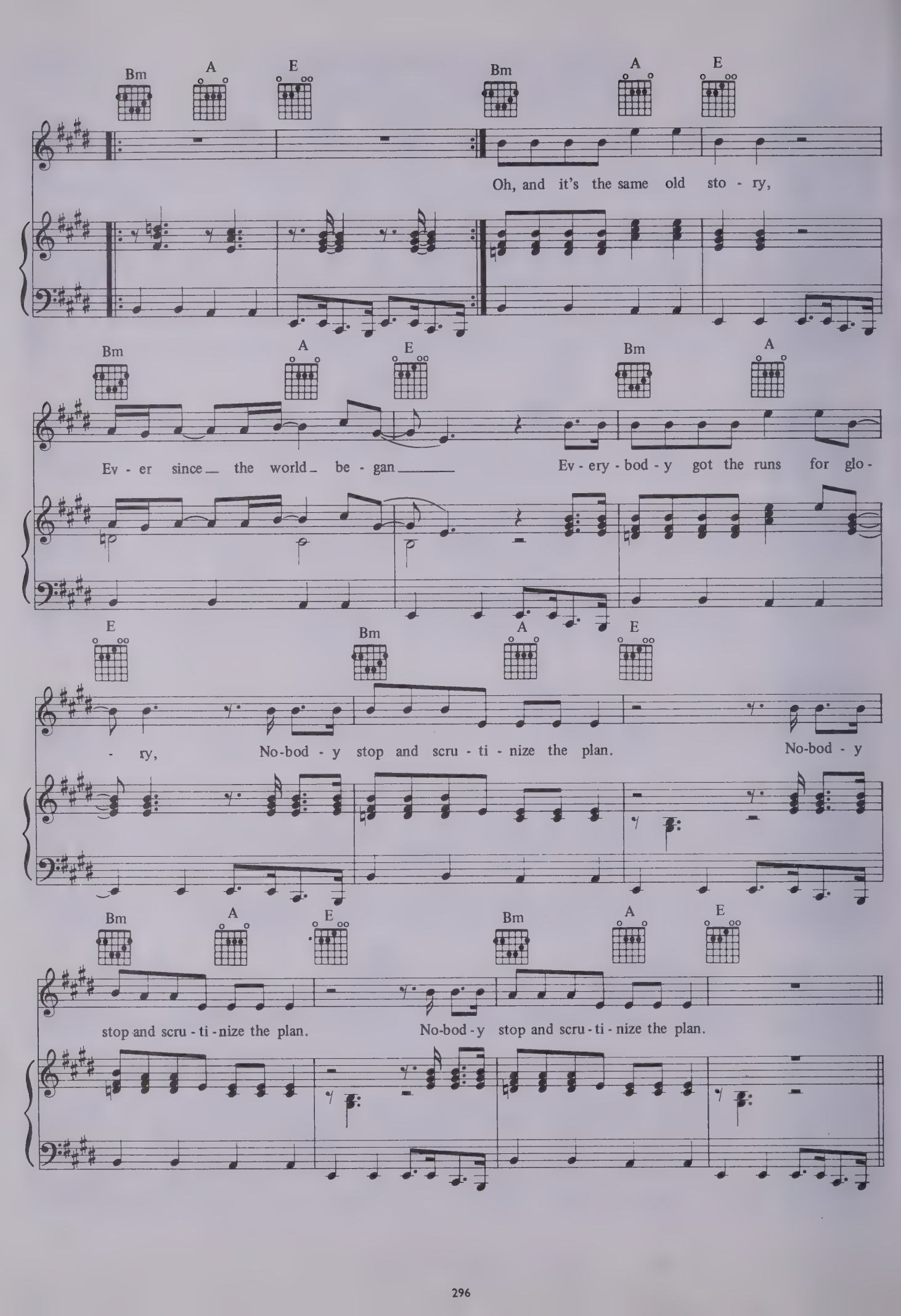
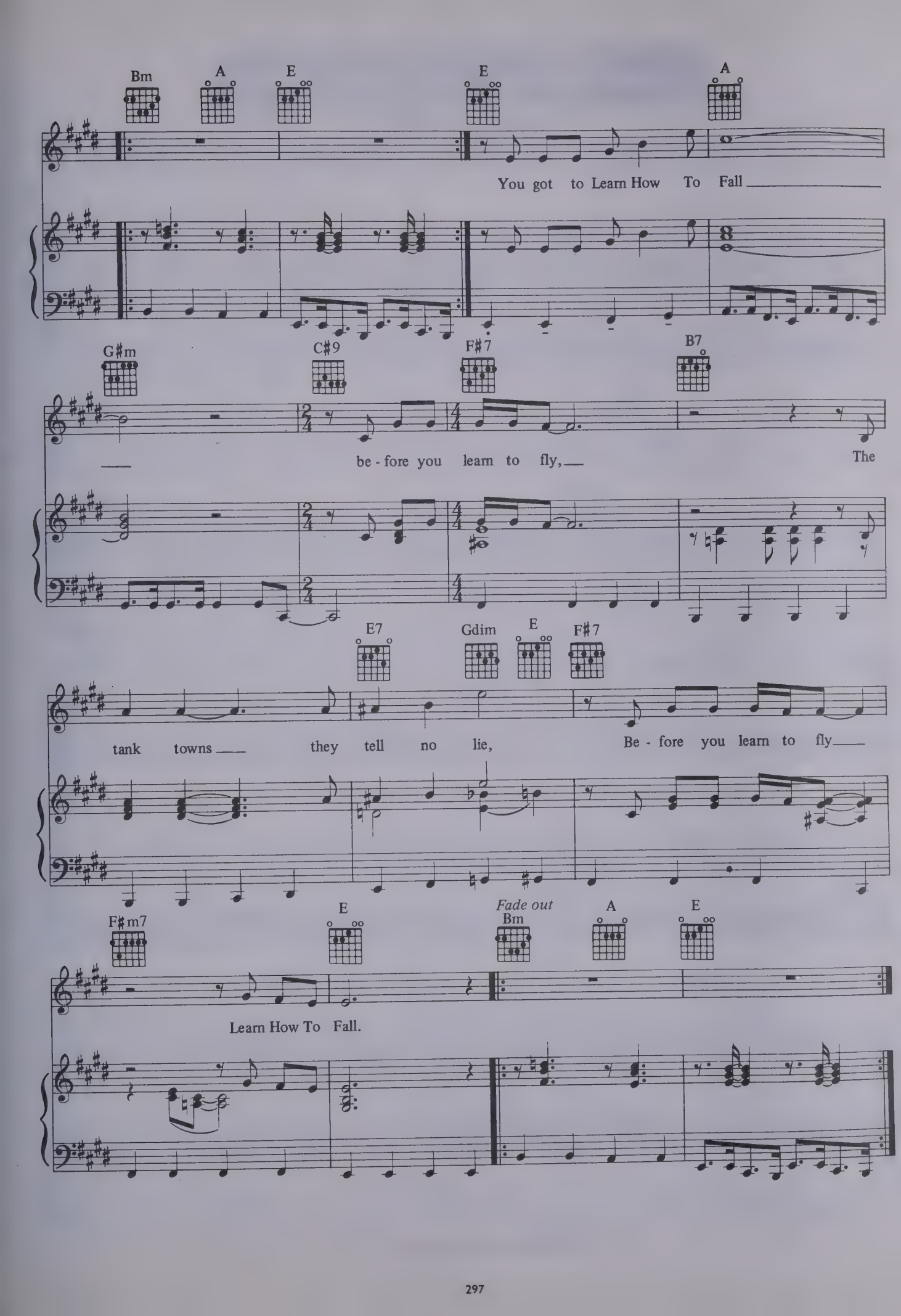
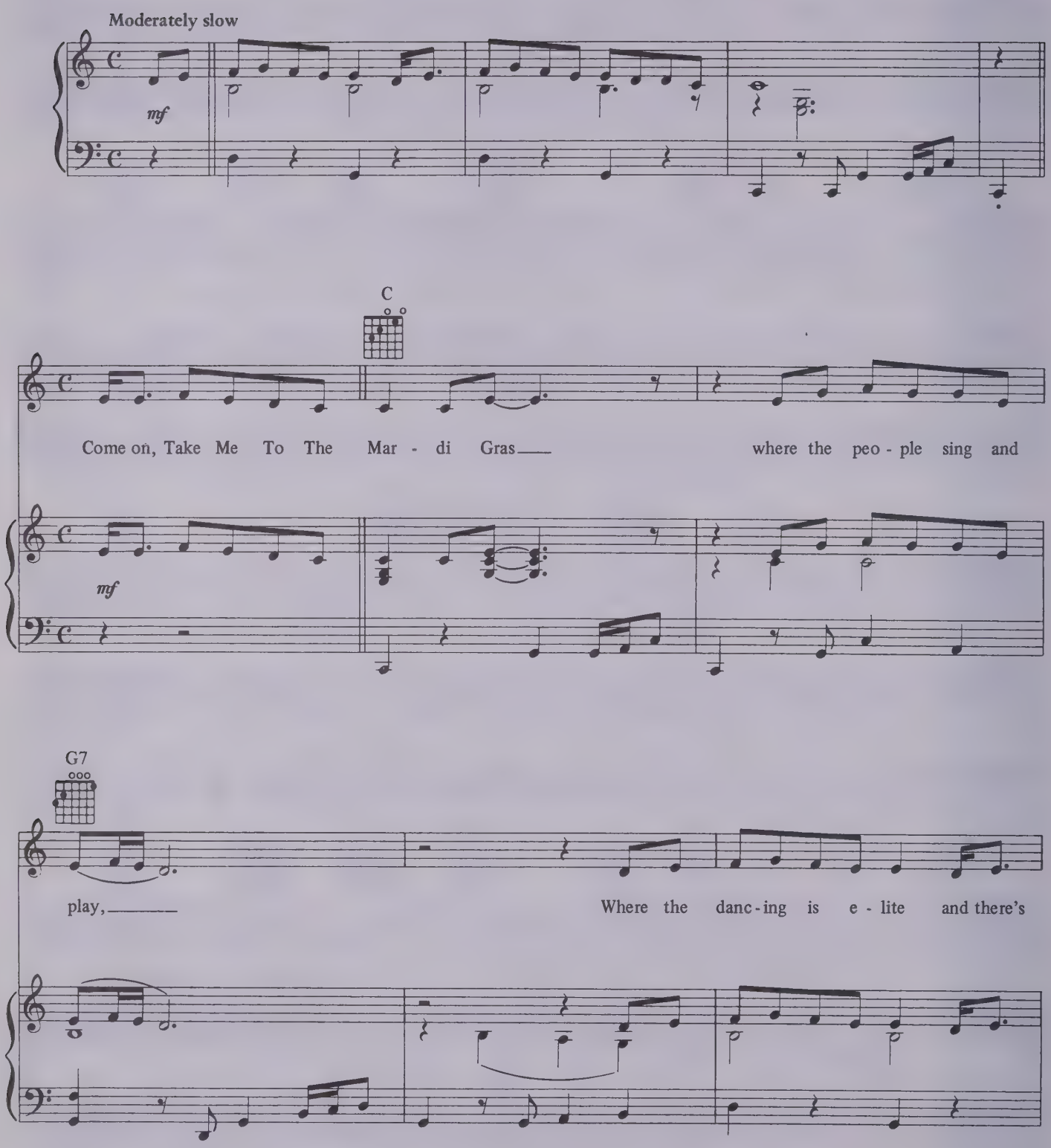

Bm A E Bm A E
E A G♯m C♯9
You got to drift in the breeze be - fore you
F♯7 B7
set your sails, Oh, it's an oc - cu - pa - tion where the
E7 Gdim E F♯7 F♯m7 E
wind pre - vails, Be - fore you set your sails, Drift in the breeze.


Bm A E Bm A E
Oh, and it's the same old sto - ry,
Bm A E Bm A
Ev - er since the world be - gan Ev - ery - bod - y got the runs for glo -
E Bm A E
- ry, No-bod - y stop and scru - ti - nize the plan. No-bod - y
Bm A E Bm A E
stop and scru - ti - nize the plan. No-bod - y stop and scru - ti - nize the plan.


Bm A E E A
You got to Learn How To Fall
G♯m C♯9 F♯7 B7
be - fore you learn to fly,
The
E7 Gdim E F♯7
tank towns they tell no lie,
Be - fore you learn to fly
F♯m7 E Fade out Bm A E
Learn How To Fall.

Take Me To The Mardi Gras.

Words and music by Paul Simon.



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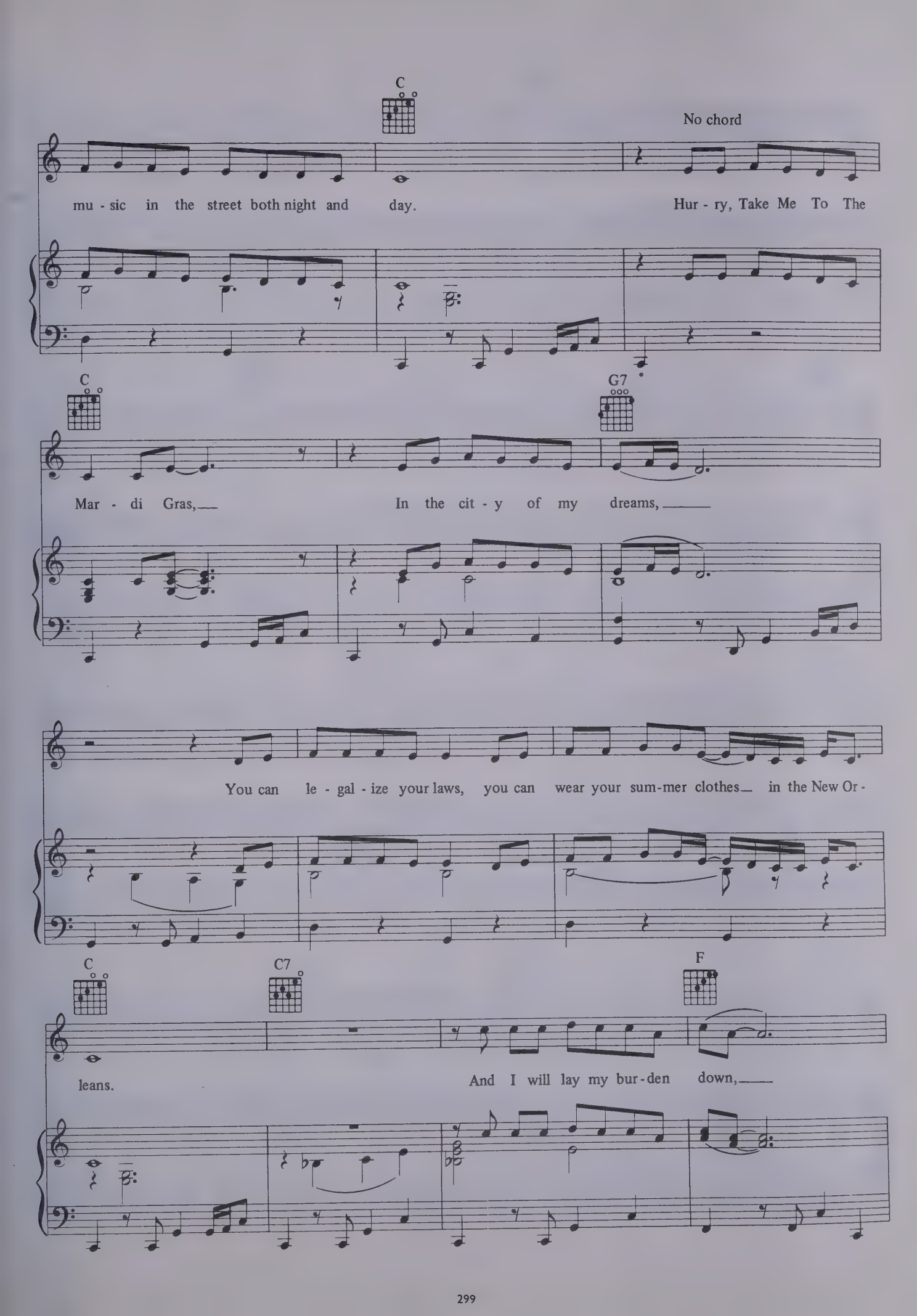
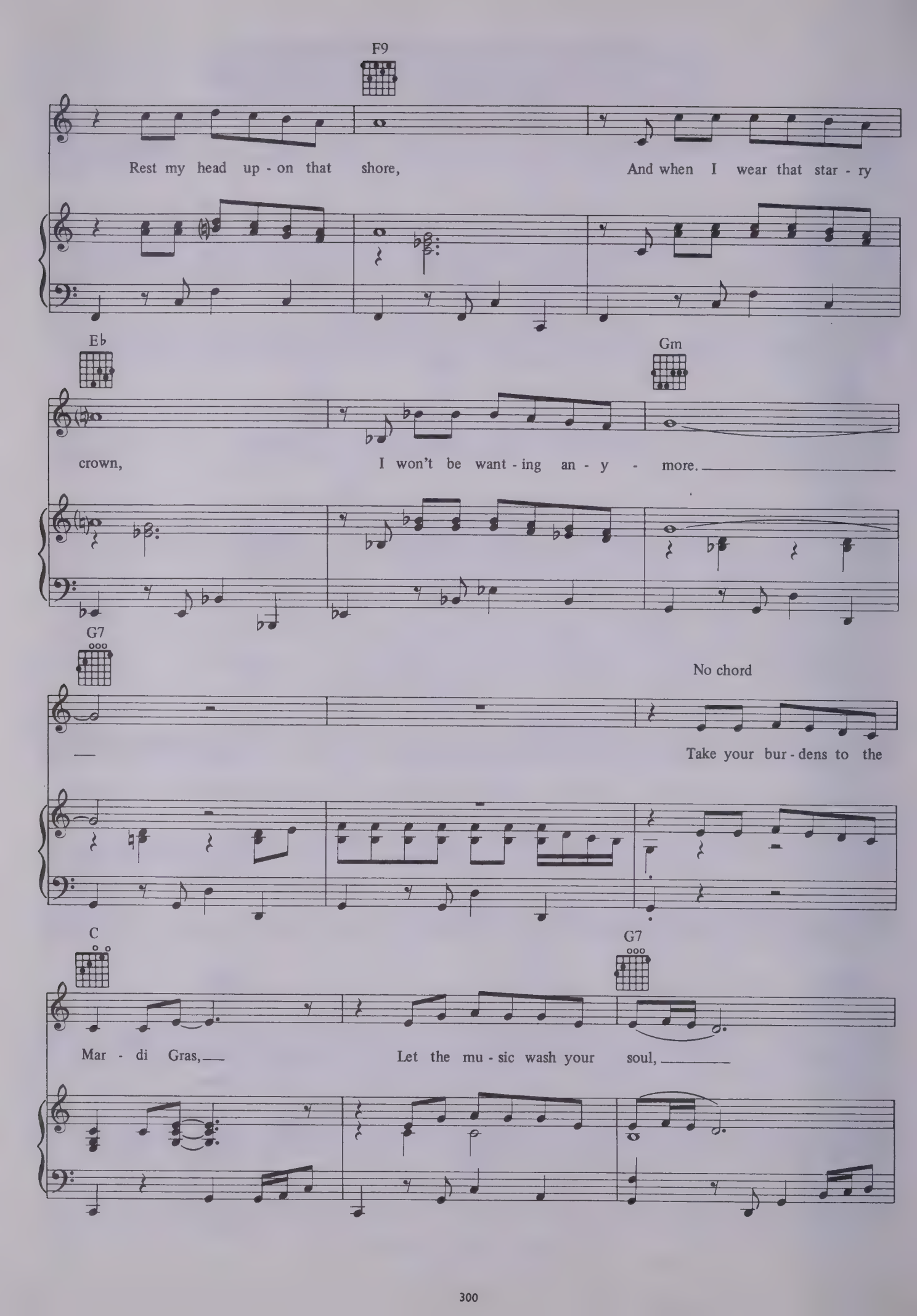
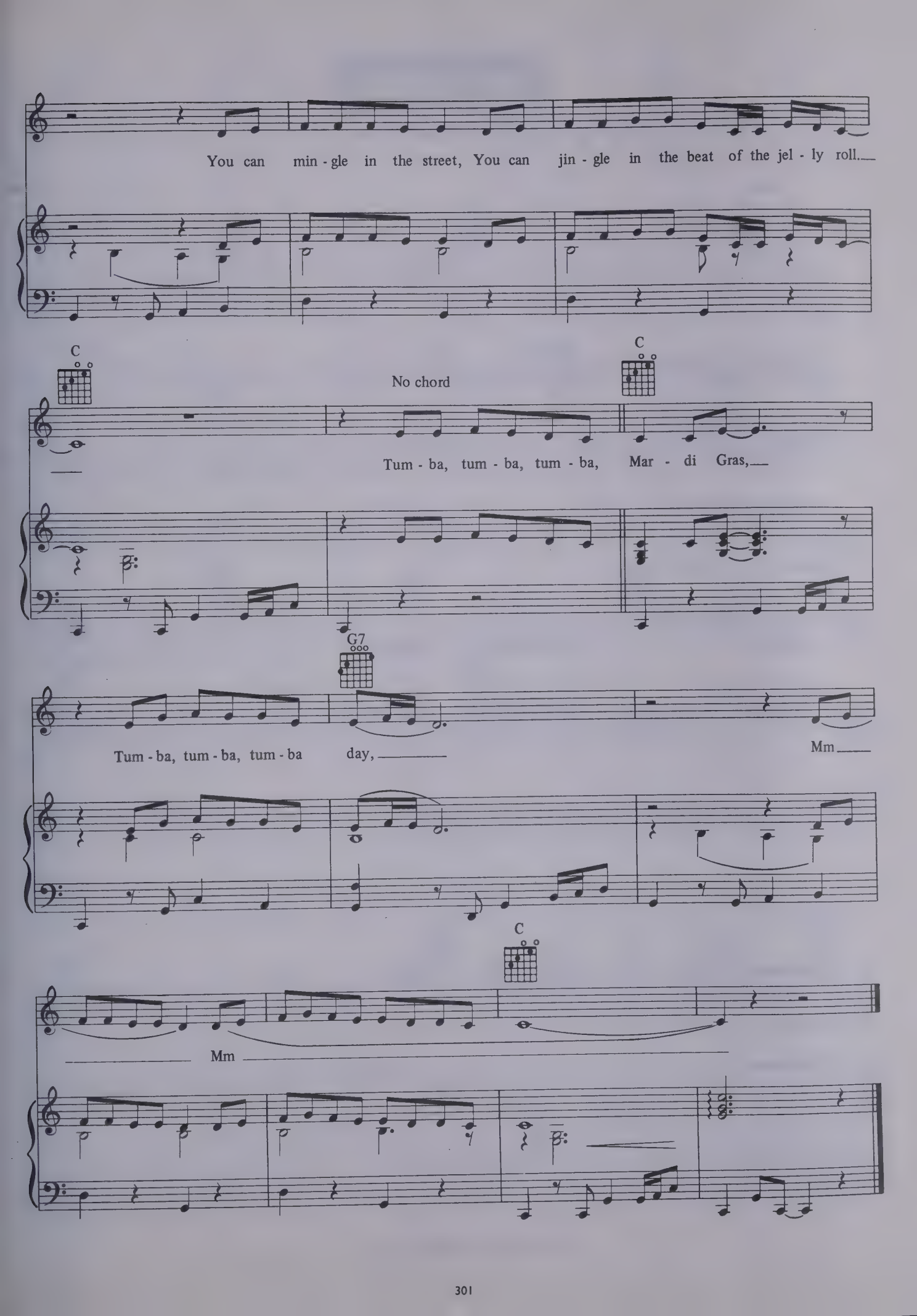
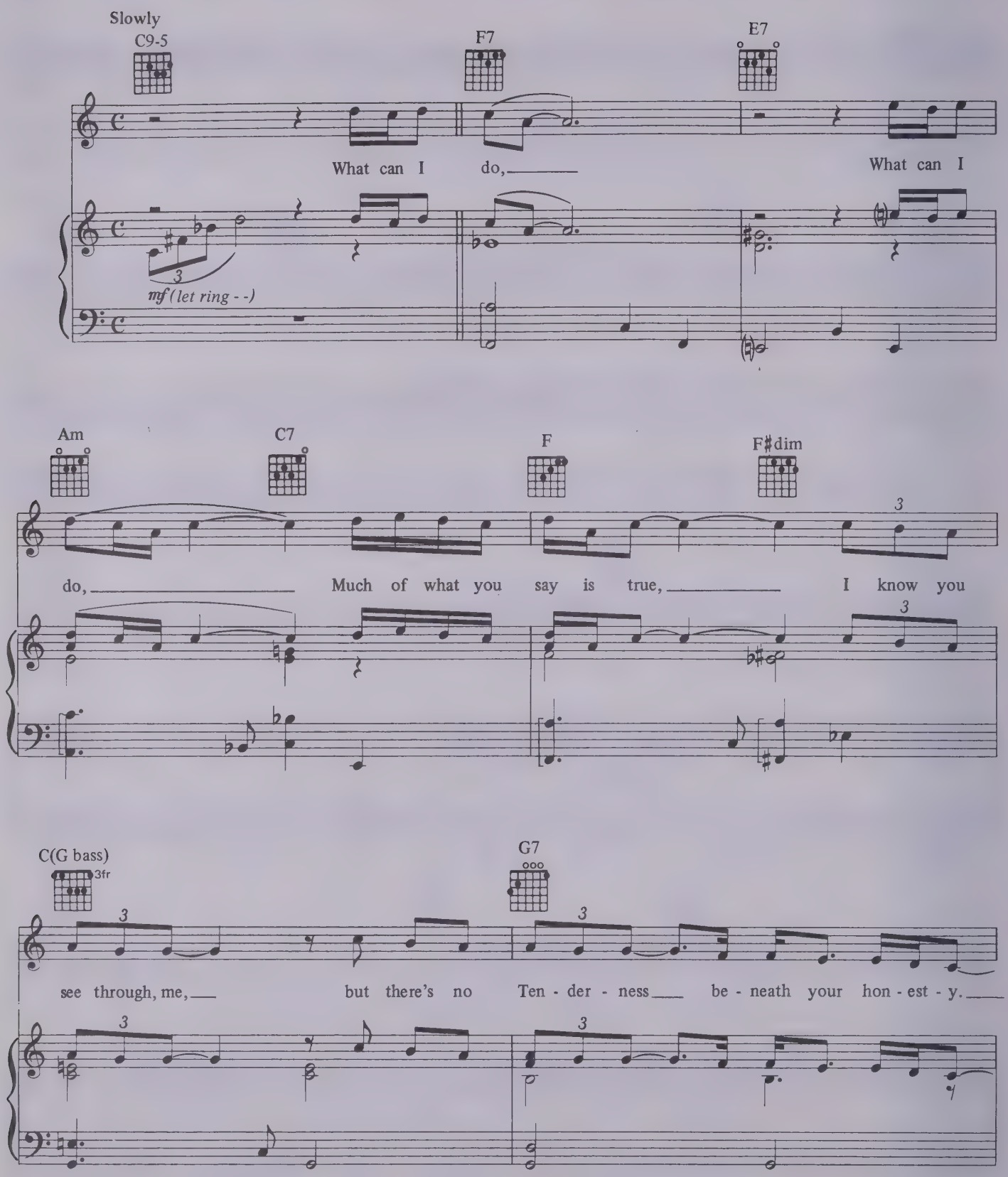

C
No chord
mu - sic in the street both night and day.
Hur - ry, Take Me To The
C
G7
Mar - di Gras,
In the cit - y of my dreams,
You can le - gal - ize your laws, you can wear your sum-mer clothes in the New Or -
C
C7
F
leans.
And I will lay my bur - den down,


F9
Rest my head up - on that shore,
And when I wear that star - ry
E♭
Gm
crown,
I won't be want - ing an - y - more.
G7
No chord
Take your bur - dens to the
C
G7
Mar - di Gras,
Let the mu - sic wash your soul,


You can min - gle in the street, You can jin - gle in the beat of the jel - ly roll.
C
No chord
C
Tum - ba, tum - ba, tum - ba, Mar - di Gras,
G7
Tum - ba, tum - ba, tum - ba day,
Mm
C
Mm

Tenderness.

Words and music by Paul Simon.



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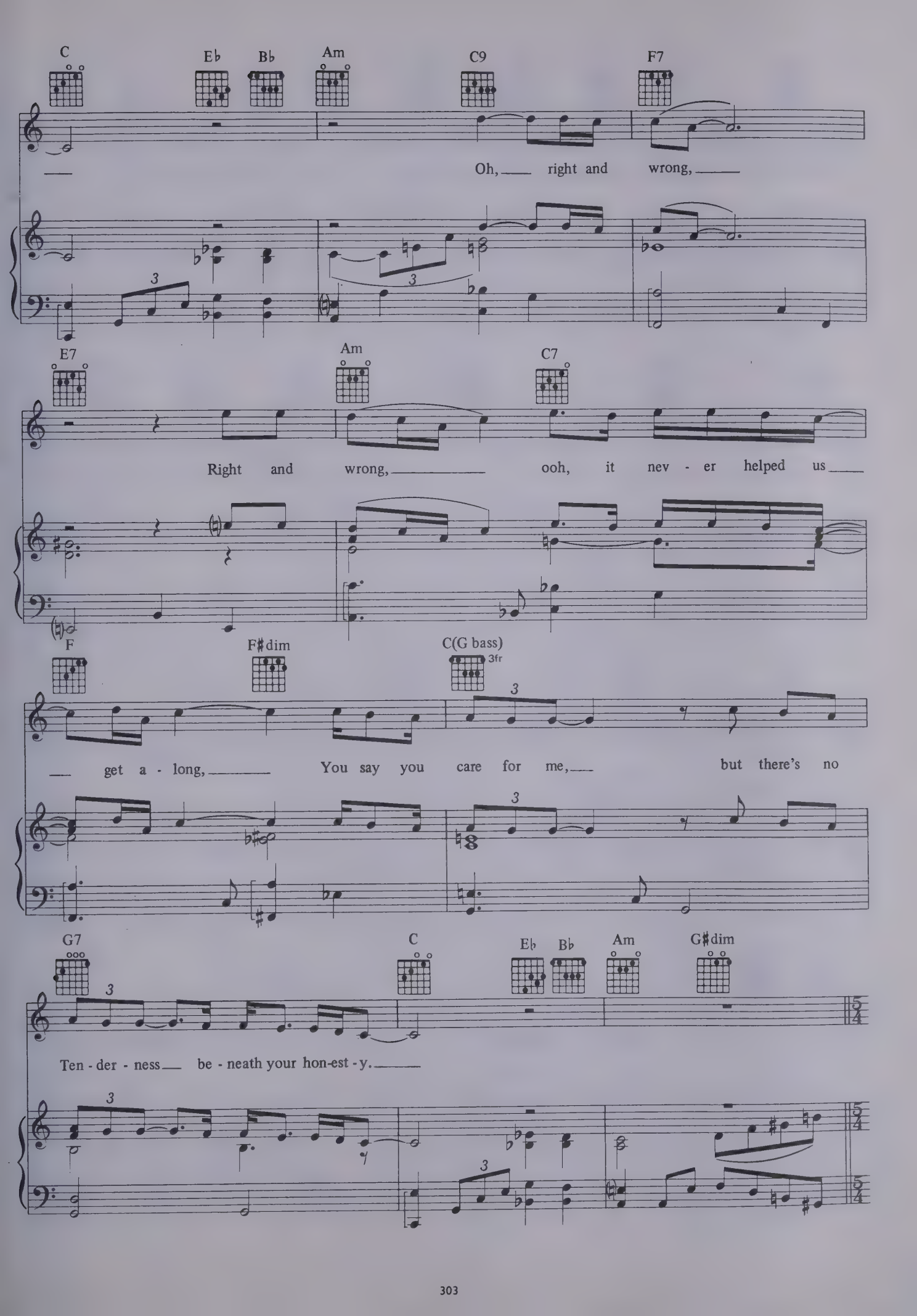
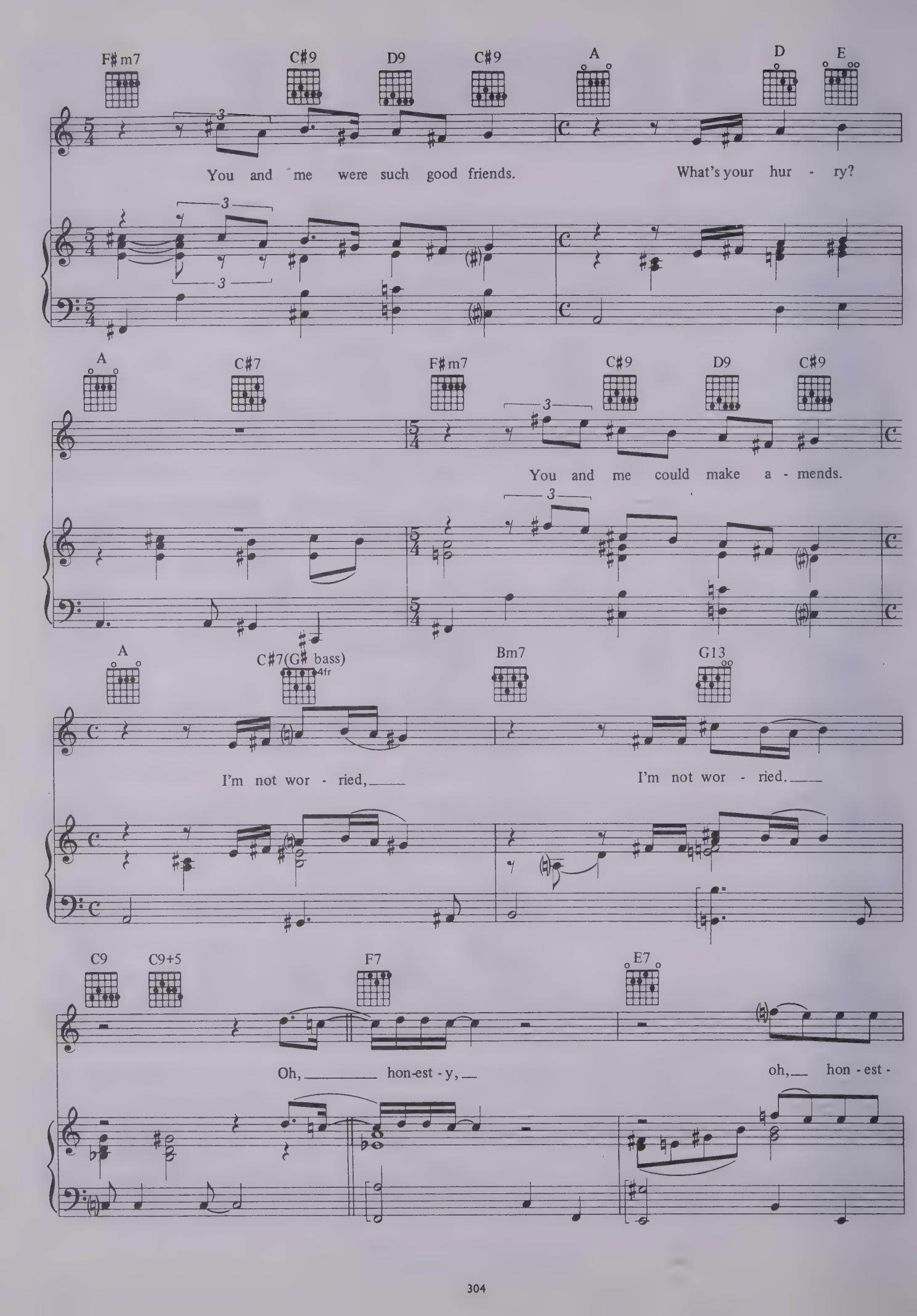
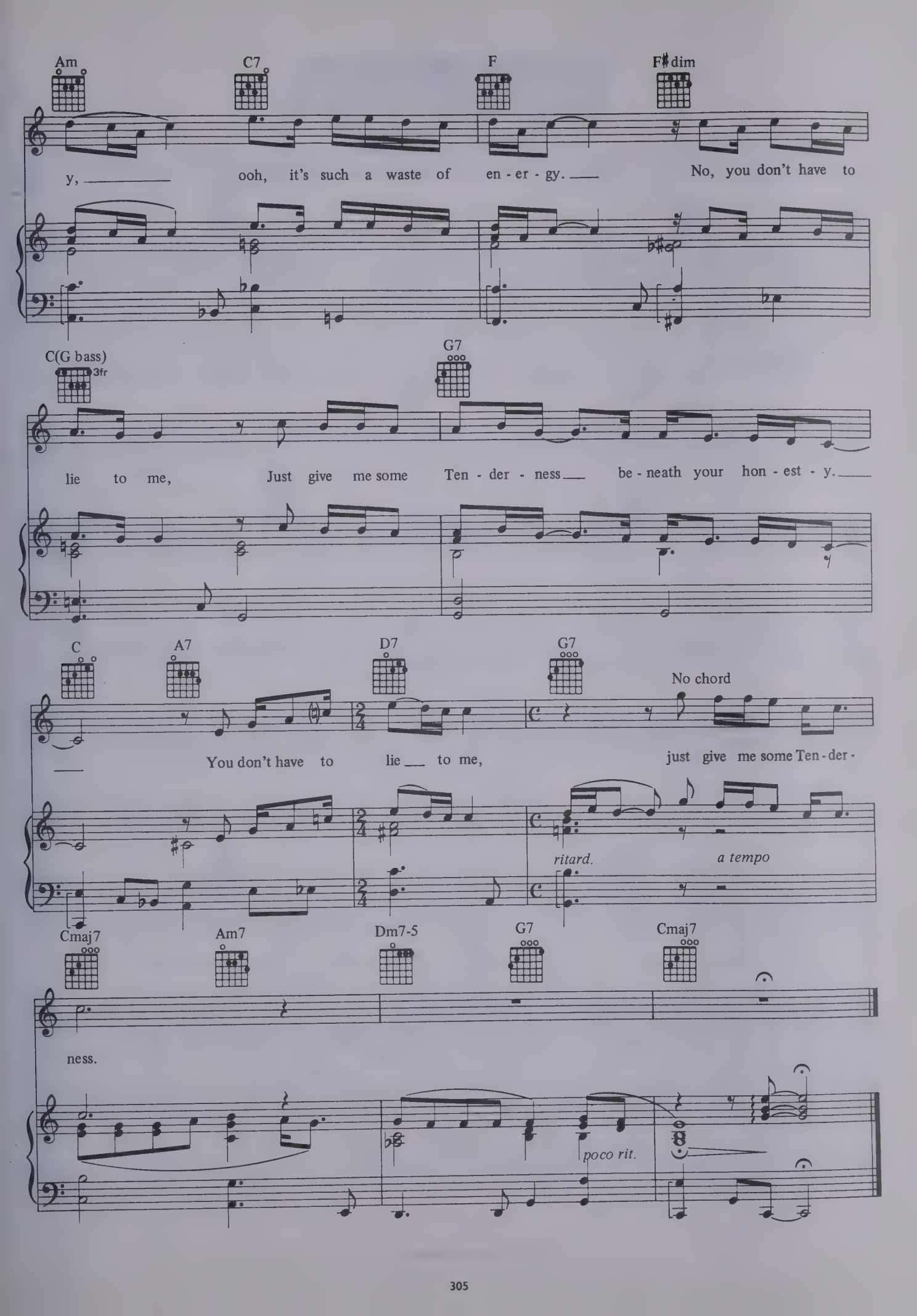
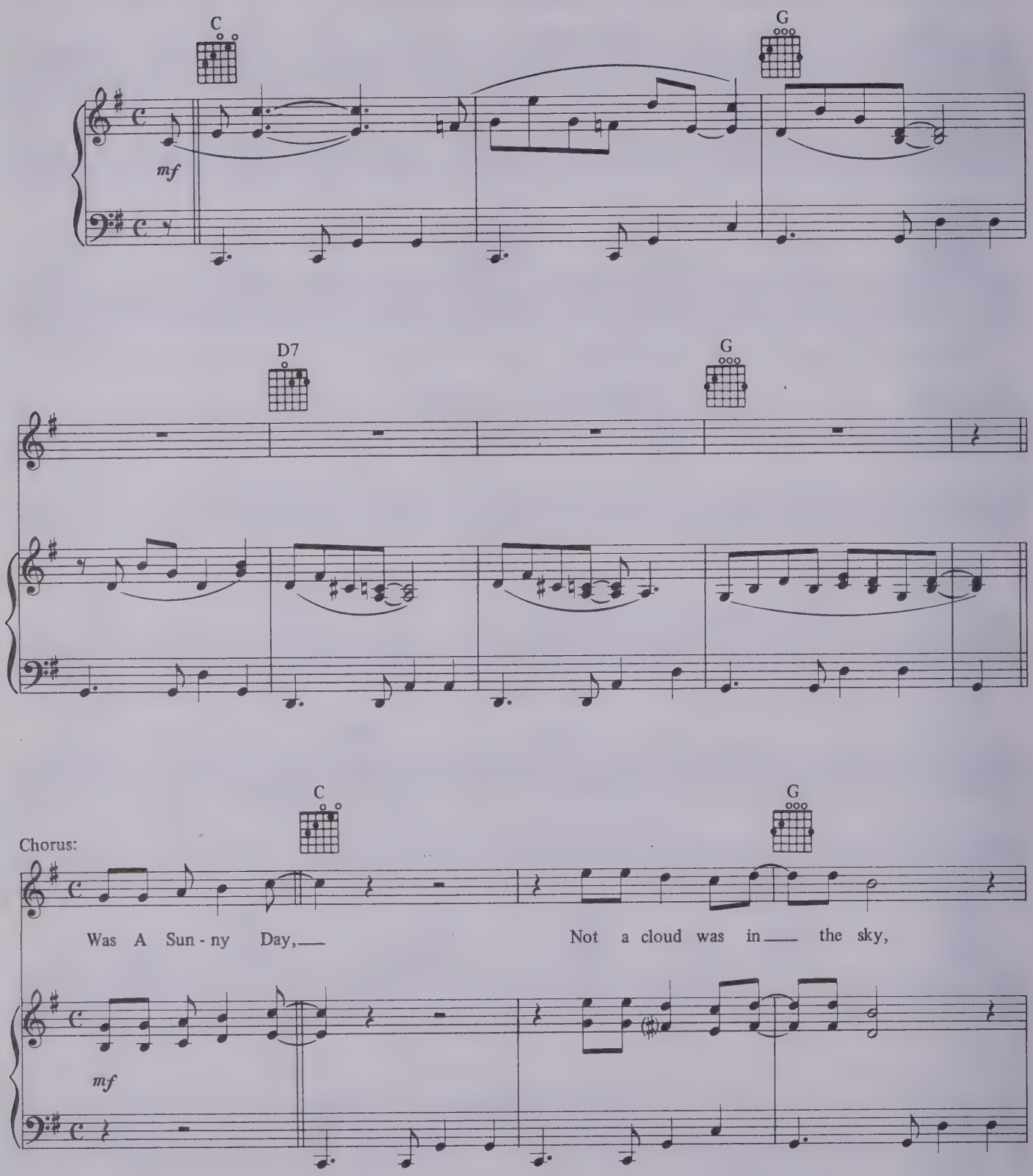

C
E♭
B♭
Am
C9
F7
Oh, right and wrong,
E7
Am
C7
Right and wrong, ooh, it nev - er helped us
F
F♯dim
C(G bass)
3fr
get a - long, You say you care for me, but there's no
G7
C
E♭
B♭
Am
G♯dim
Ten - der - ness be - neath your hon-est - y.


F♯m7
C♯9
D9
C♯9
A
D
E
You and me were such good friends.
What's your hur - ry?
A
C♯7
F♯m7
C♯9
D9
C♯9
You and me could make a - mends.
A
C♯7(G♯ bass)
4fr
Bm7
G13
I'm not wor - ried,
I'm not wor - ried.
C9
C9+5
F7
E7
Oh, hon-est - y,
oh, hon - est -


Am
C7
F
F♯dim
y, ooh, it's such a waste of en - er - gy. No, you don't have to
C(G bass)
3fr
G7
lie to me, Just give me some Ten - der - ness be - neath your hon - est - y.
C
A7
D7
G7
No chord
You don't have to lie to me, just give me some Ten - der -
ritard.
a tempo
Cmaj7
Am7
Dm7-5
G7
Cmaj7
ness.
poco rit.

Was A Sunny Day.

Words and music by Paul Simon.



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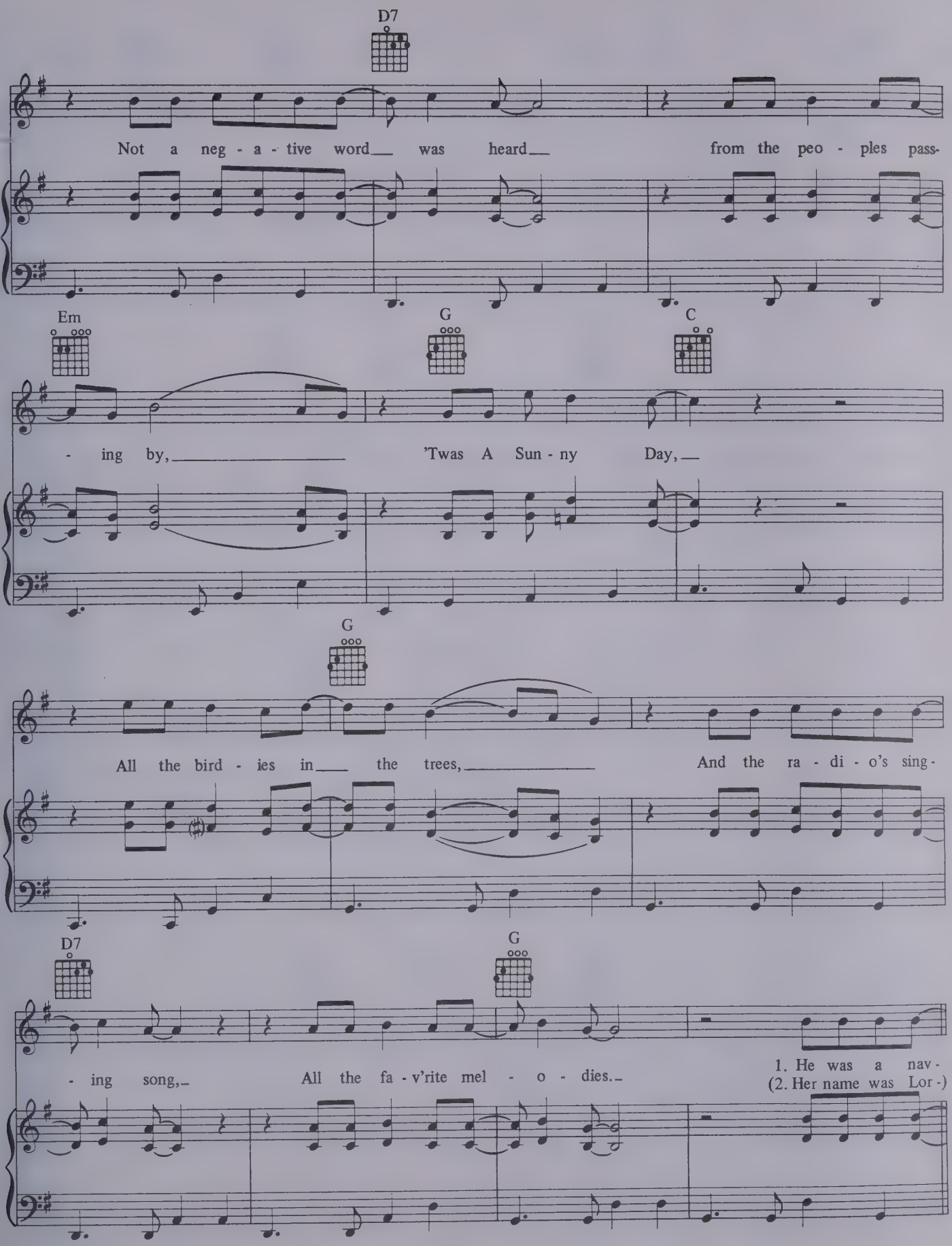
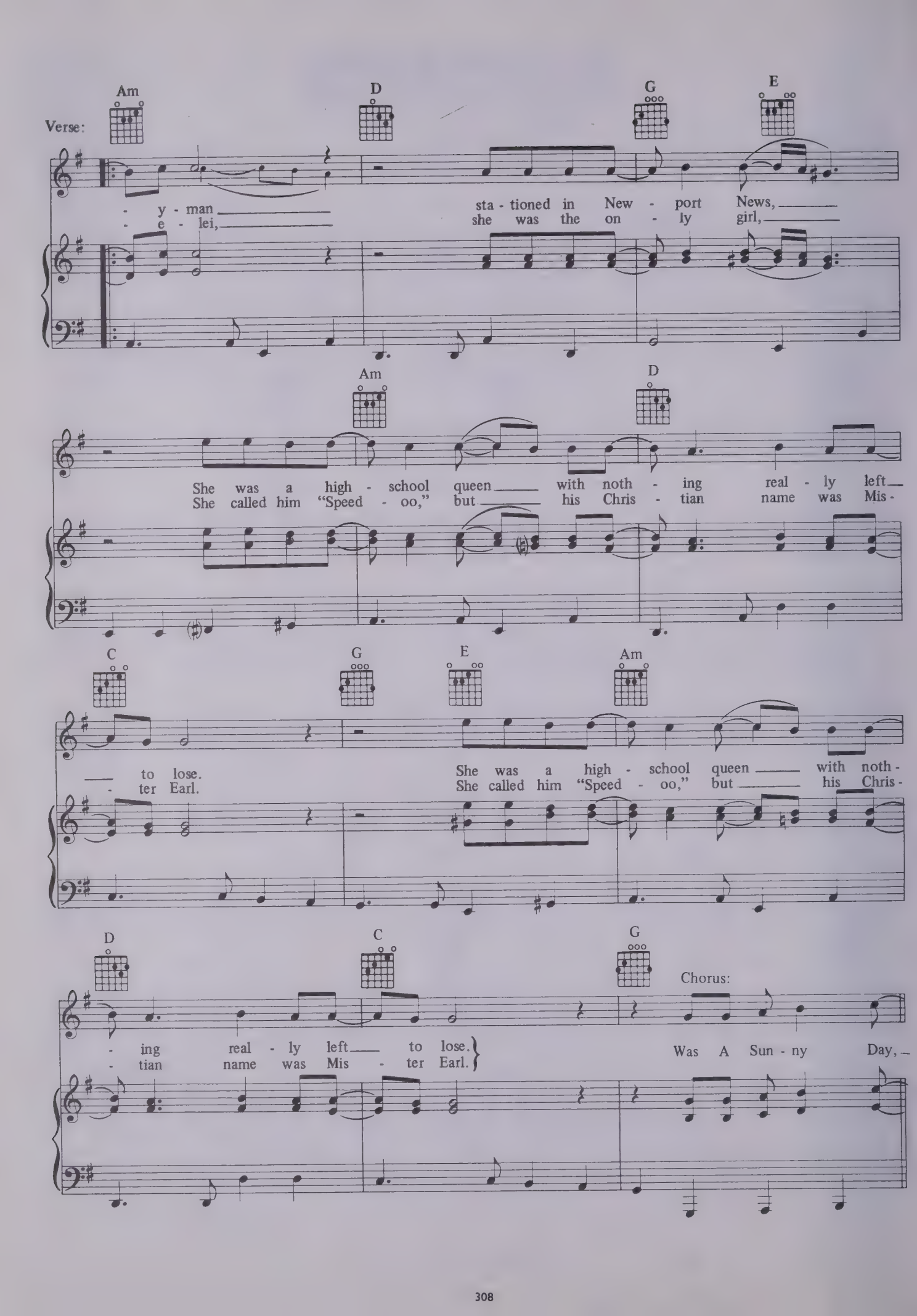
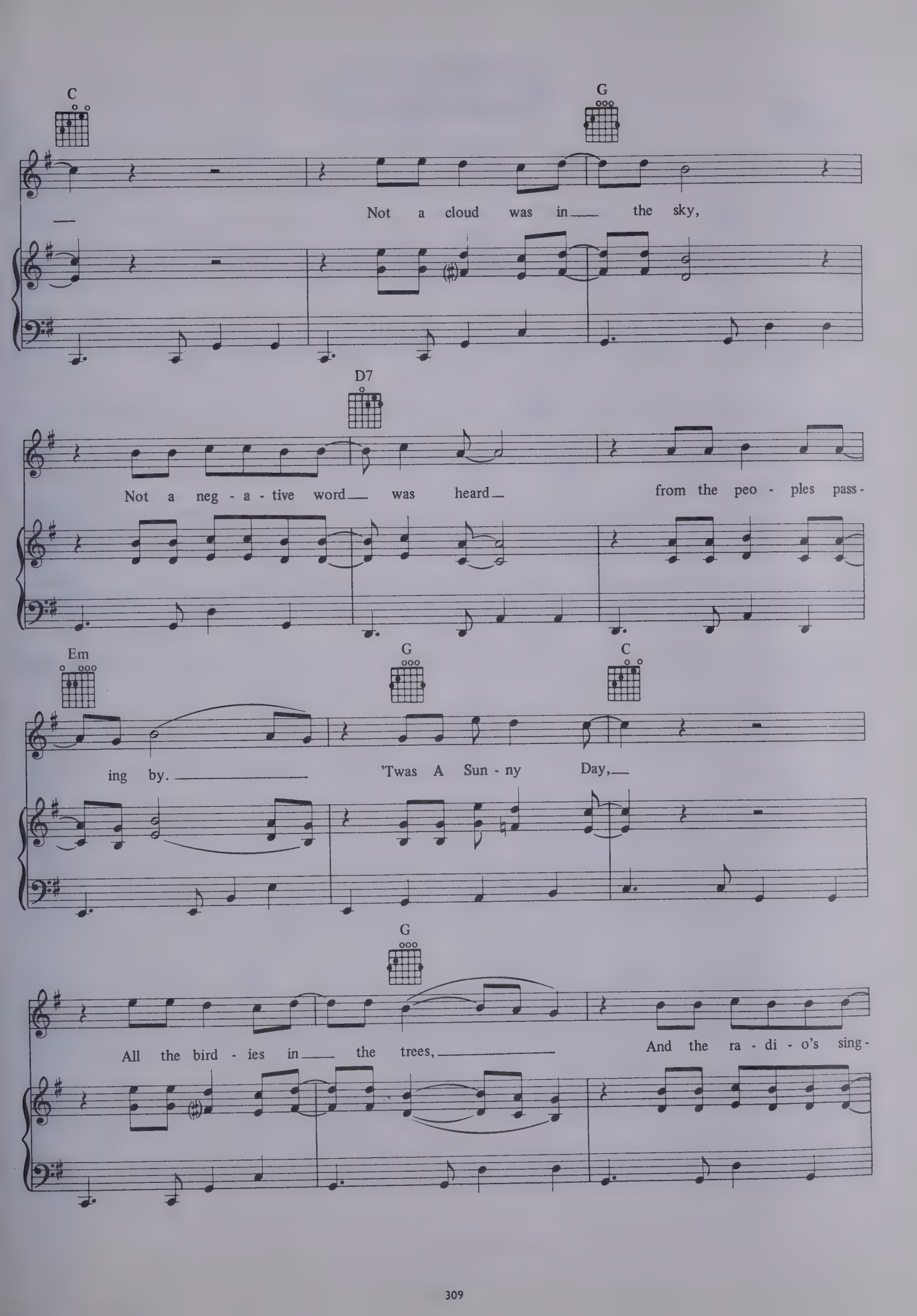
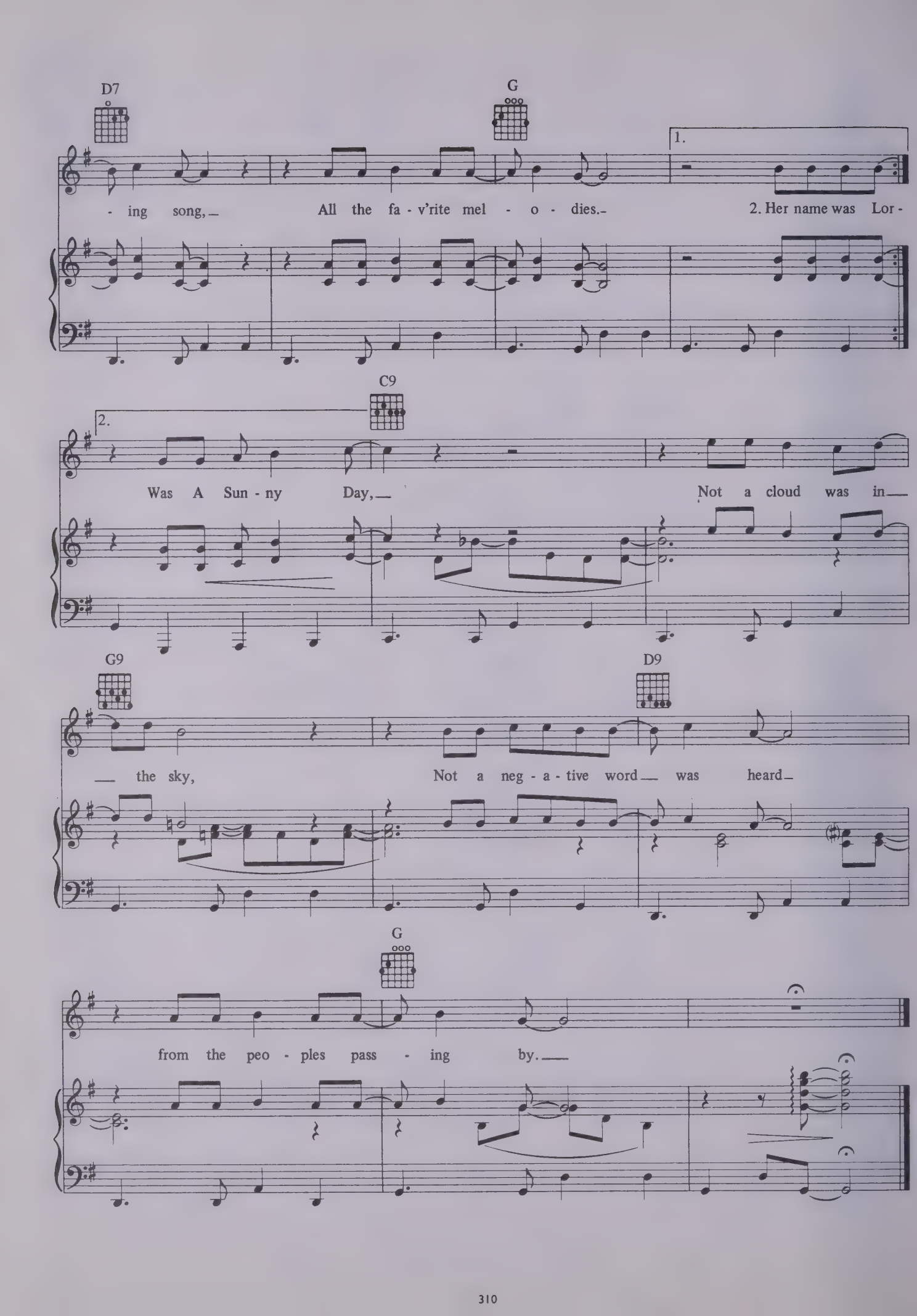

D7
Not a neg - a - tive word was heard from the peo - ples pass-
Em
G
C
- ing by, 'Twas A Sun - ny Day,
G
All the bird - ies in the trees, And the ra - di - o's sing-
D7
G
- ing song, All the fa - v'rite mel - o - dies.
1. He was a nav-
(2. Her name was Lor-)

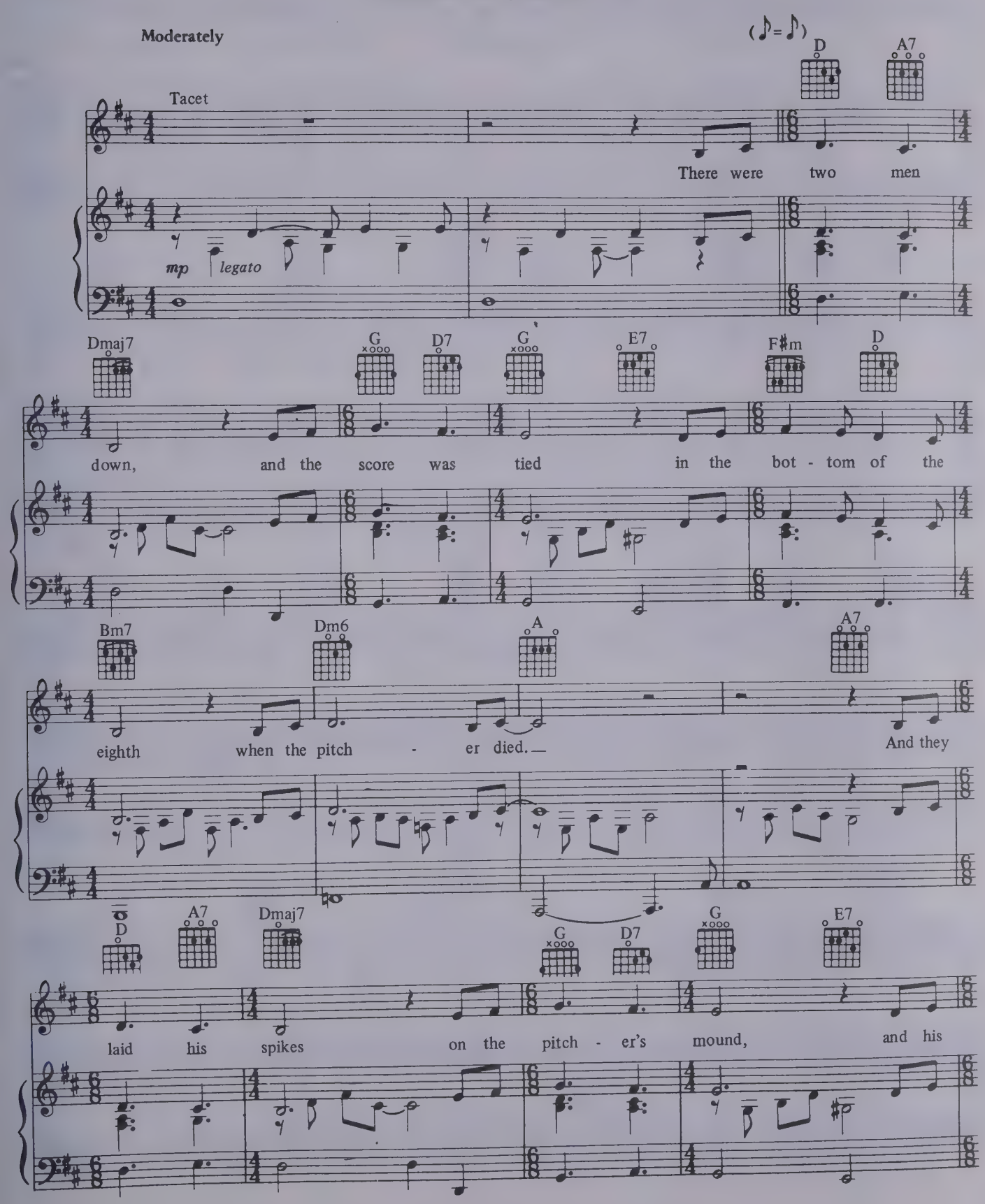

Verse:
Am
D
G
E
- y - man
- e - lei,
sta - tioned in New - port News,
she was the on - ly girl,
Am
D
She was a high - school queen with noth - ing real - ly left
She called him "Speed - oo," but his Chris - tian name was Mis -
C
G
E
Am
to lose.
- ter Earl.
She was a high - school queen with noth -
She called him "Speed - oo," but his Chris -
D
C
G
Chorus:
- ing real - ly left to lose.
- tian name was Mis - ter Earl.
Was A Sun - ny Day,


C
G
Not a cloud was in the sky,
D7
Not a neg - a - tive word was heard from the peo - ples pass -
Em
G
C
ing by. 'Twas A Sun - ny Day,
G
All the bird - ies in the trees, And the ra - di - o's sing -


D7
G
1.
- ing song, All the fa - v'rite mel - o - dies. 2. Her name was Lor -
C9
2.
Was A Sun - ny Day, Not a cloud was in
G9
D9
the sky, Not a neg - a - tive word was heard
G
from the peo - ples pass - ing by.

Night Game.

Words and music by Paul Simon.



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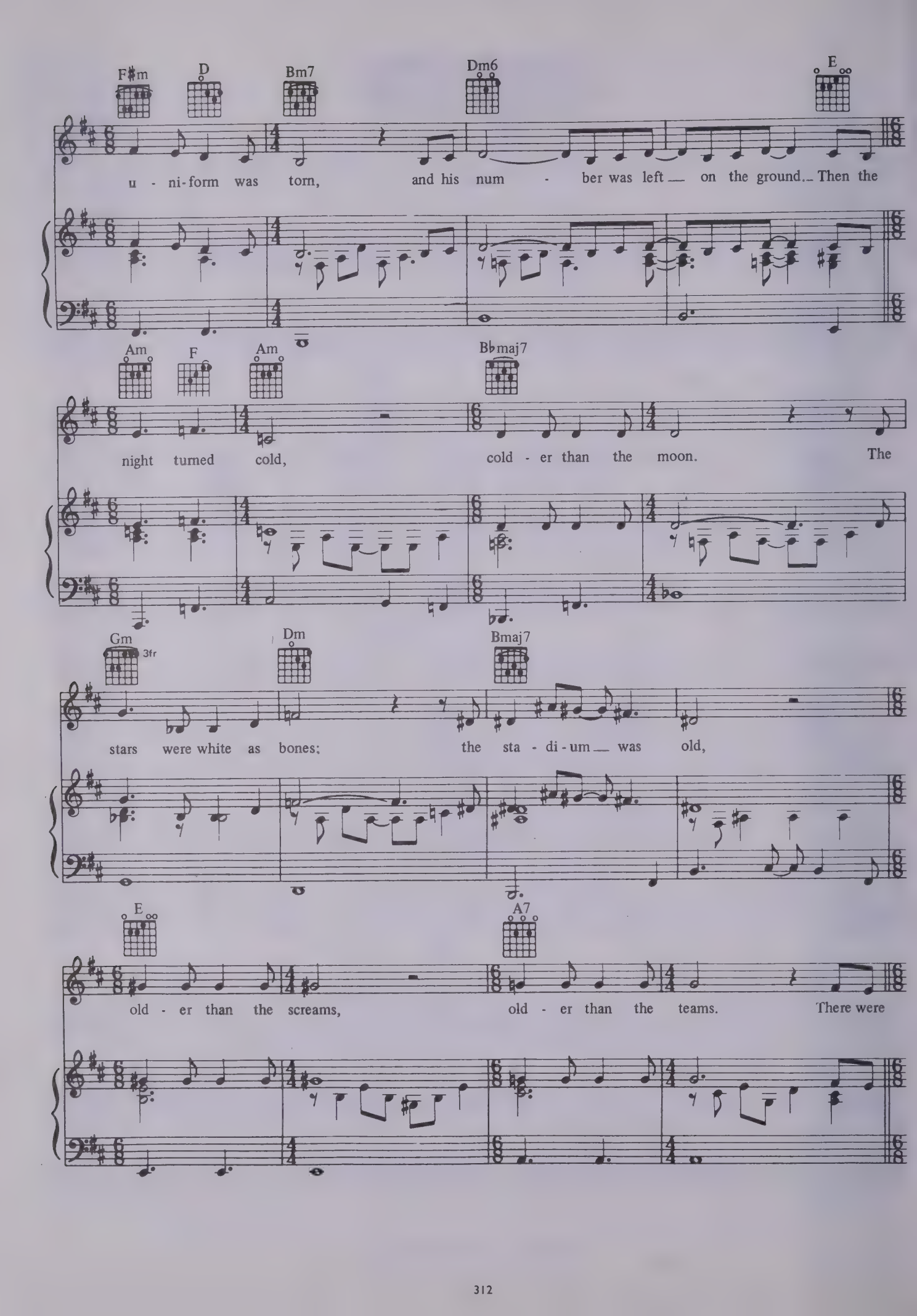
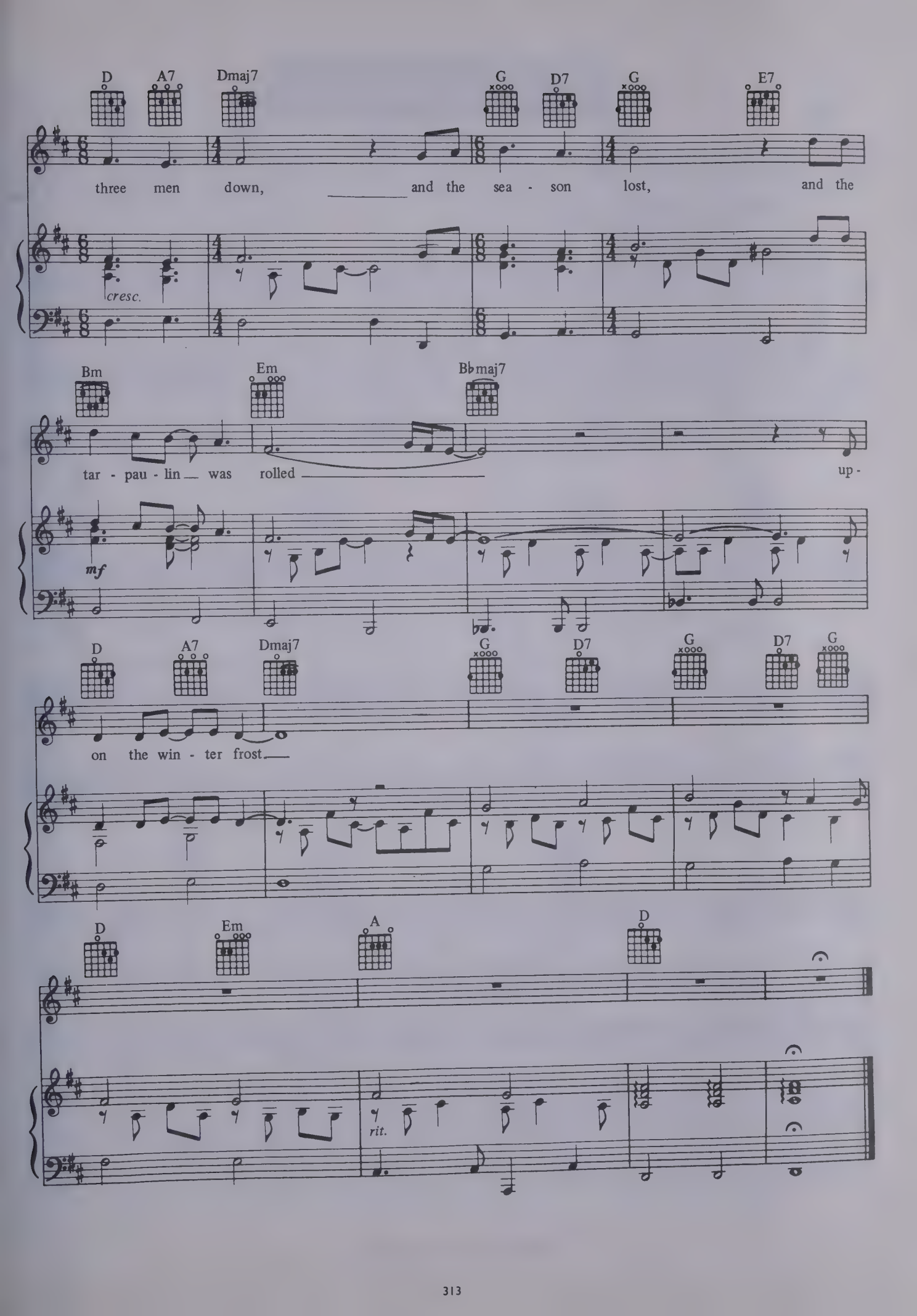
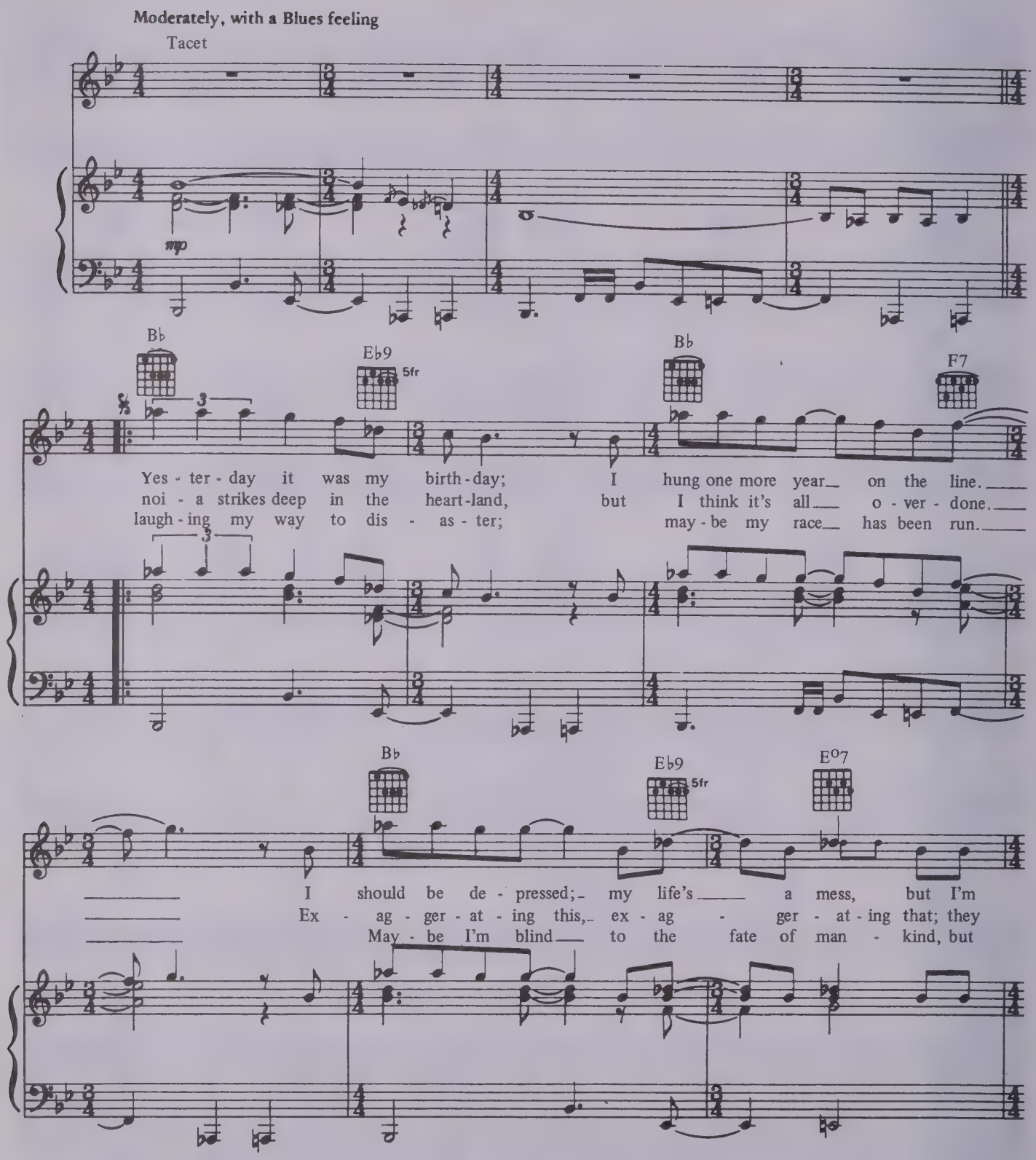

F♯m
D
Bm7
Dm6
E
u - ni-form was torn, and his num - ber was left on the ground. Then the
Am
F
Am
B♭maj7
night turned cold, cold - er than the moon. The
Gm
3fr
Dm
Bmaj7
stars were white as bones; the sta - di - um was old,
E
A7
old - er than the screams, old - er than the teams. There were


D A7 Dmaj7 G D7 G E7
three men down, and the sea - son lost, and the
cresc.
Bm Em B♭maj7
tar - pau - lin was rolled up -
mf
D A7 Dmaj7 G D7 G D7 G
on the win - ter frost.
D Em A D
rit.

Have A Good Time.

Words and music by Paul Simon.



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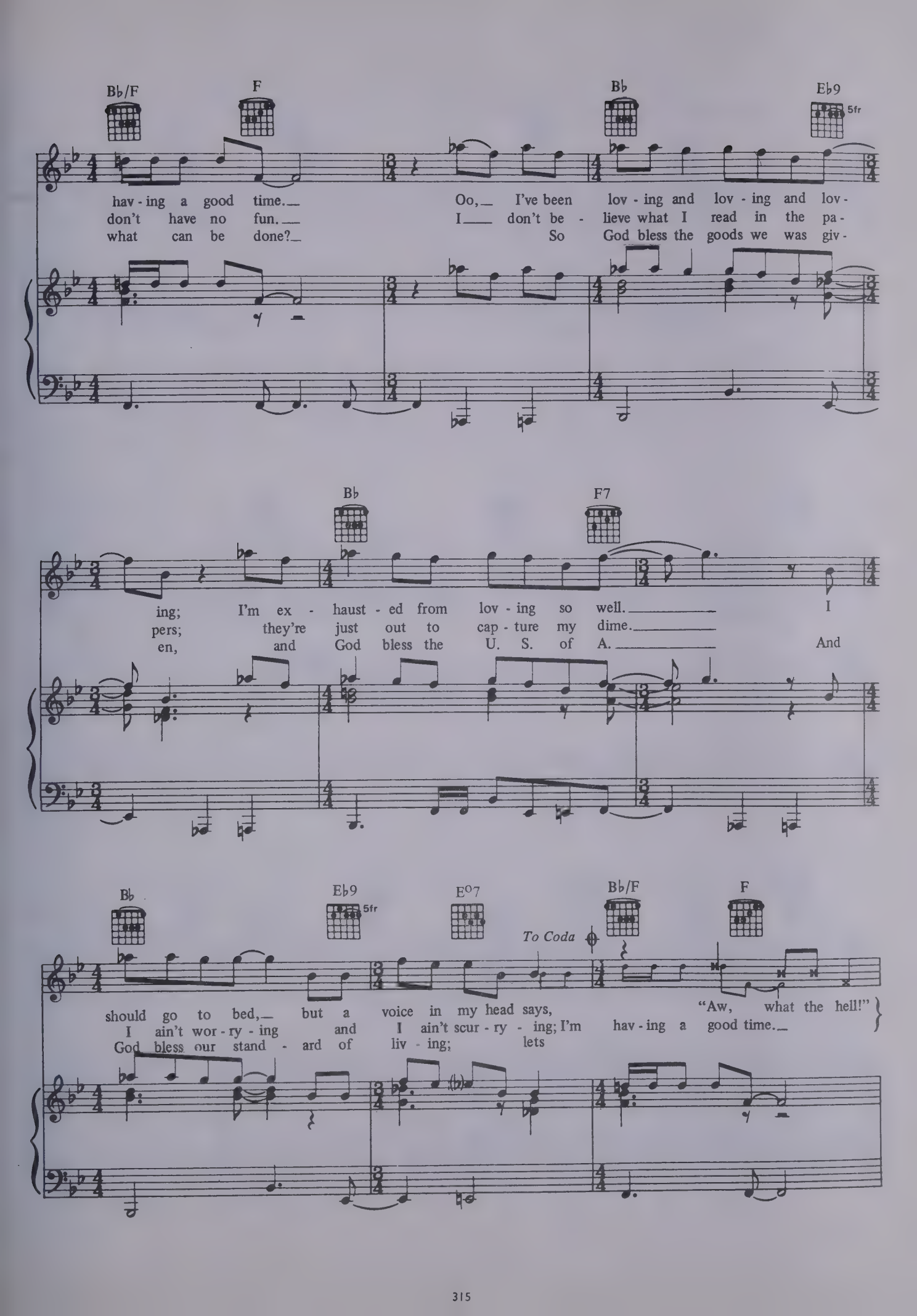
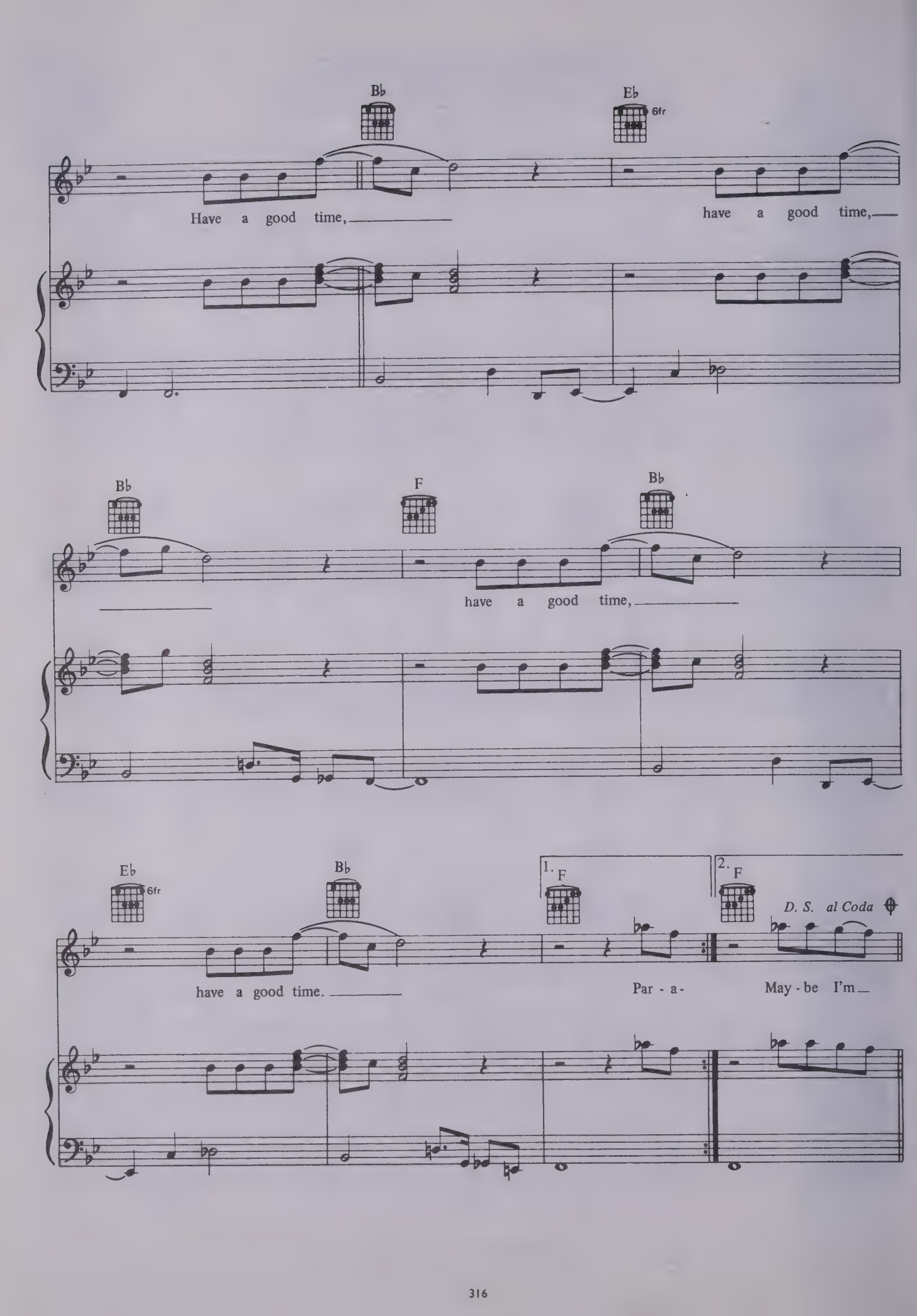
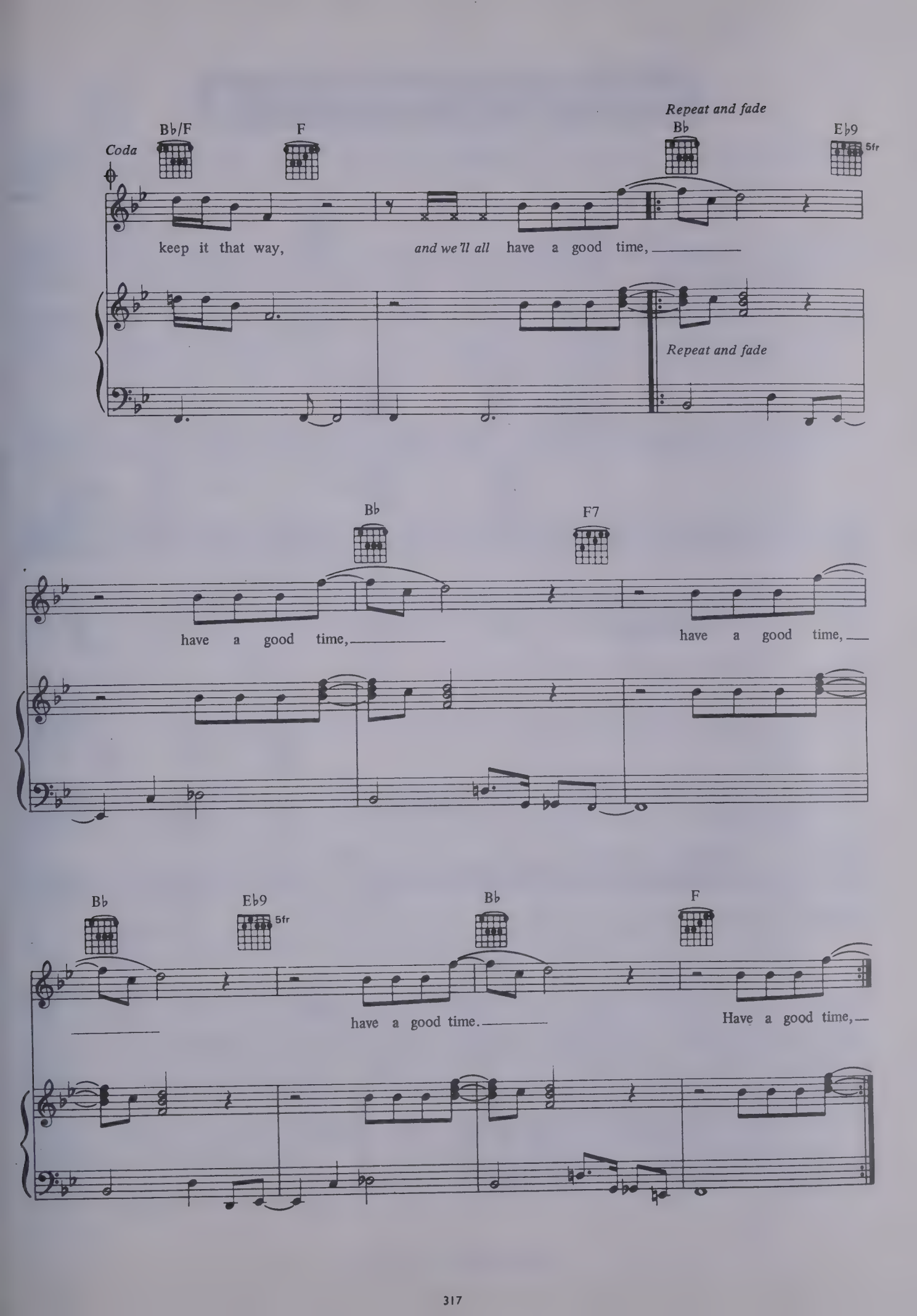
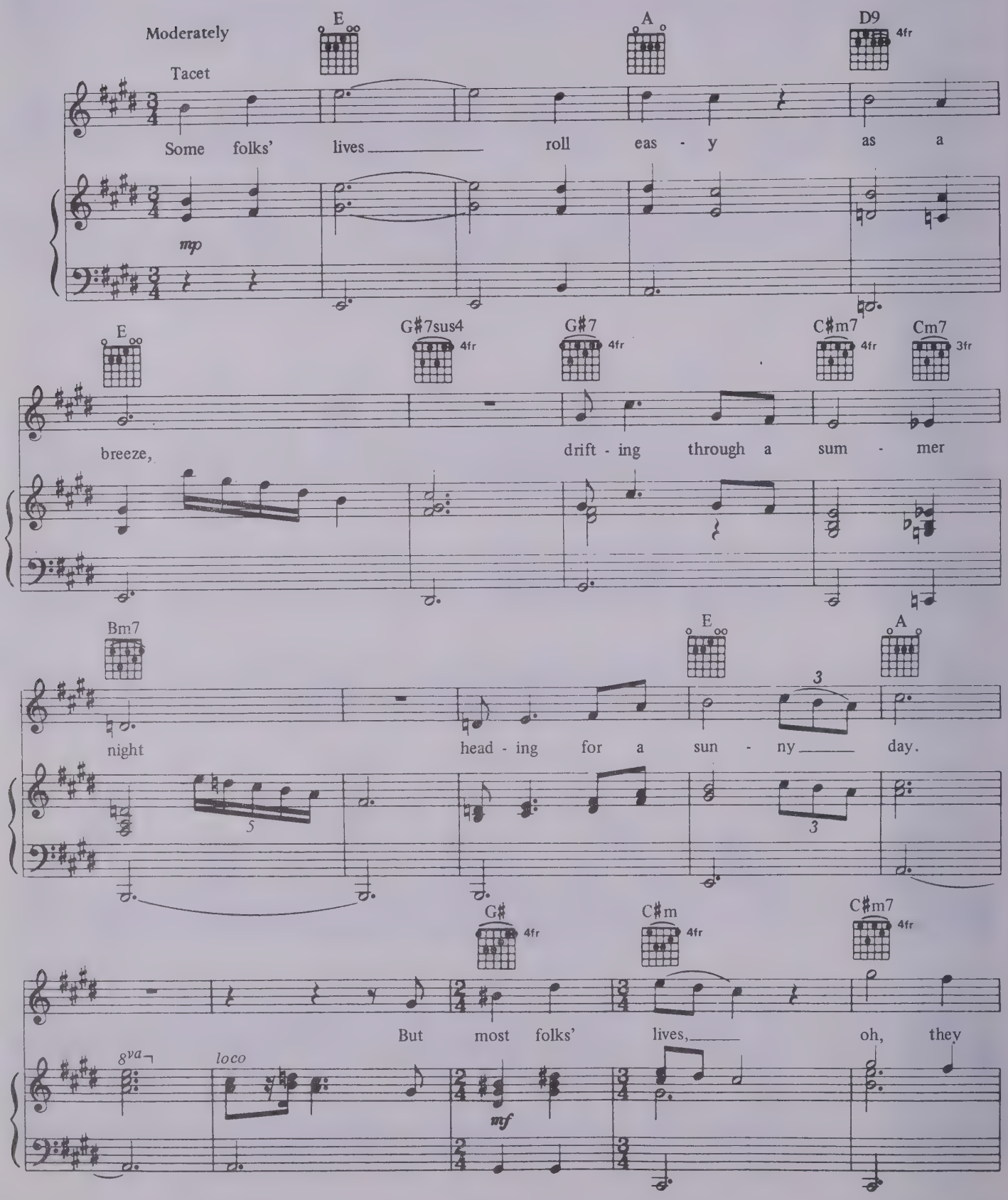

Bb/F
F
Bb
Eb9
5fr
hav - ing a good time.
don't have no fun.
what can be done?
Oo, I've been lov - ing and lov - ing and lov -
I don't be - lieve what I read in the pa -
So God bless the goods we was giv -
Bb
F7
ing; I'm ex - haust - ed from lov - ing so well.
pers; they're just out to cap - ture my dime.
en, and God bless the U. S. of A.
I
And
Bb
Eb9
5fr
E°7
Bb/F
F
To Coda
should go to bed, but a voice in my head says,
I ain't wor - ry - ing and I ain't scur - ry - ing; I'm hav - ing a good time.
God bless our stand - ard of liv - ing; lets
"Aw, what the hell!"


B♭
E♭
6fr
Have a good time,
have a good time,
B♭
F
B♭
have a good time,
E♭
6fr
B♭
1. F
2. F
D. S. al Coda
have a good time.
Par - a-
May - be I'm


Coda
Bb/F
F
Repeat and fade
Bb
Eb9
5fr
keep it that way,
and we'll all have a good time,
Repeat and fade
Bb
F7
have a good time,
have a good time,
Bb
Eb9
5fr
Bb
F
have a good time.
Have a good time,

Some Folks' Lives Roll Easy.

Words and music by Paul Simon.



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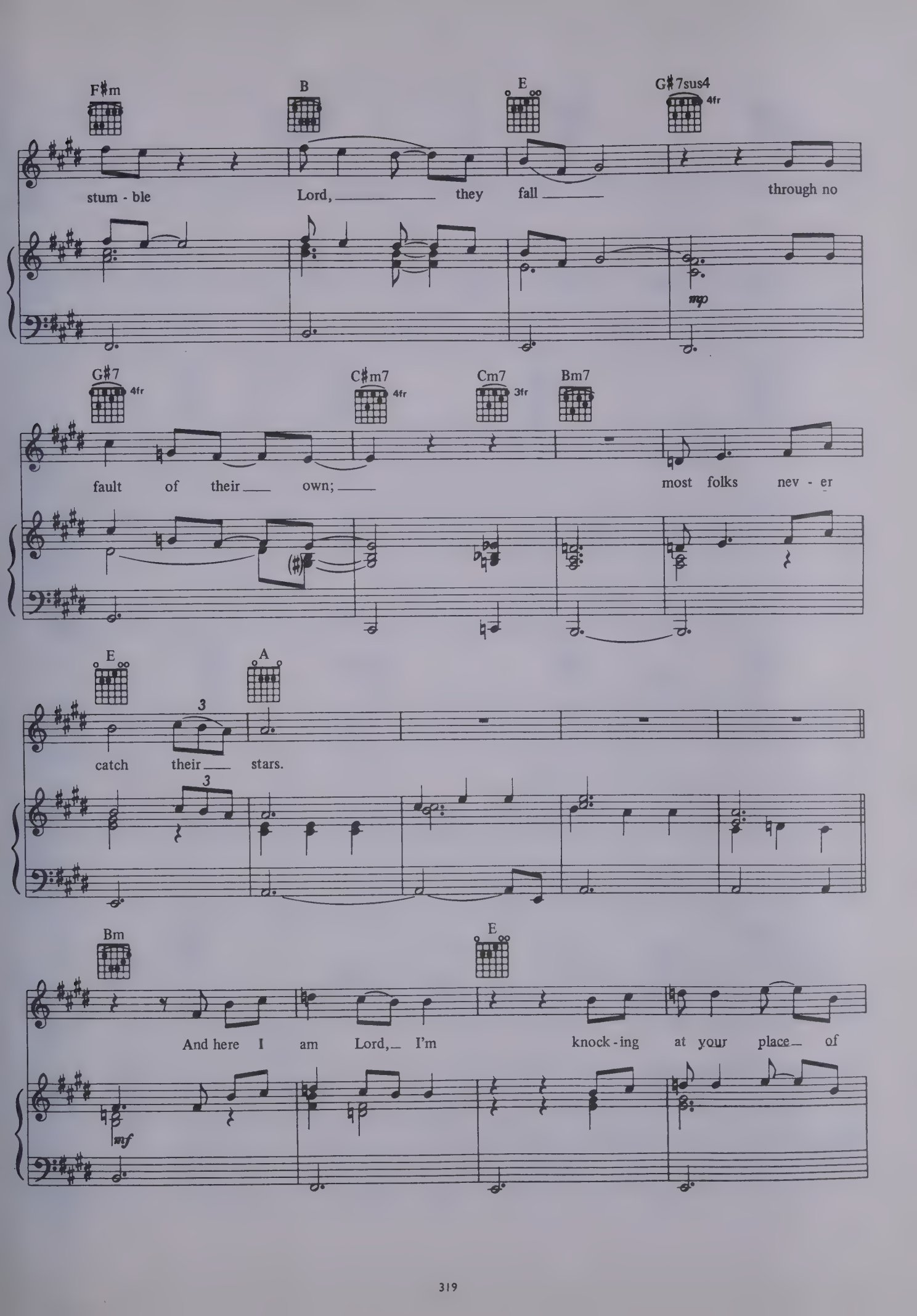
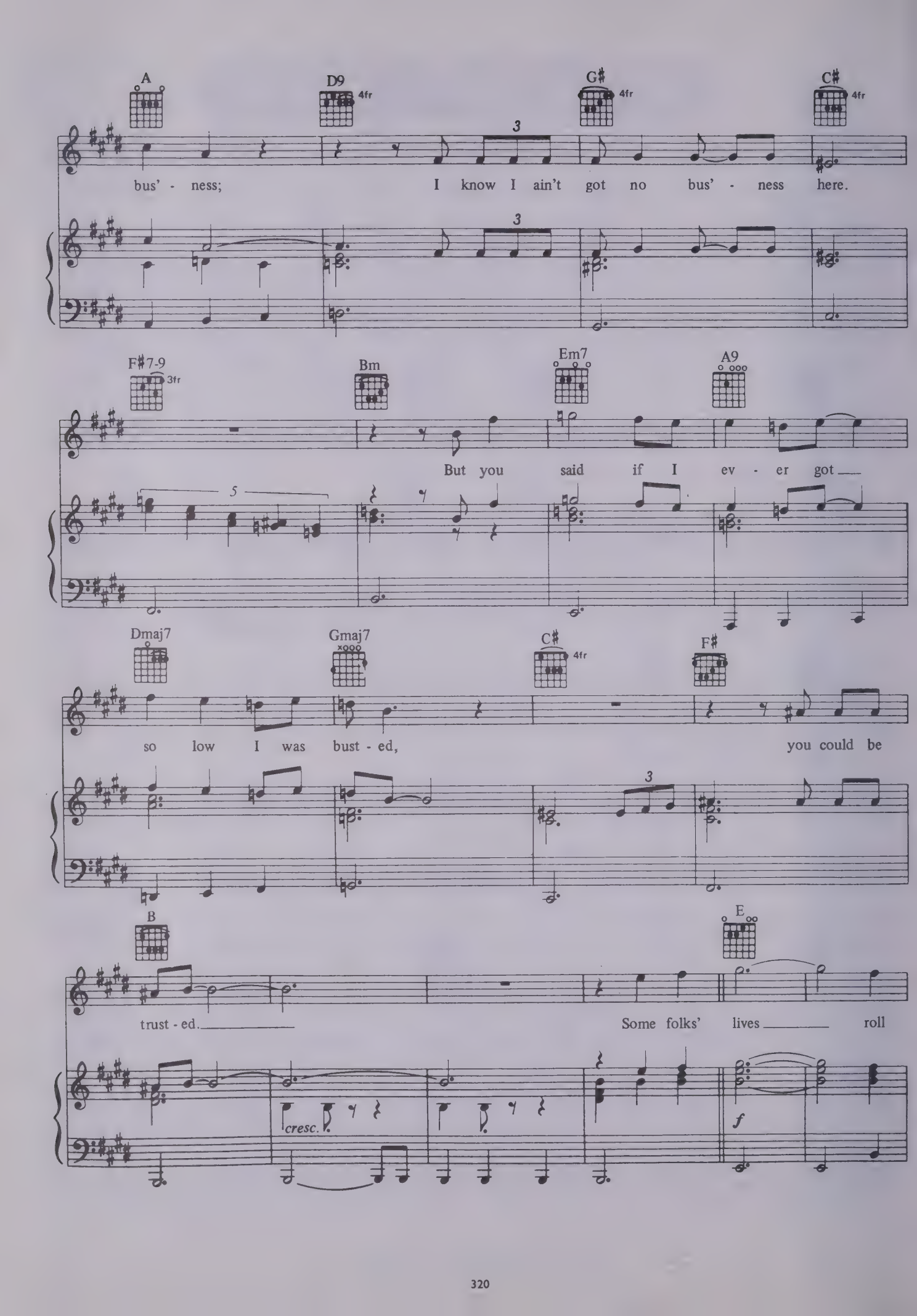
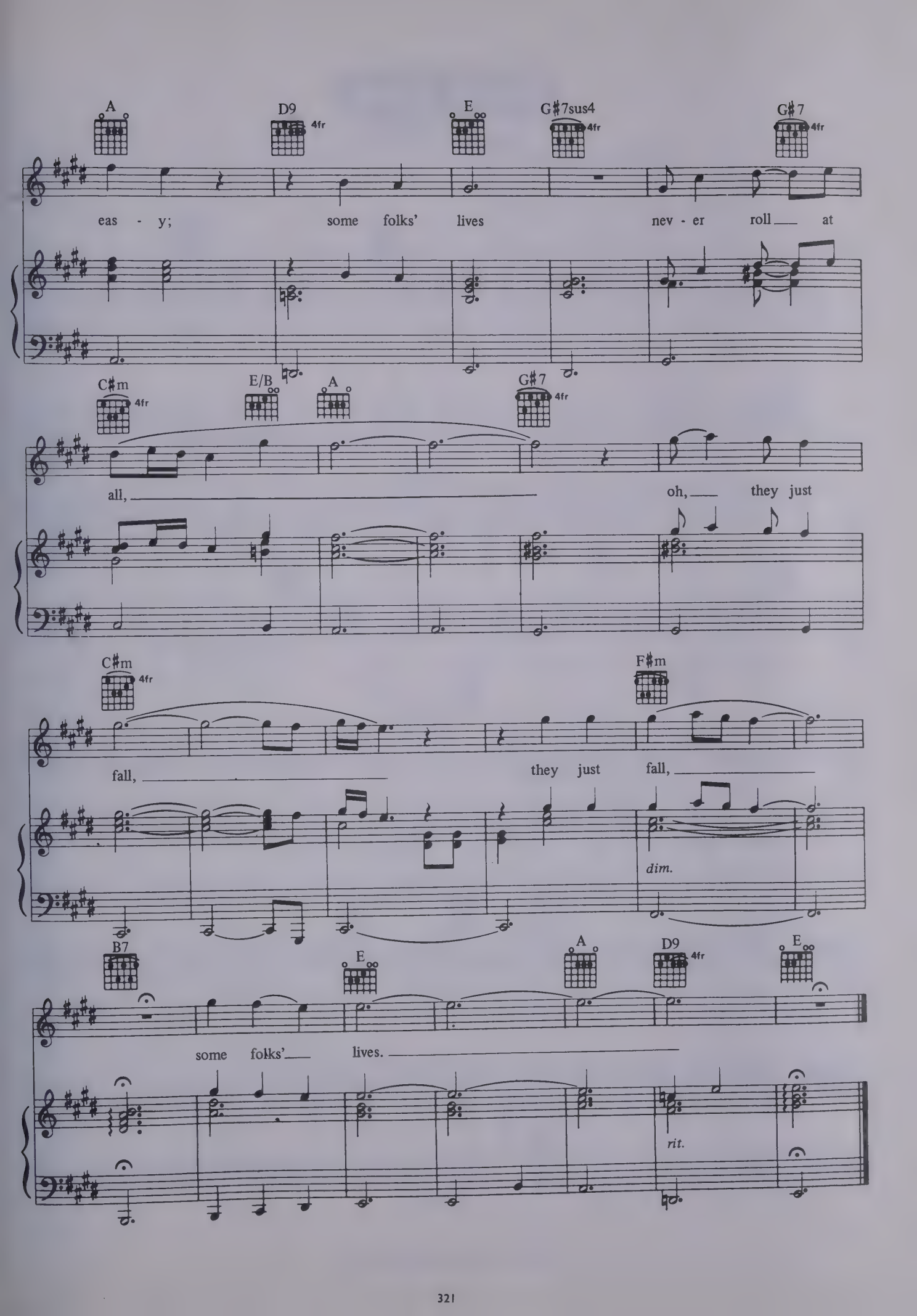
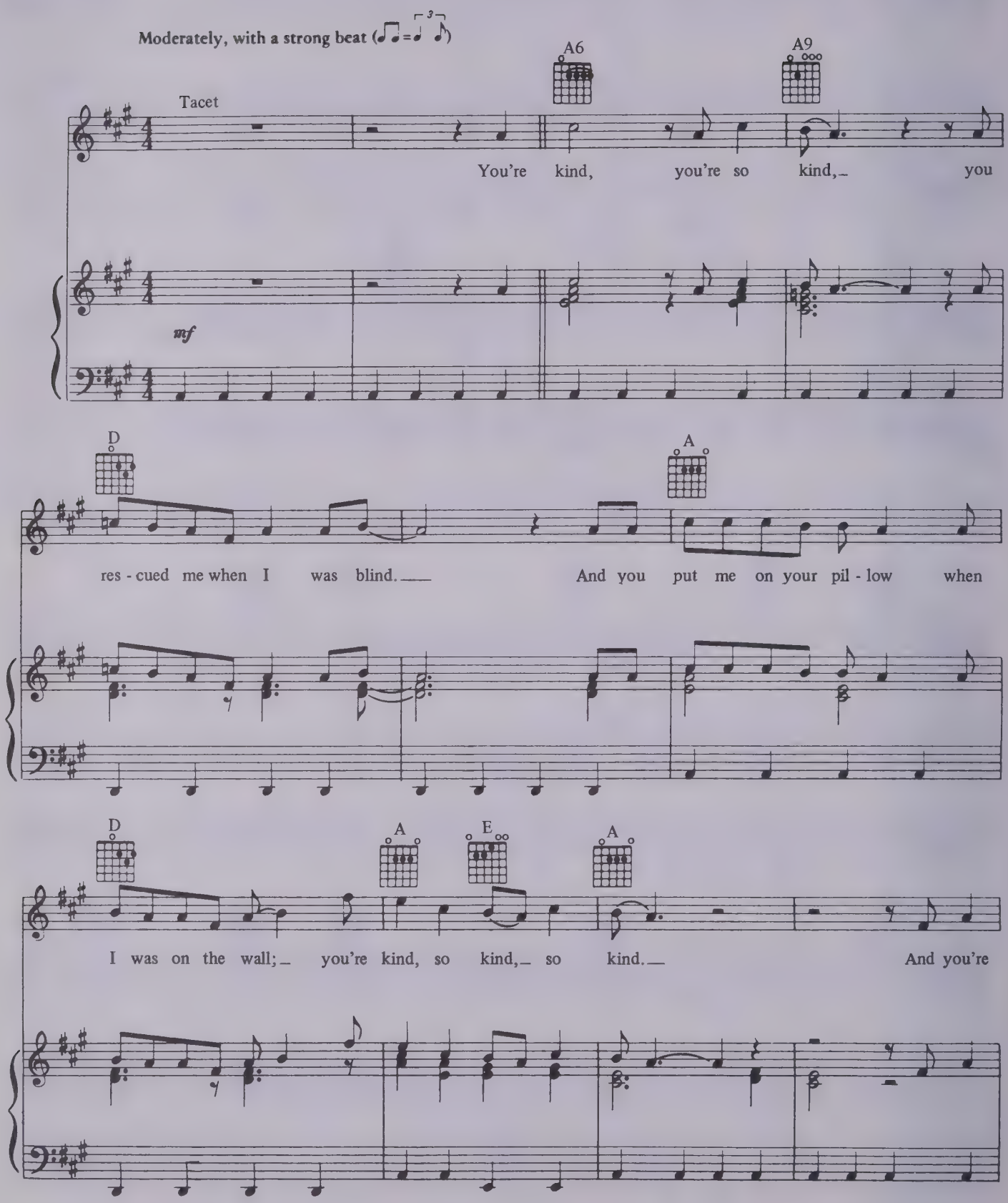

F♯m
B
E
G♯7sus4
4fr
stum - ble
Lord, they fall
through no
mp
G♯7
4fr
C♯m7
4fr
Cm7
3fr
Bm7
fault of their own;
most folks nev - er
E
A
3
catch their stars.
3
Bm
E
And here I am Lord, I'm knock - ing at your place of
mf


A
D9
4fr
G♯
4fr
C♯
4fr
bus' - ness; I know I ain't got no bus' - ness here.
F♯7-9
3fr
Bm
Em7
A9
But you said if I ev - er got
Dmaj7
Gmaj7
C♯
4fr
F♯
so low I was bust - ed, you could be
B
E
trust - ed. Some folks' lives roll
cresc.
f


A
D9
4fr
E
G♯7sus4
4fr
G♯7
4fr
eas - y; some folks' lives nev - er roll at
C♯m
4fr
E/B
A
G♯7
4fr
all, oh, they just
C♯m
4fr
F♯m
fall, they just fall,
dim.
B7
E
A
D9
4fr
E
some folks' lives.
rit.

You're Kind.

Words and music by Paul Simon.



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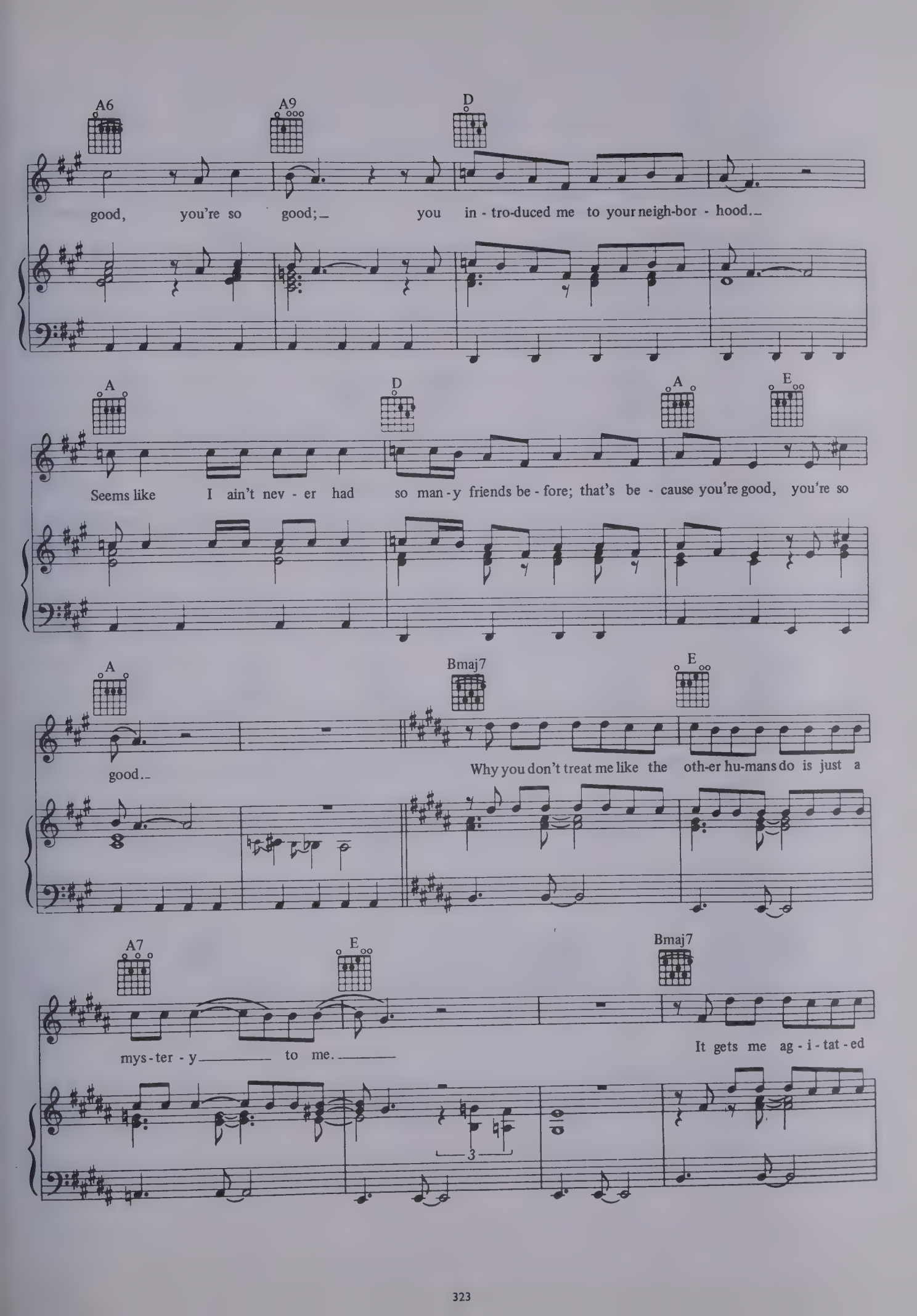
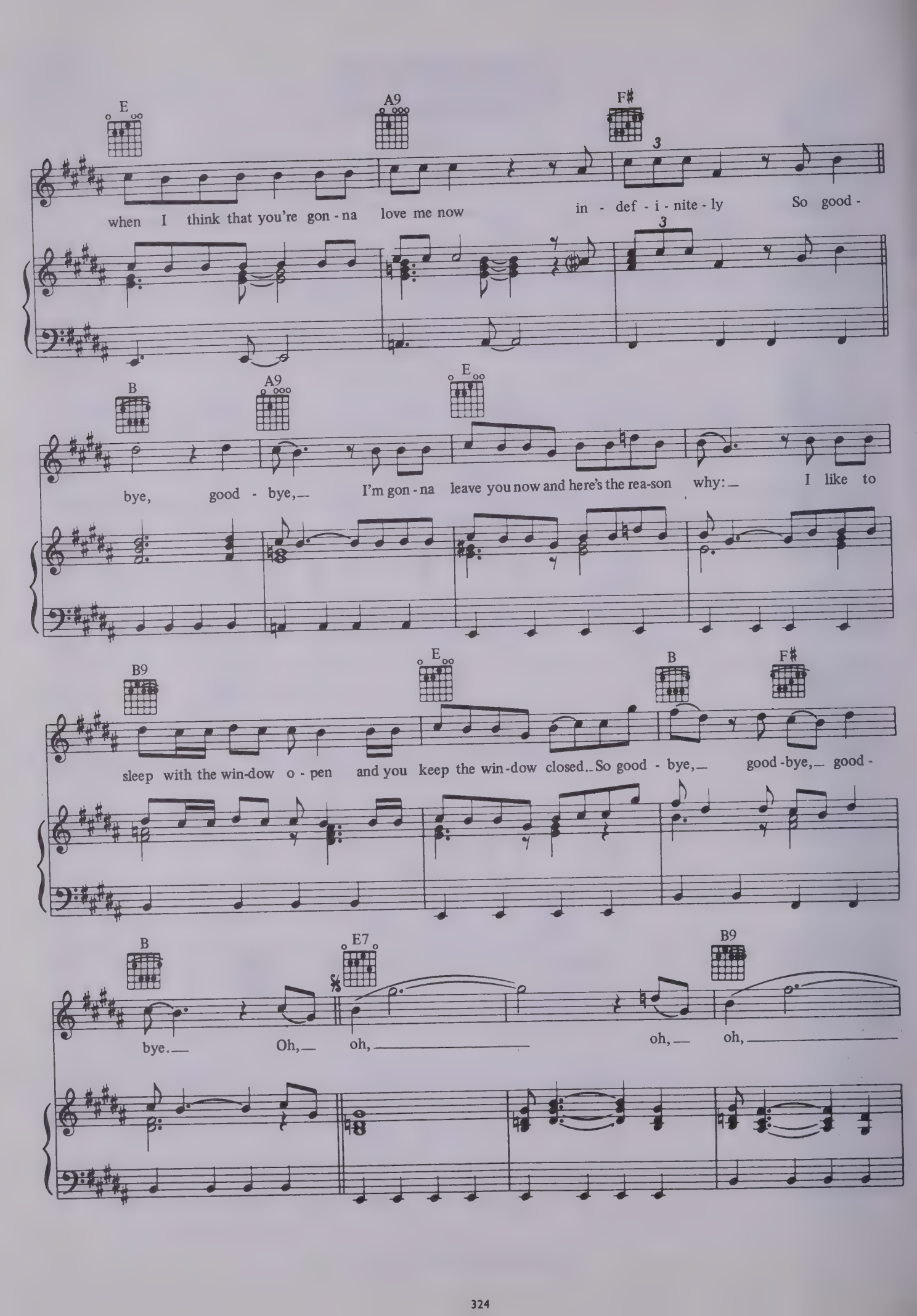
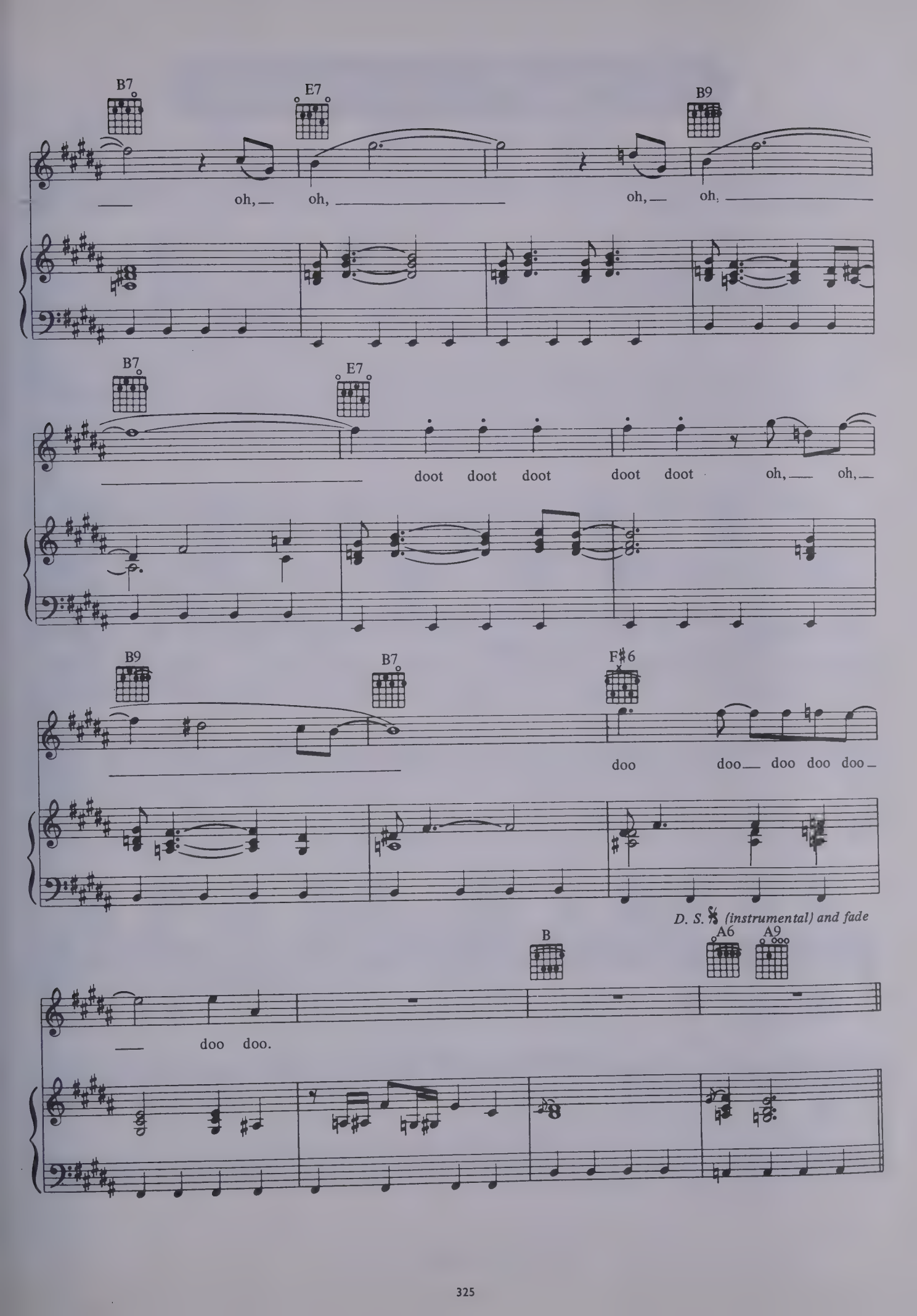
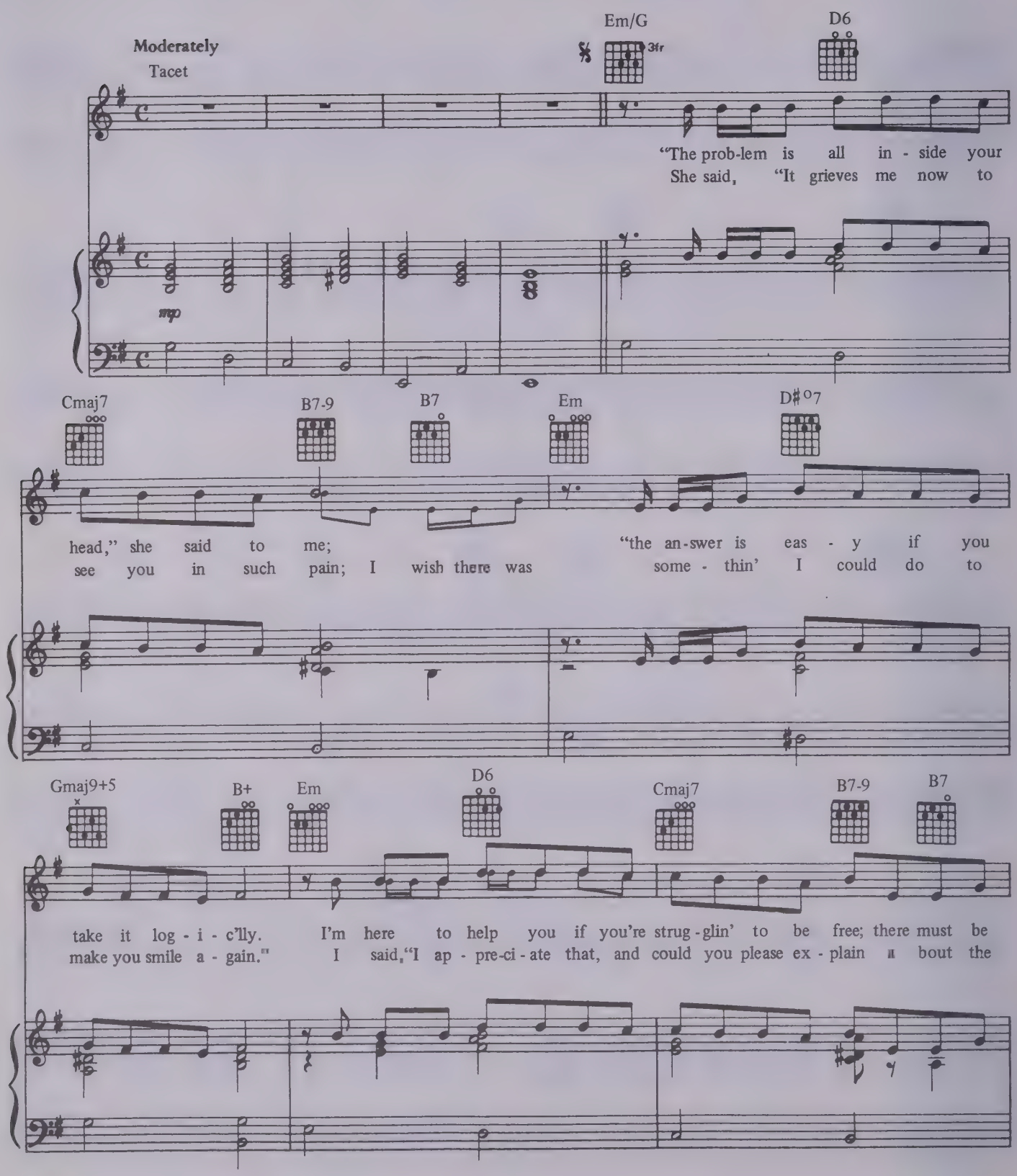

A6
A9
D
good, you're so good; you in - tro-duced me to your neigh-bor - hood.
A
D
A
E
Seems like I ain't nev - er had so man - y friends be - fore; that's be - cause you're good, you're so
A
Bmaj7
E
good.
Why you don't treat me like the oth-er hu-mans do is just a
A7
E
Bmaj7
mys - ter - y to me.
It gets me ag - i - tat - ed
3


E
A9
F♯
when I think that you're gon - na love me now in - def - i - nite - ly So good -
B
A9
E
bye, good - bye,— I'm gon - na leave you now and here's the rea-son why:— I like to
B9
E
B
F♯
sleep with the win-dow o - pen and you keep the win-dow closed.. So good - bye,— good-bye,— good -
B
E7
B9
bye.— Oh,— oh, oh,— oh,


B7
E7
B9
oh, oh, oh, oh,
B7
E7
doot doot doot doot doot oh, oh,
B9
B7
F♯6
doo doo doo doo doo
D. S. 𝄋 (instrumental) and fade
B
A6
A9
doo doo.

Fifty Ways To Leave Your Lover.

Words and music by Paul Simon.



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Em Am7 Em Em/G D6

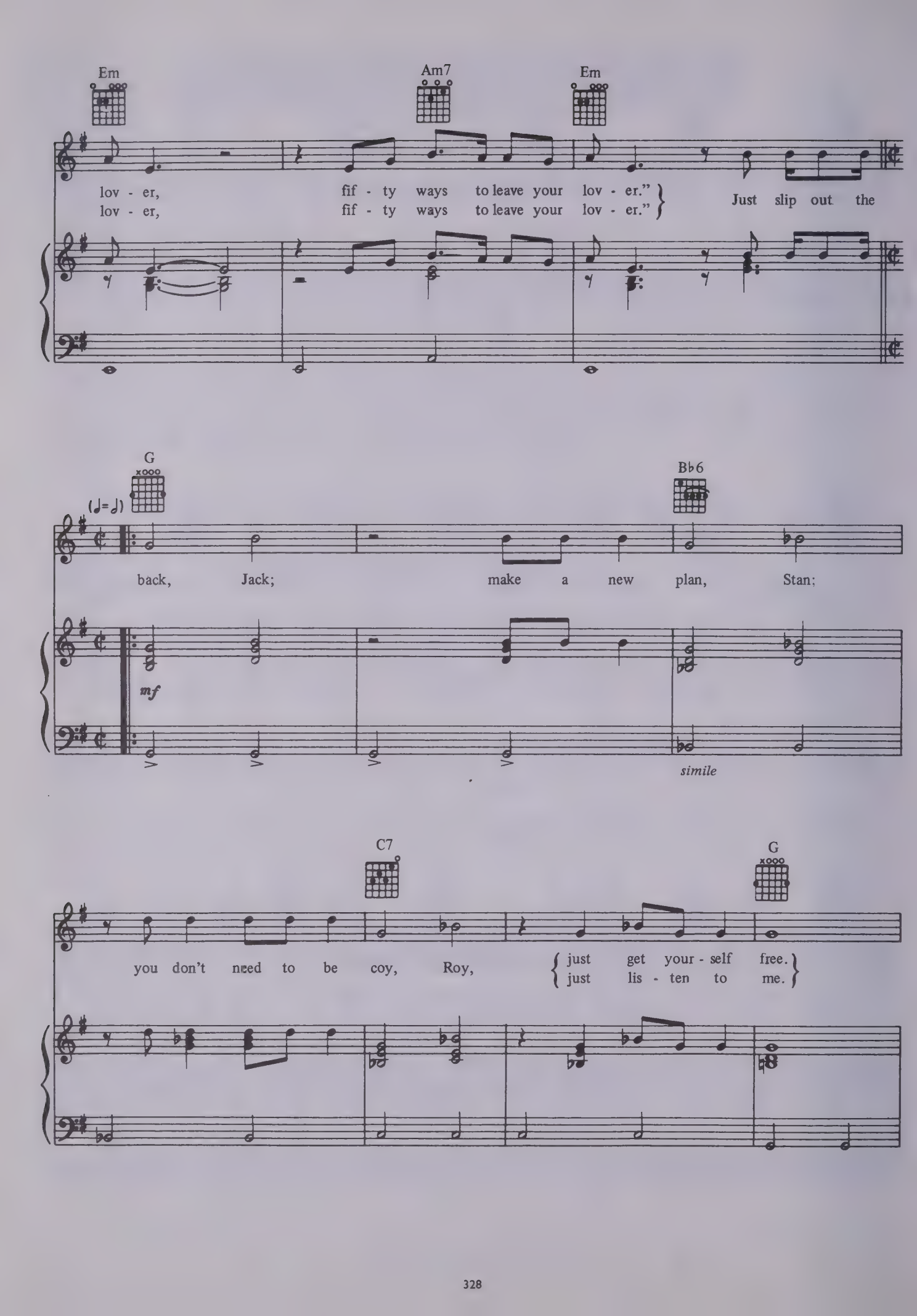
fif - ty ways to leave your lov - er." She said, "It's real - ly not my
fif - ty ways?" She said, "Why don't we both just

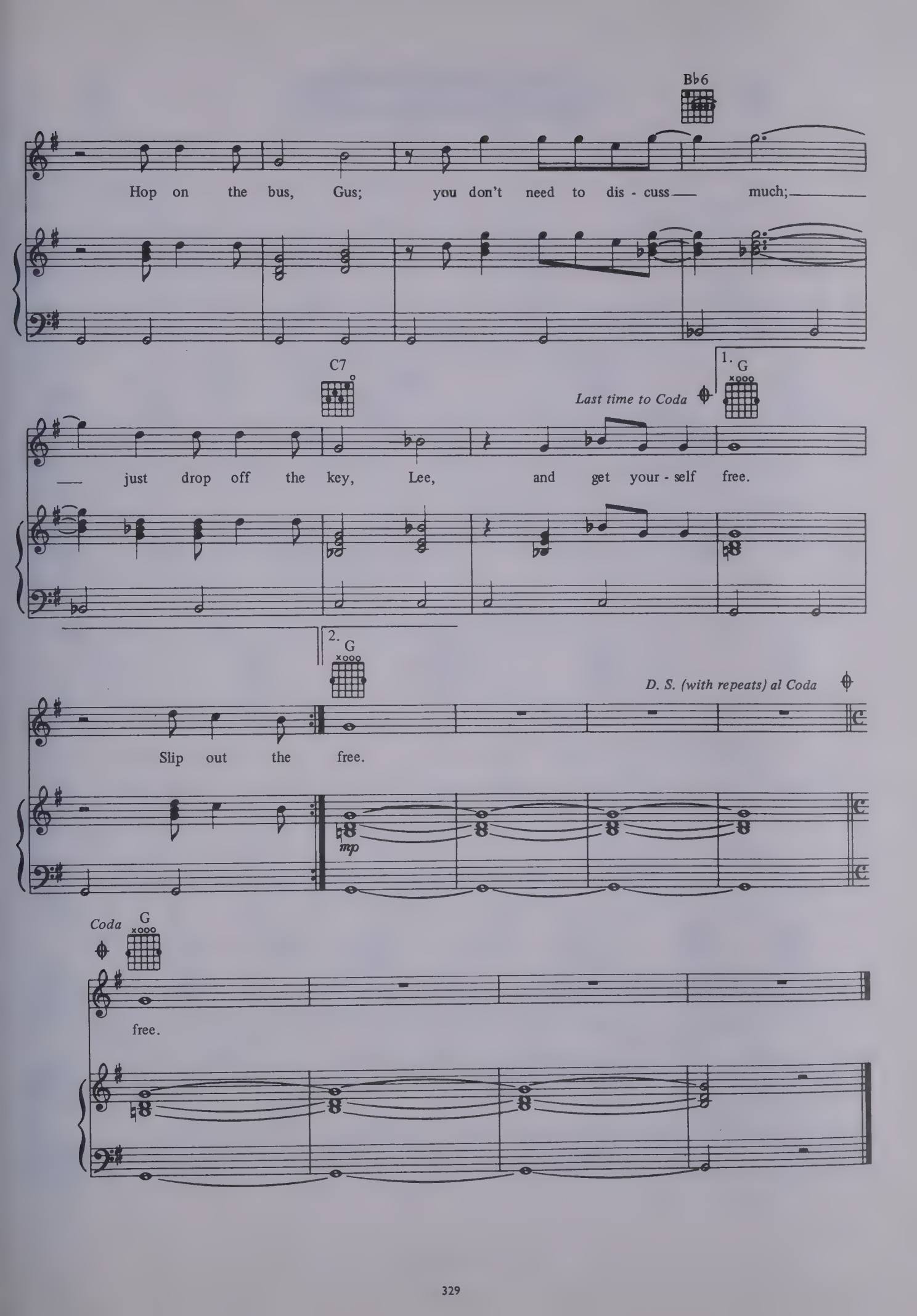
Cmaj7 B7-9 B7 Em D#o7 Gmaj9+5 B+

hab - it to in - trude; I hope my mean - ing won't be lost or mis - con - strued. But
sleep on it to - night; I'm sure in the morn - ing you'll be - gin to see the light." And then she

Em D6 Cmaj7 B7-9 B7 Em Am7

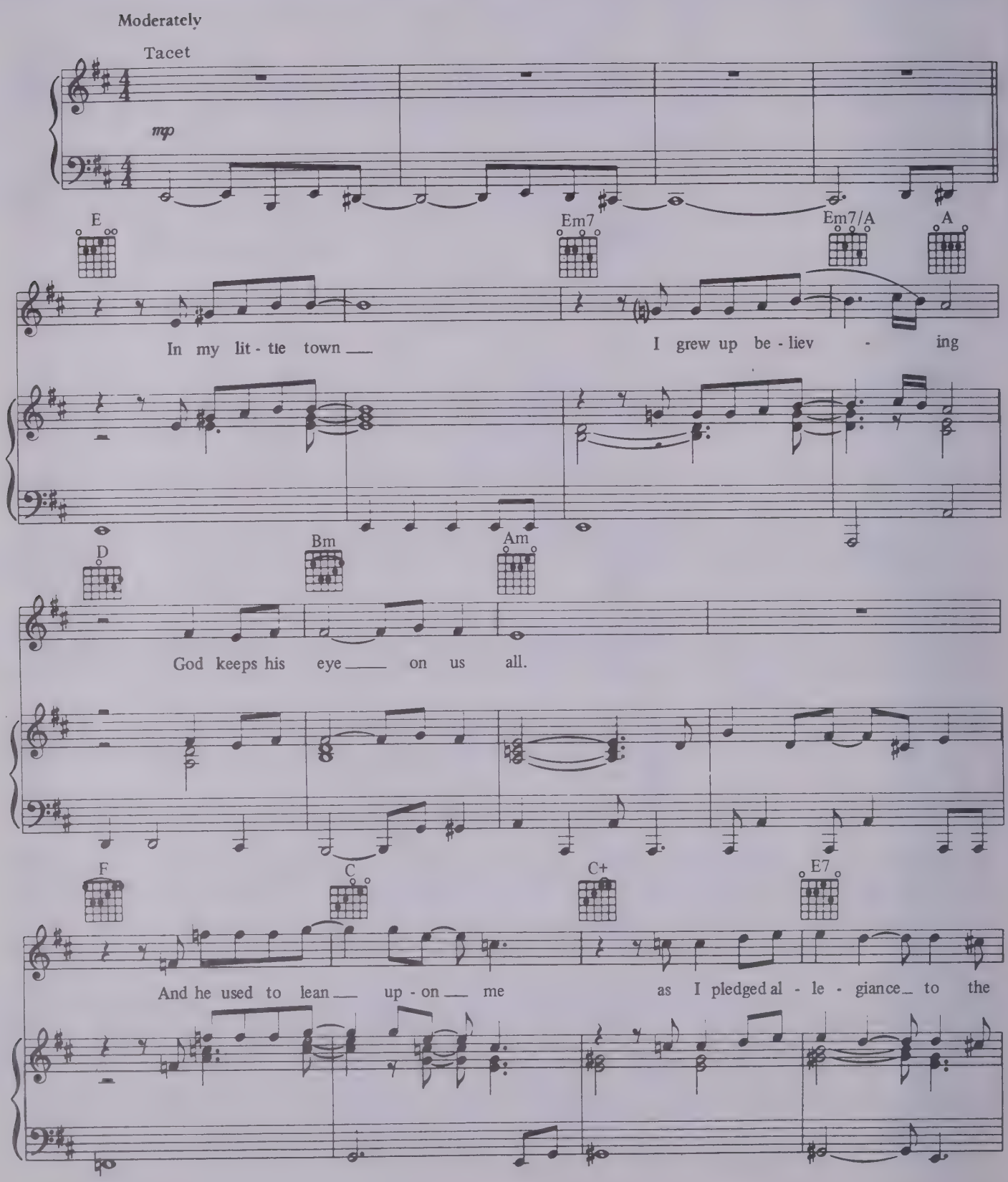
I'll re - peat my - self at the risk of be - ing crude; there must be fif - ty ways to leave your
kissed me and I re - al - ized she prob - a - bly was right; there must be fif - ty ways to leave your


Em
Am7
Em
lov - er, fif - ty ways to leave your lov - er."
lov - er, fif - ty ways to leave your lov - er."
Just slip out the
G
(♩=♩)
Bb6
back, Jack; make a new plan, Stan;
mf
simile
C7
G
you don't need to be coy, Roy,
just get your - self free.
just lis - ten to me.


B♭6
Hop on the bus, Gus; you don't need to dis - cuss much;
C7
Last time to Coda
1. G
just drop off the key, Lee, and get your - self free.
2. G
D. S. (with repeats) al Coda
Slip out the free.
mp
Coda
G
free.

My Little Town.

Words and music by Paul Simon.



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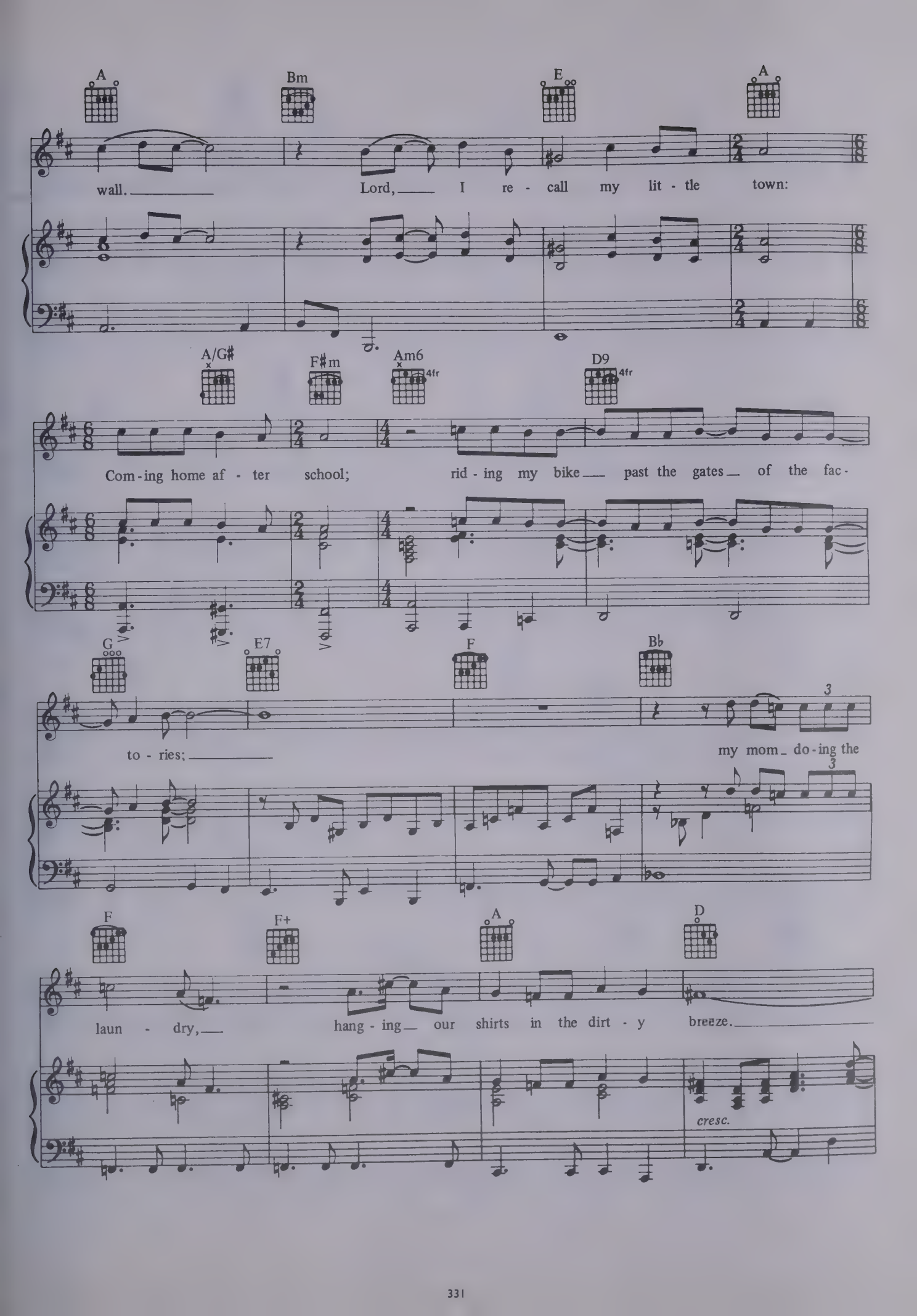
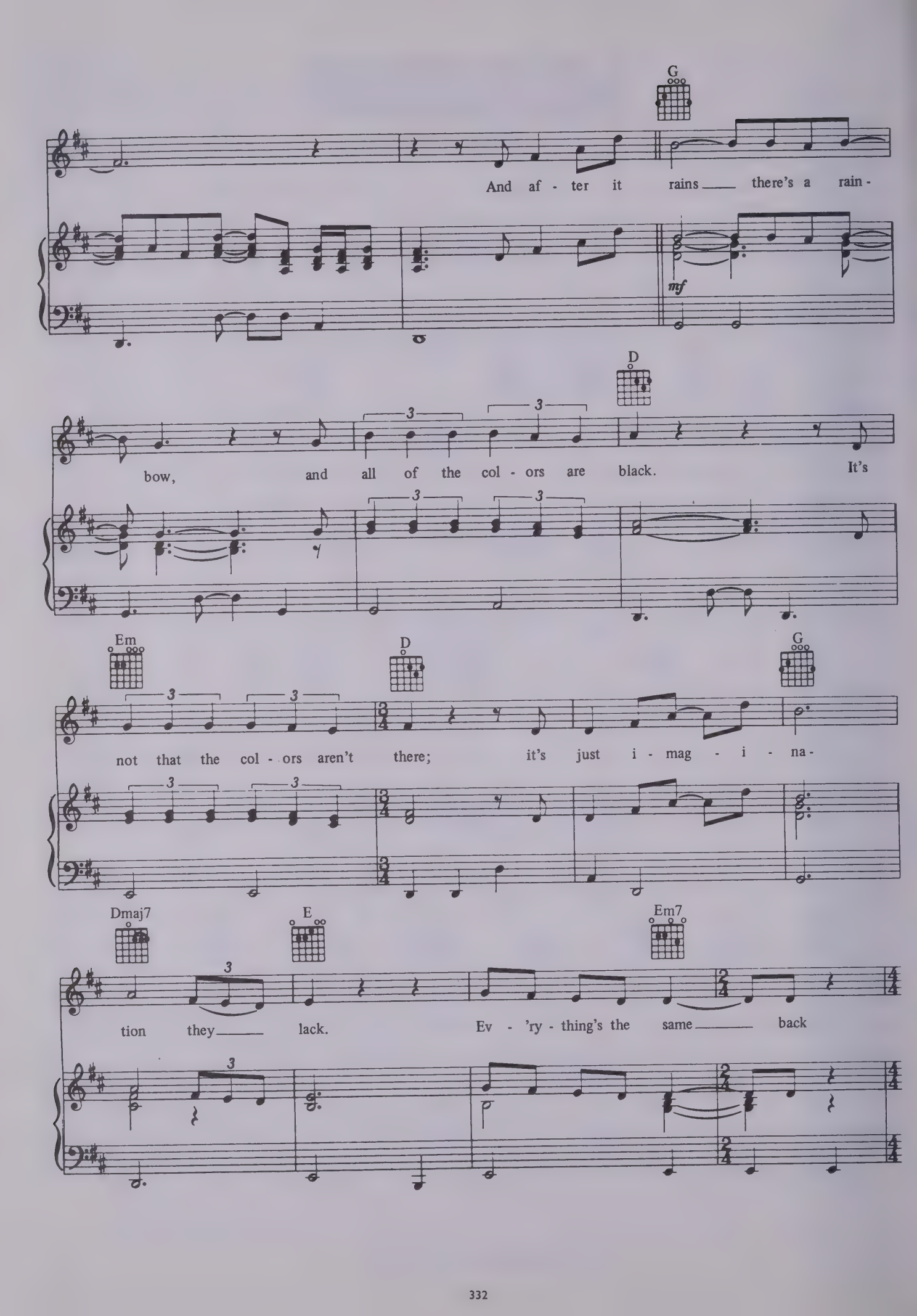
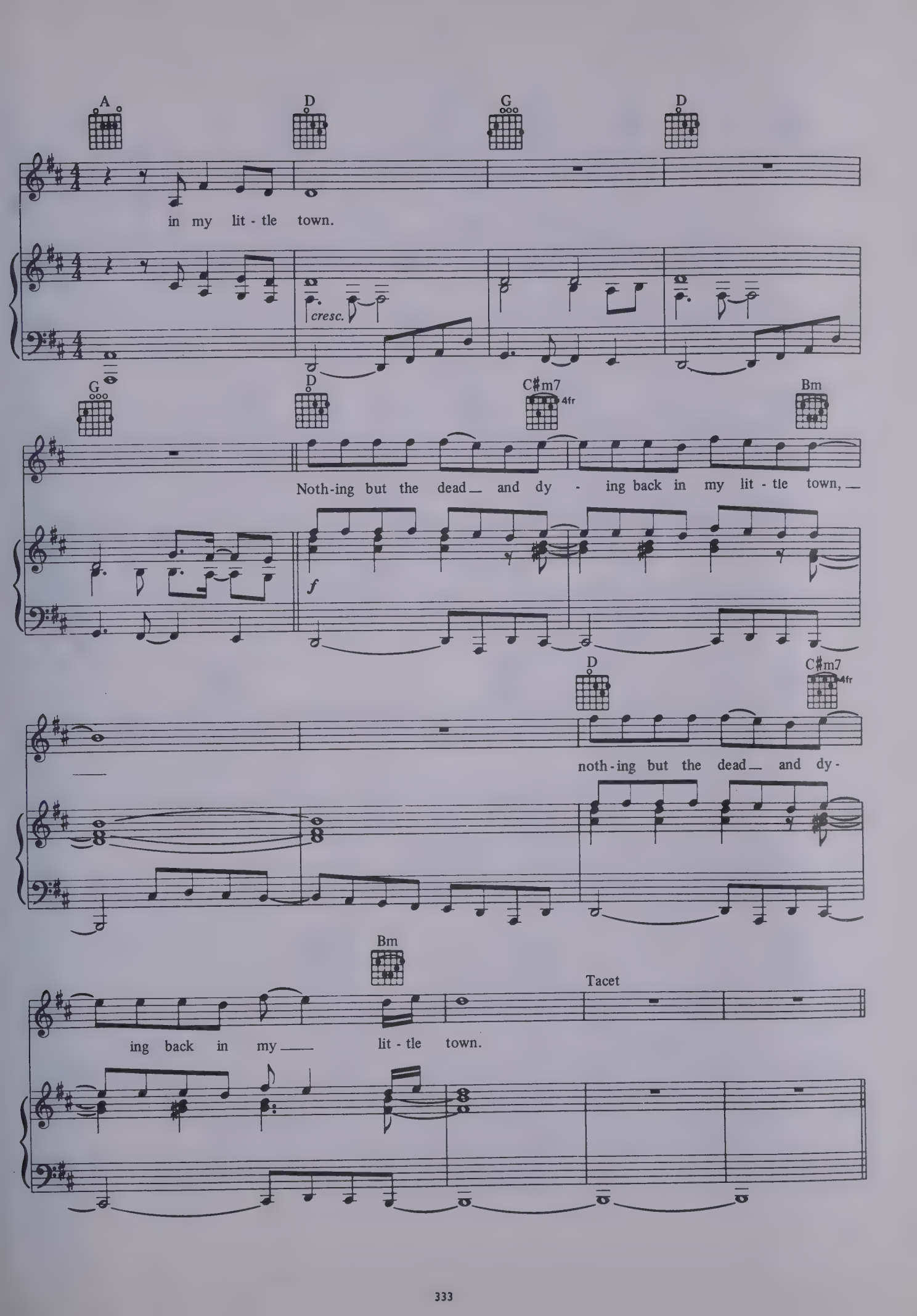
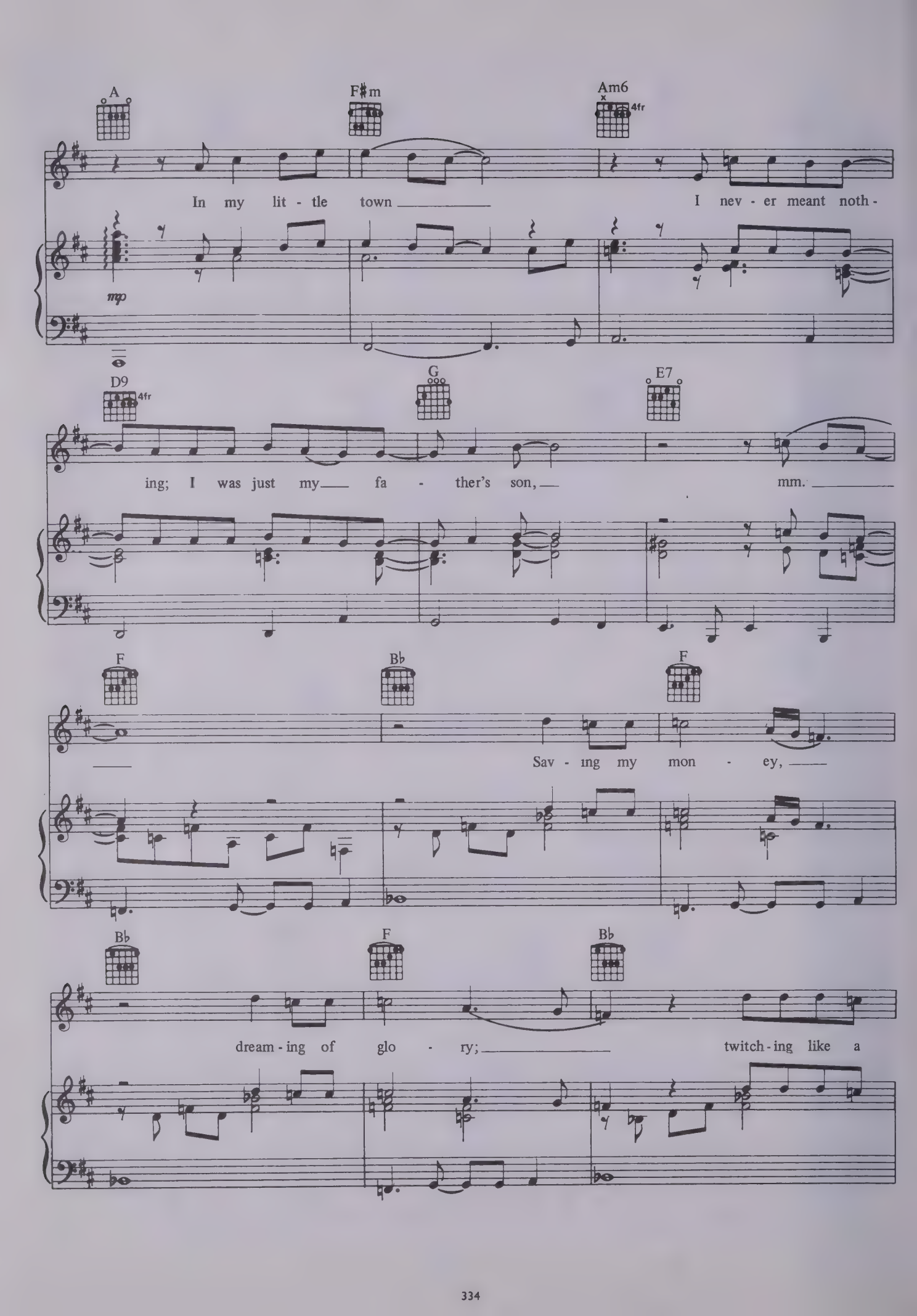
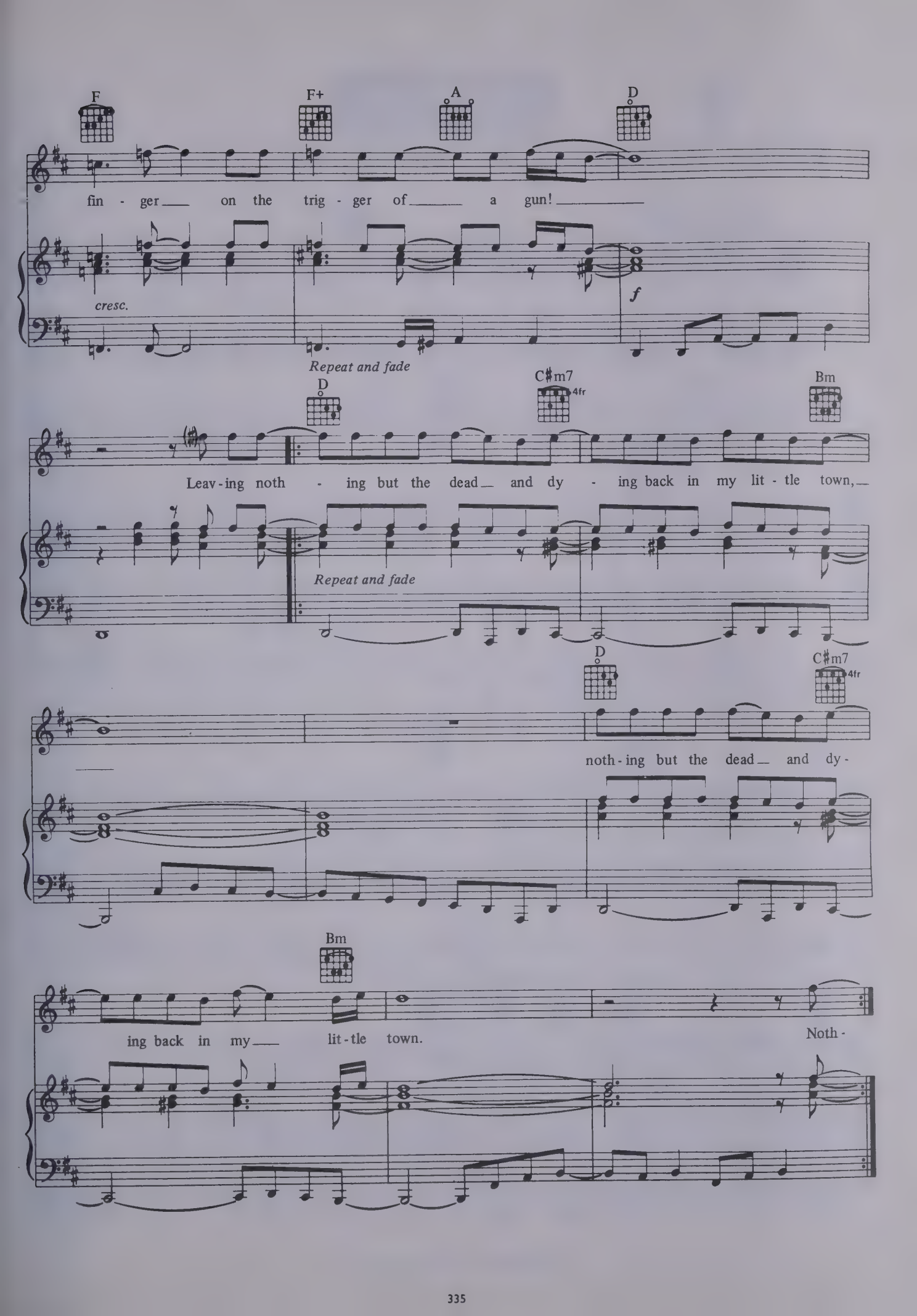

A
Bm
E
A
wall. Lord, I re - call my lit - tle town:
A/G#
F#m
Am6
4fr
D9
4fr
Com - ing home af - ter school; rid - ing my bike past the gates of the fac -
G
E7
F
Bb
to - ries; my mom do - ing the
F
F+
A
D
laun - dry, hang - ing our shirts in the dirt - y breeze.
cresc.


G
And af - ter it rains there's a rain-
mf
D
bow, and all of the col - ors are black. It's
Em
D
G
not that the col - ors aren't there; it's just i - mag - i - na-
Dmaj7
E
Em7
tion they lack. Ev - 'ry - thing's the same back

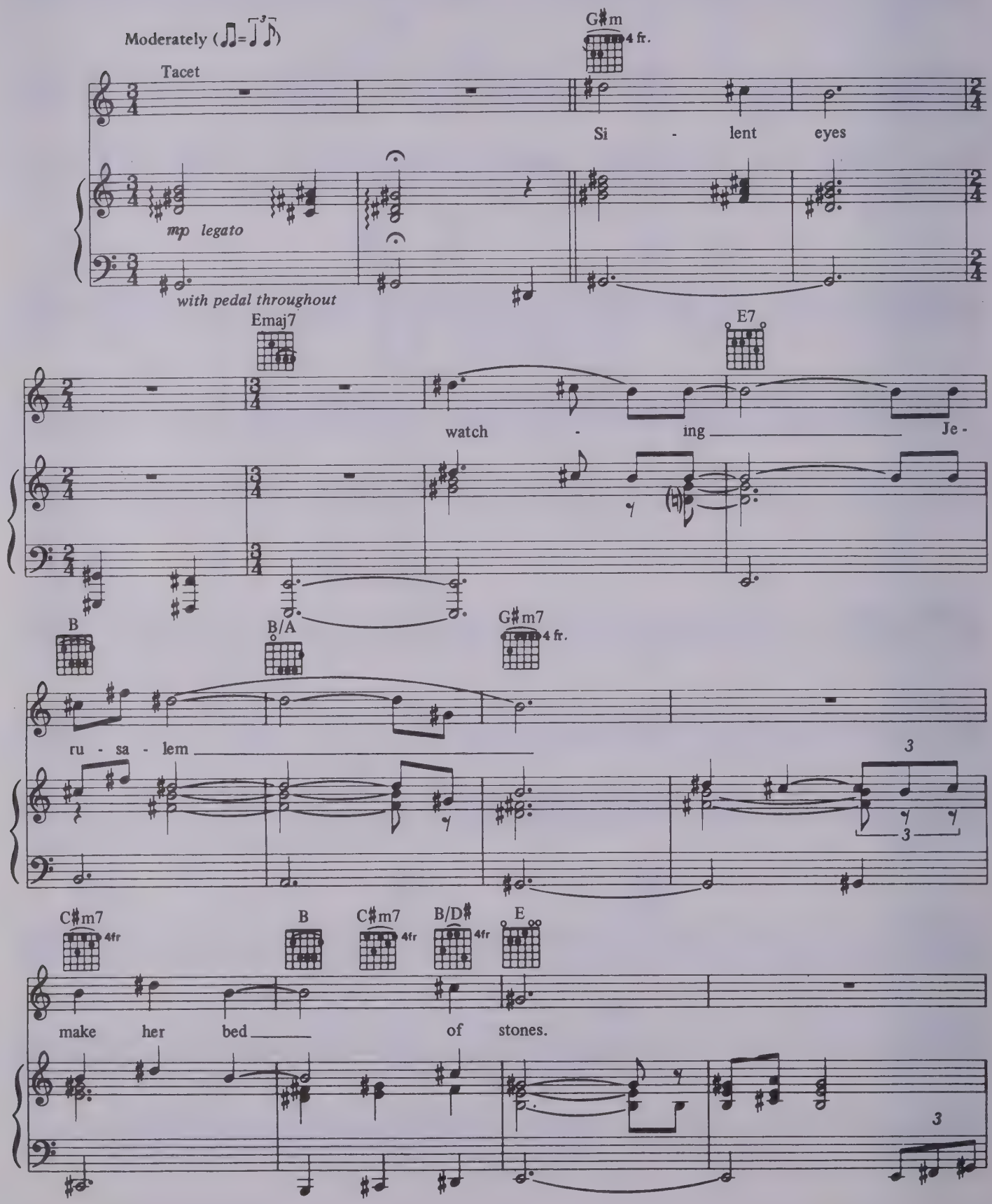

A
D
G
D
in my lit - tle town.
cresc.
G
D
C♯m7
4fr
Bm
Noth-ing but the dead and dy - ing back in my lit - tle town,
f
D
C♯m7
4fr
noth-ing but the dead and dy-
Bm
Tacet
ing back in my lit - tle town.


A
F♯m
Am6
4fr
In my lit - tle town
I nev - er meant noth -
mp
D9
4fr
G
E7
ing; I was just my fa - ther's son,
mm.
F
B♭
F
Sav - ing my mon - ey,
B♭
F
B♭
dream - ing of glo - ry;
twitch - ing like a


F
F+
A
D
fin - ger on the trig - ger of a gun!
cresc.
f
Repeat and fade
D
C♯m7
4fr
Bm
Leav - ing noth - ing but the dead and dy - ing back in my lit - tle town,
Repeat and fade
D
C♯m7
4fr
noth - ing but the dead and dy -
Bm
ing back in my lit - tle town.
Noth -

Silent Eyes.

Words and music by Paul Simon.



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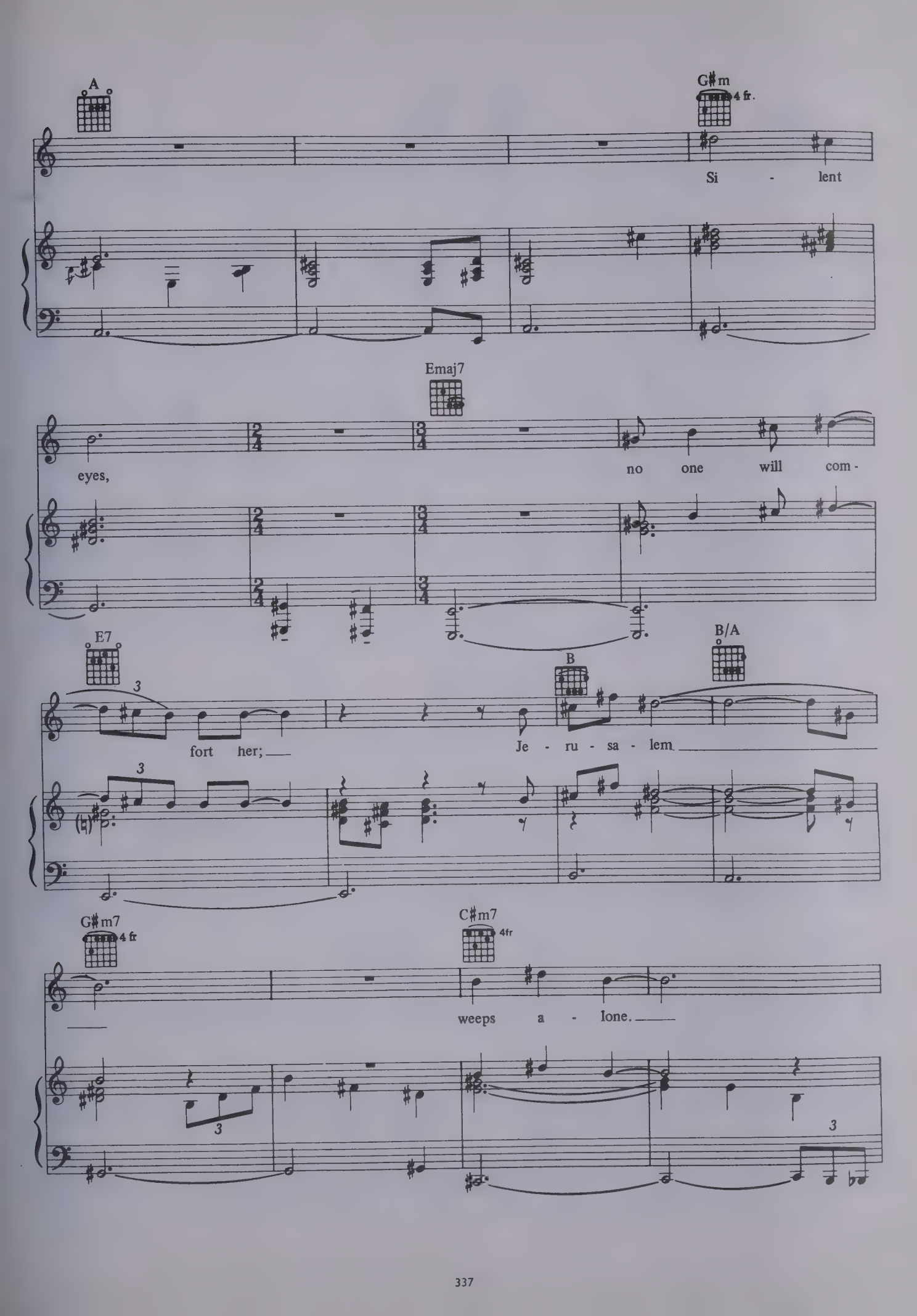
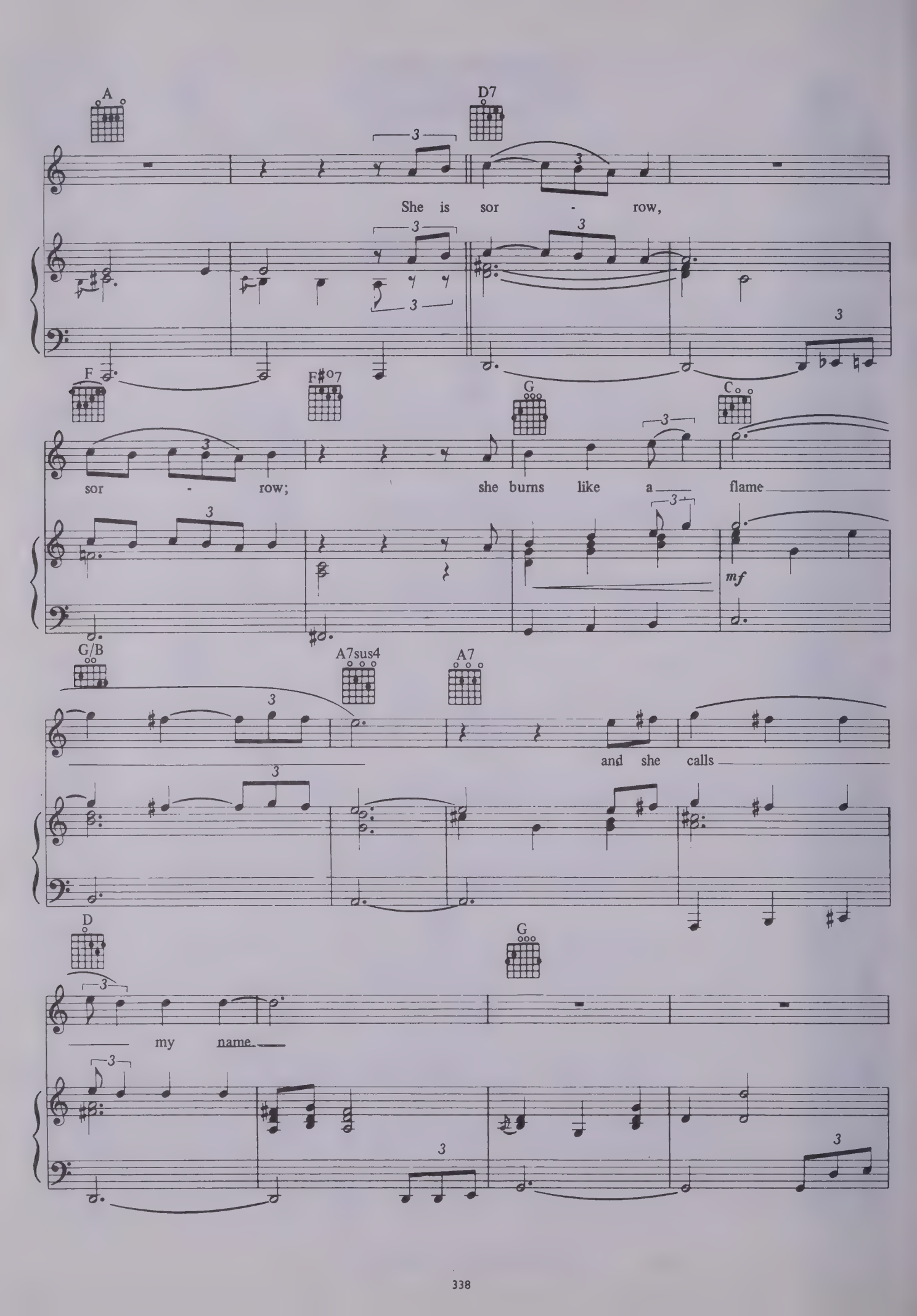
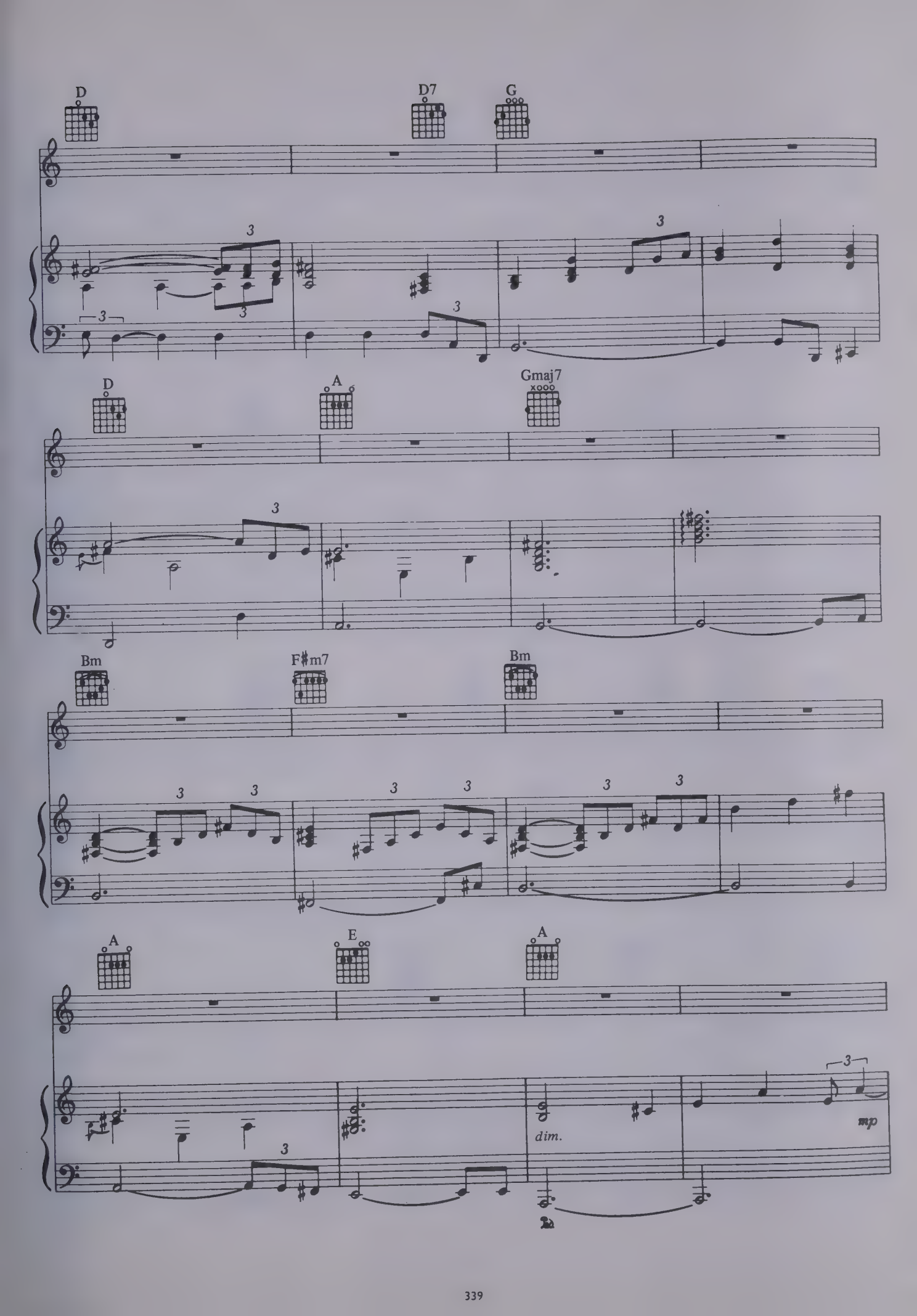
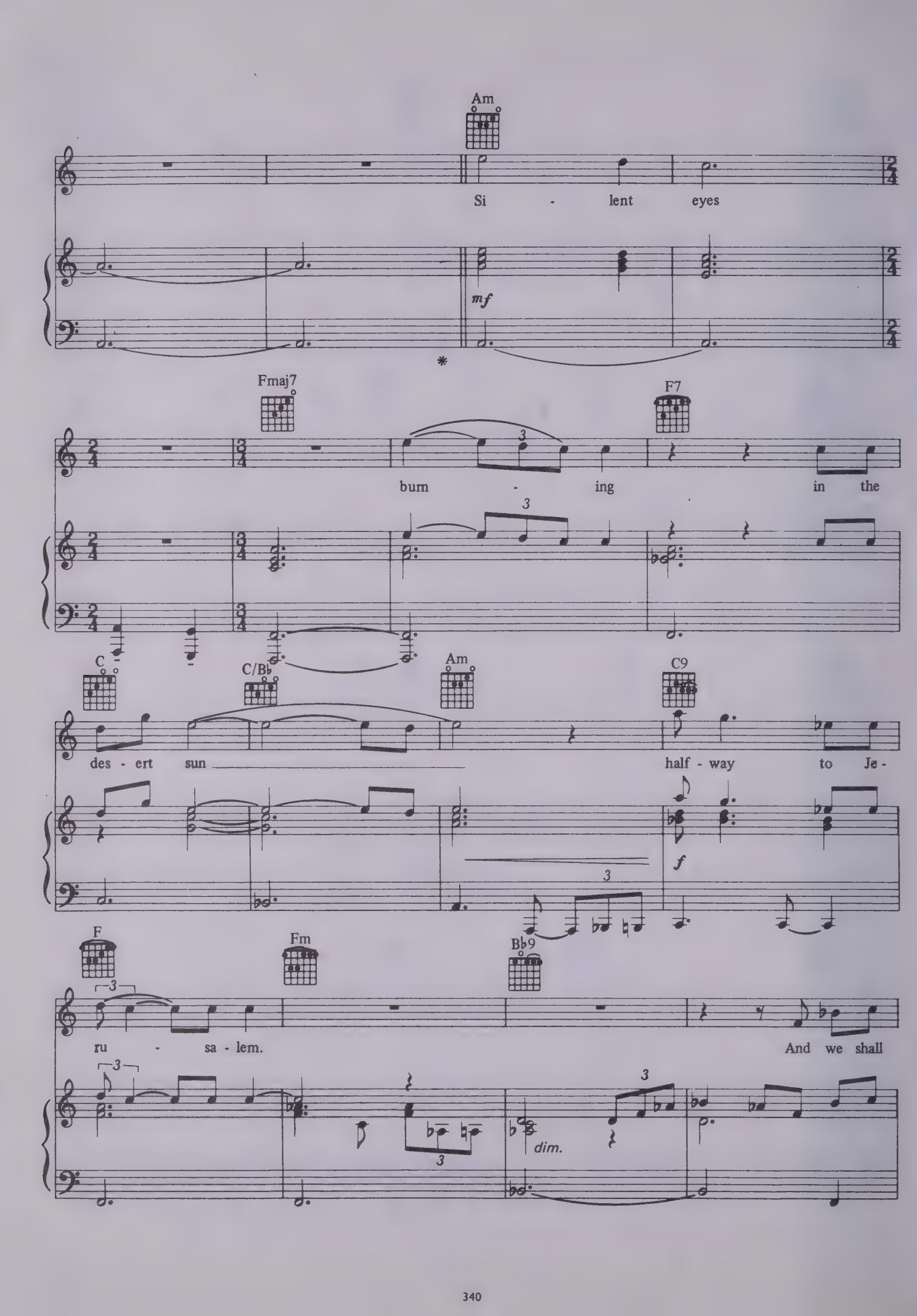
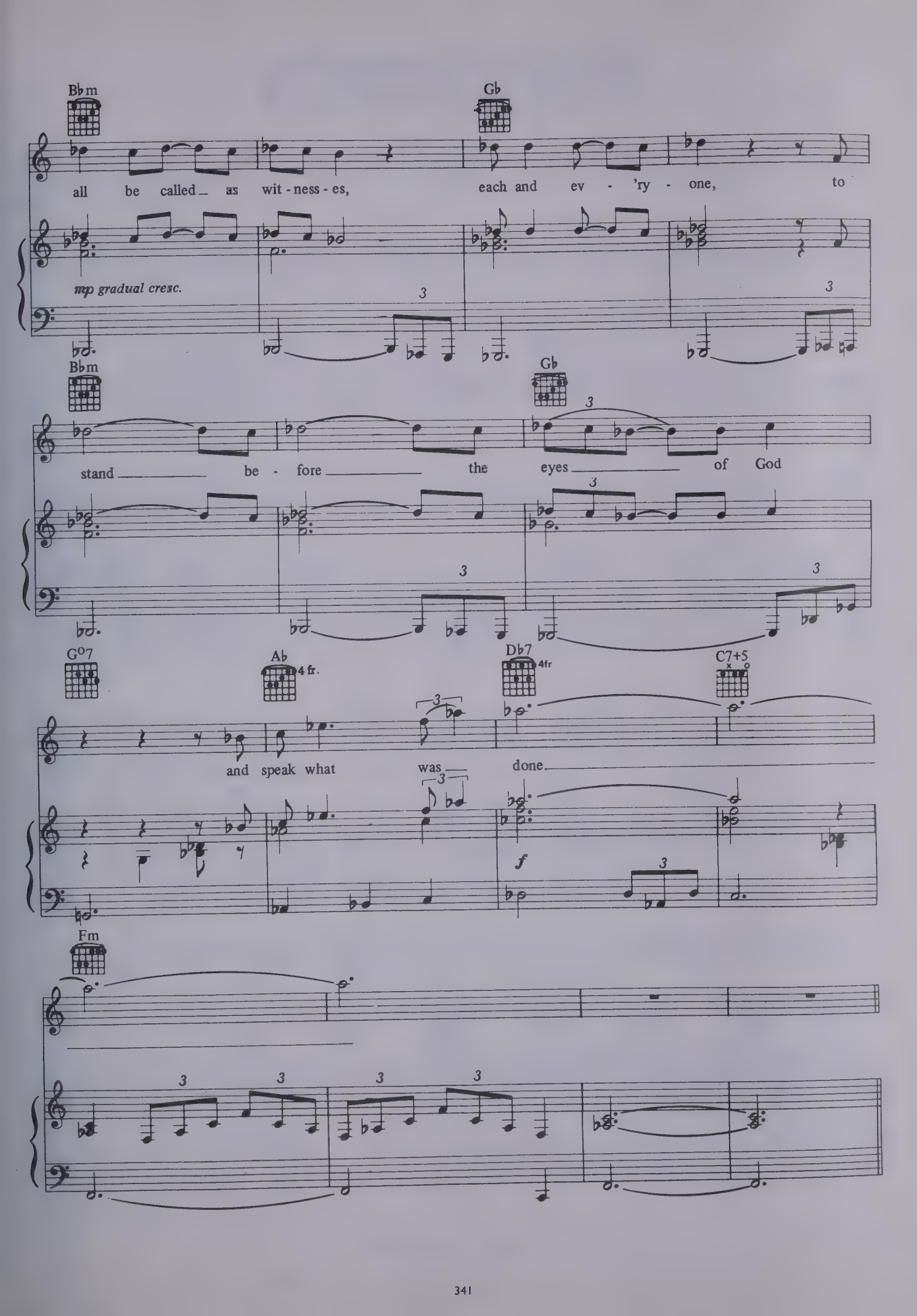
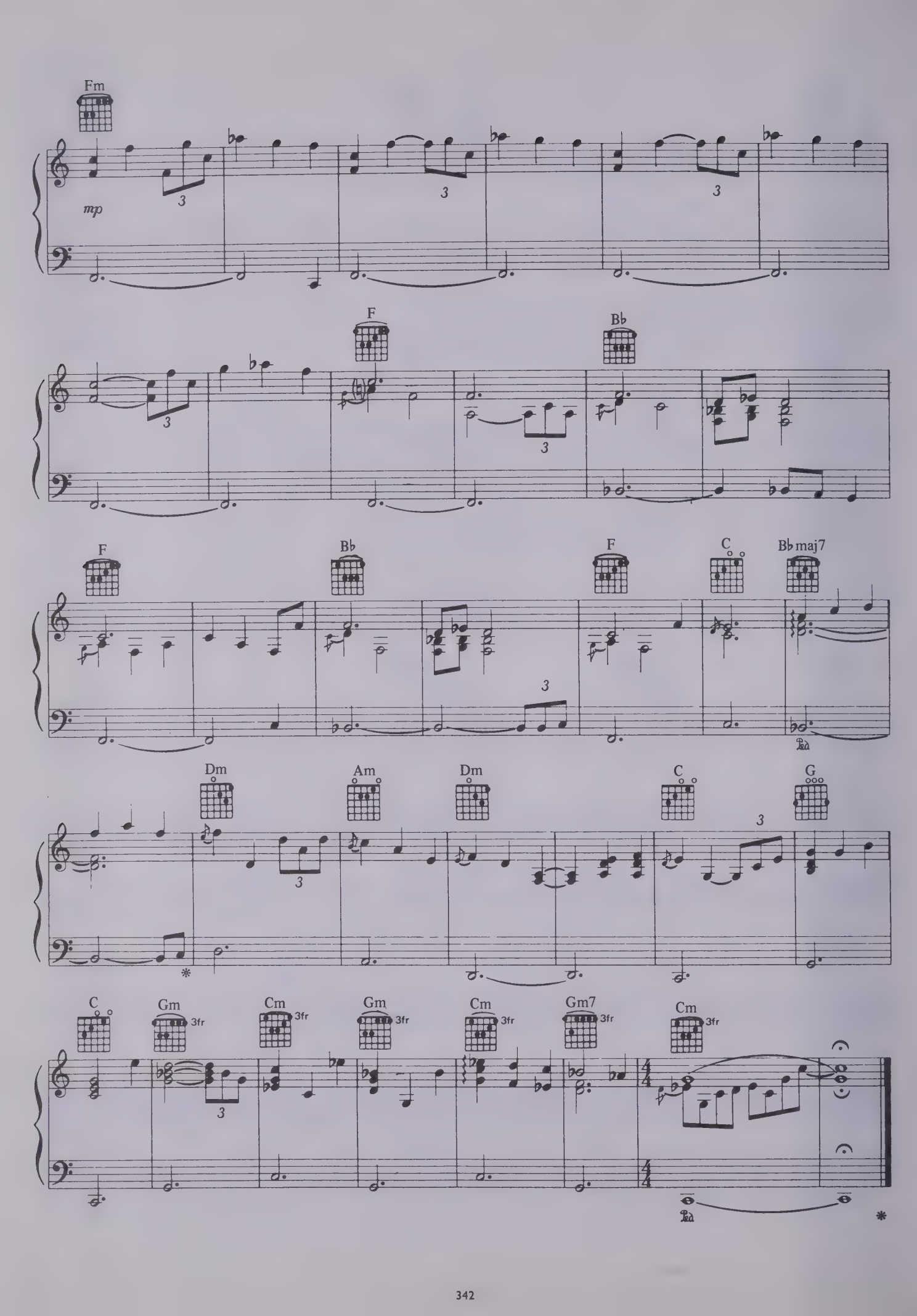

A
G♯m
4 fr.
Si - lent
Emaj7
eyes,
no one will com -
E7
B
B/A
fort her;
Je - ru - sa - lem
G♯m7
4 fr
C♯m7
4fr
weeps a - lone.


A
D7
She is sor - row,
F
F#o7
G
C
sor - row; she burns like a flame
mf
G/B
A7sus4
A7
and she calls
D
G
my name


D
D7
G
D
A
Gmaj7
Bm
F#m7
Bm
A
E
A
dim.
mp

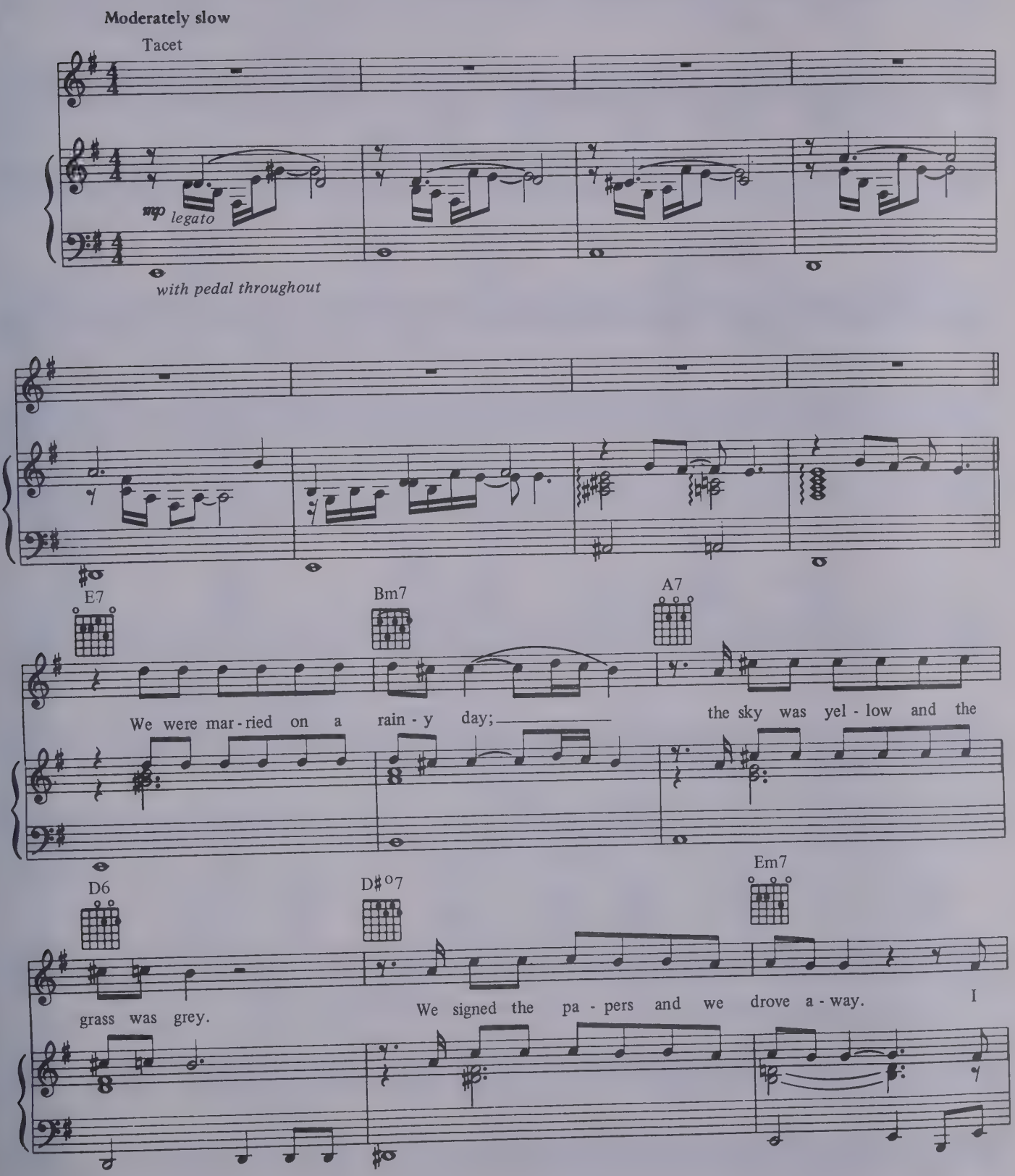

Am
Si - lent eyes
mf
*
Fmaj7
F7
burn - ing in the
C
C/B♭
Am
C9
des - ert sun
half - way to Je -
f
F
Fm
B♭9
ru - sa - lem.
And we shall
dim.


Bbm
Gb
all be called as wit - ness - es, each and ev - 'ry - one, to
mp gradual cresc.
Bbm
Gb
stand be - fore the eyes of God
G°7
Ab
4 fr.
Db7
4fr
C7+5
and speak what was done
f
Fm


Fm
mp
F
Bb
F
Bb
F
C
Bbmaj7
Dm
Am
Dm
C
G
C
Gm
3fr
Cm
3fr
Gm
3fr
Cm
3fr
Gm7
3fr
Cm
3fr

I Do It For Your Love.

Words and music by Paul Simon.



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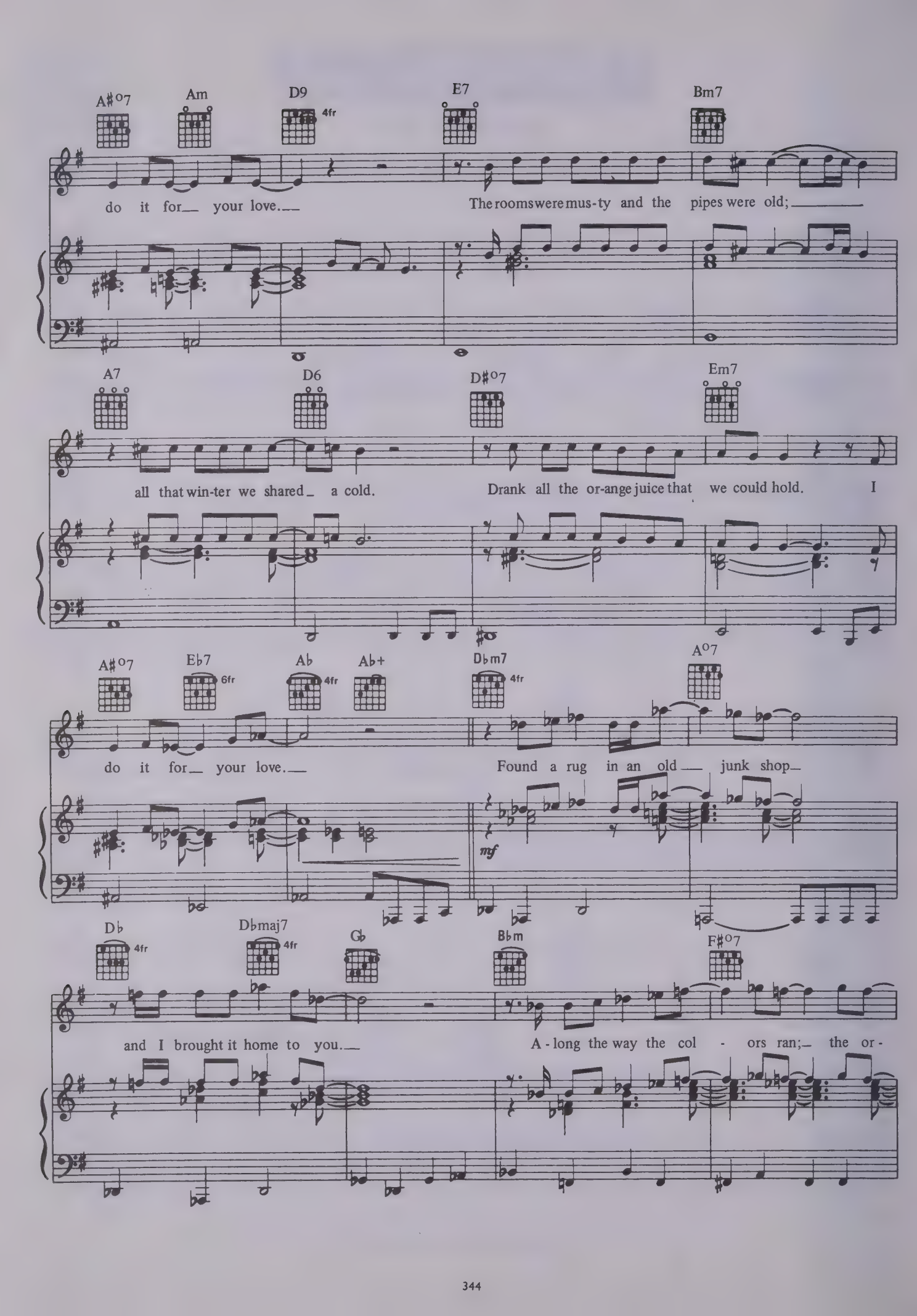
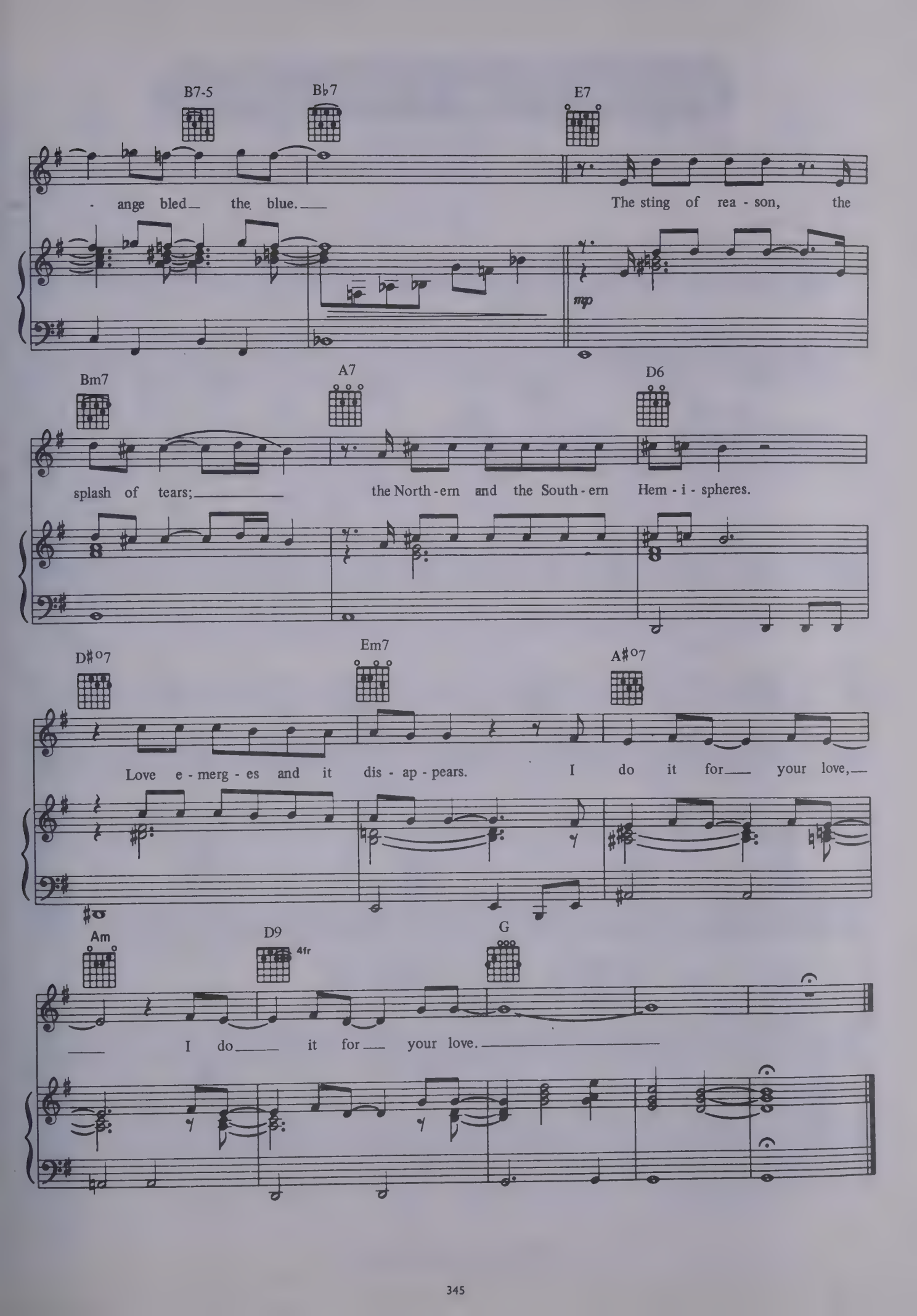
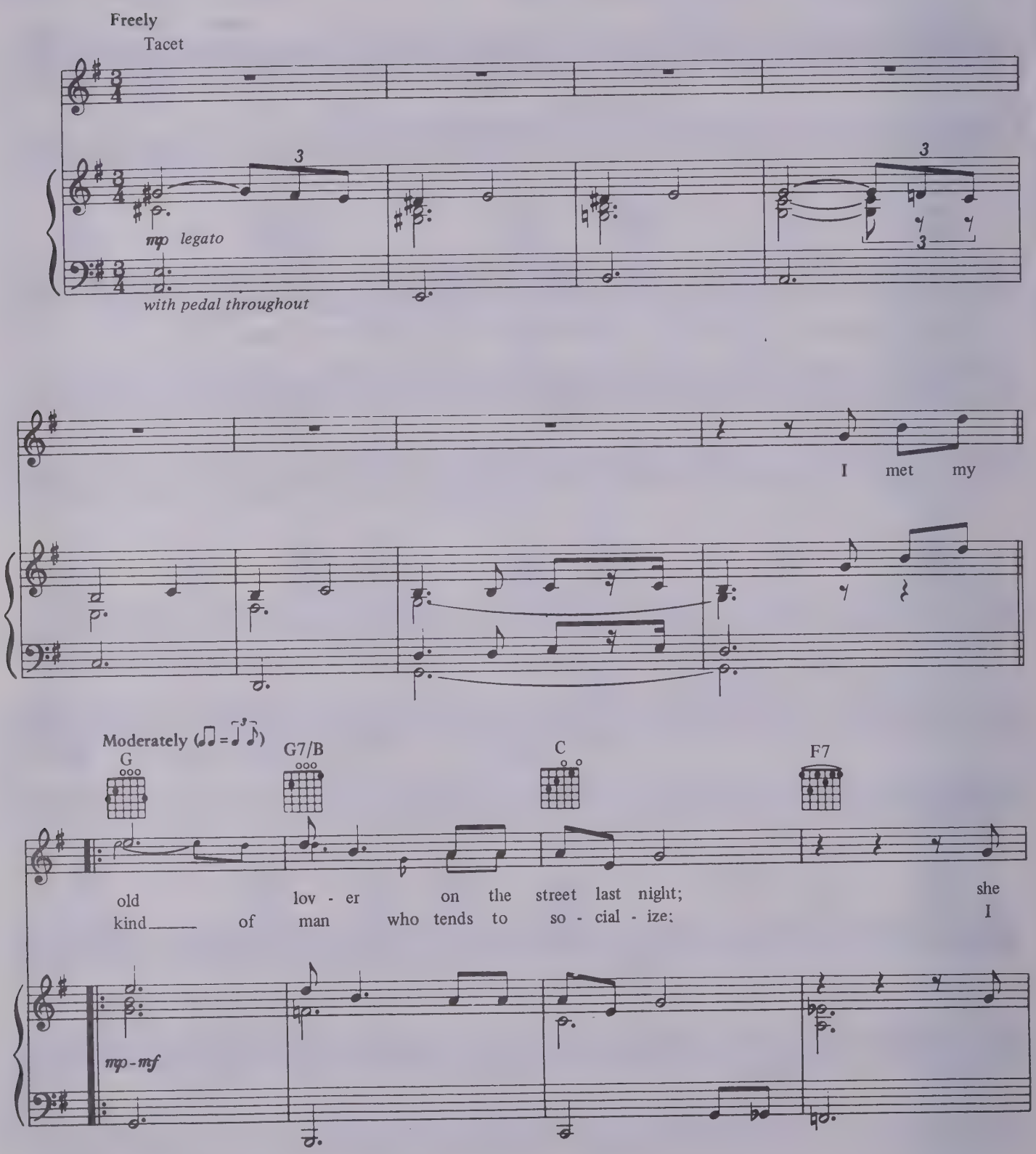

A♯o7
Am
D9
4fr
E7
Bm7
do it for your love.
The rooms were mus-ty and the pipes were old;
A7
D6
D♯o7
Em7
all that win-ter we shared a cold.
Drank all the or-ange juice that we could hold.
I
A♯o7
E♭7
6fr
A♭
4fr
A♭+
D♭m7
4fr
Ao7
do it for your love.
Found a rug in an old junk shop
mf
D♭
4fr
D♭maj7
4fr
G♭
B♭m
F♯o7
and I brought it home to you.
A-long the way the col-ors ran; the or-


B7-5
B♭7
E7
- ange bled the blue.
The sting of rea - son, the
mp
Bm7
A7
D6
splash of tears;
the North - ern and the South - ern Hem - i - spheres.
D♯o7
Em7
A♯o7
Love e - merg - es and it dis - ap - pears.
I do it for your love,
Am
D9
4fr
G
I do it for your love.

Still Crazy After All These Years.

Words and music by Paul Simon.



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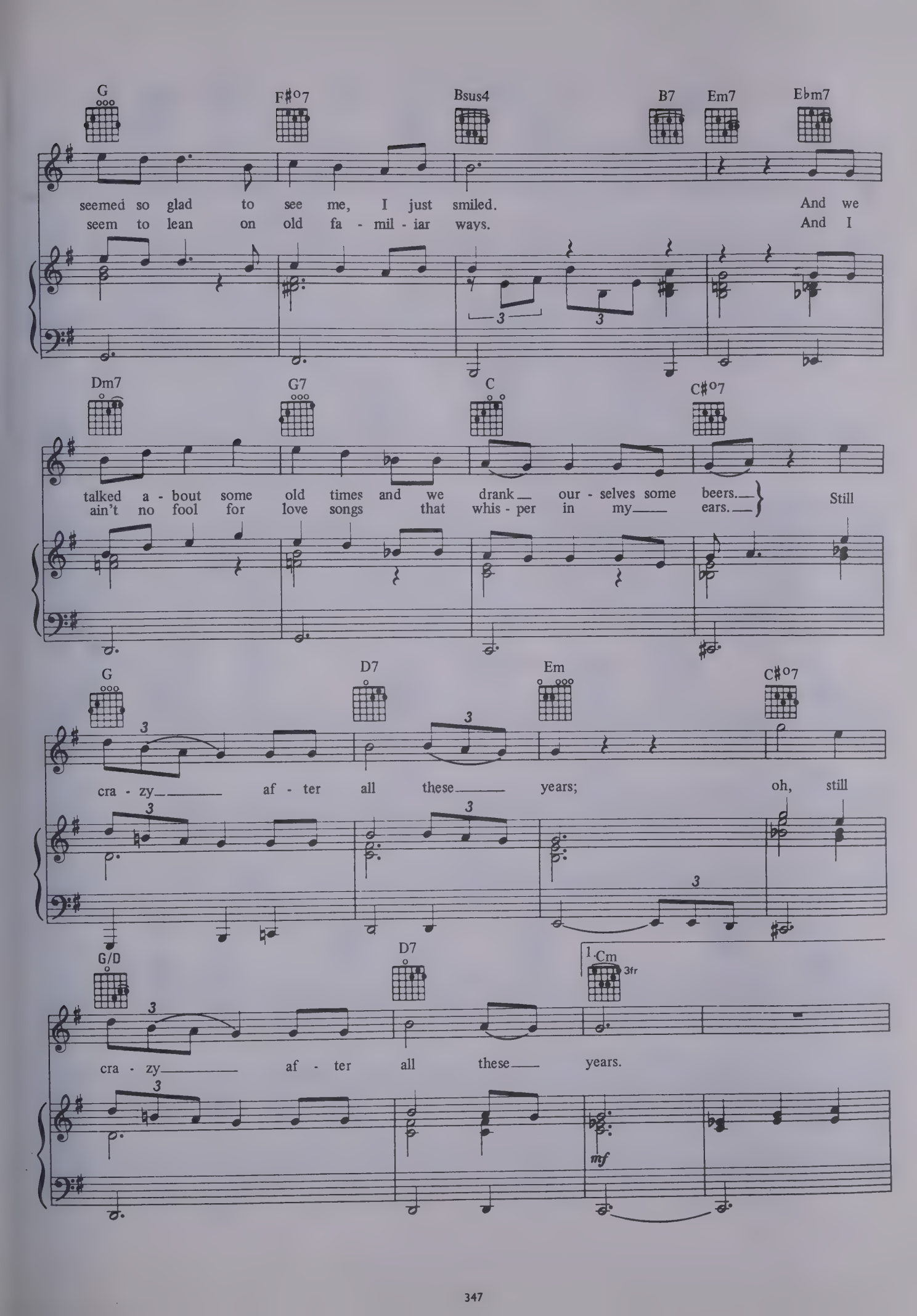
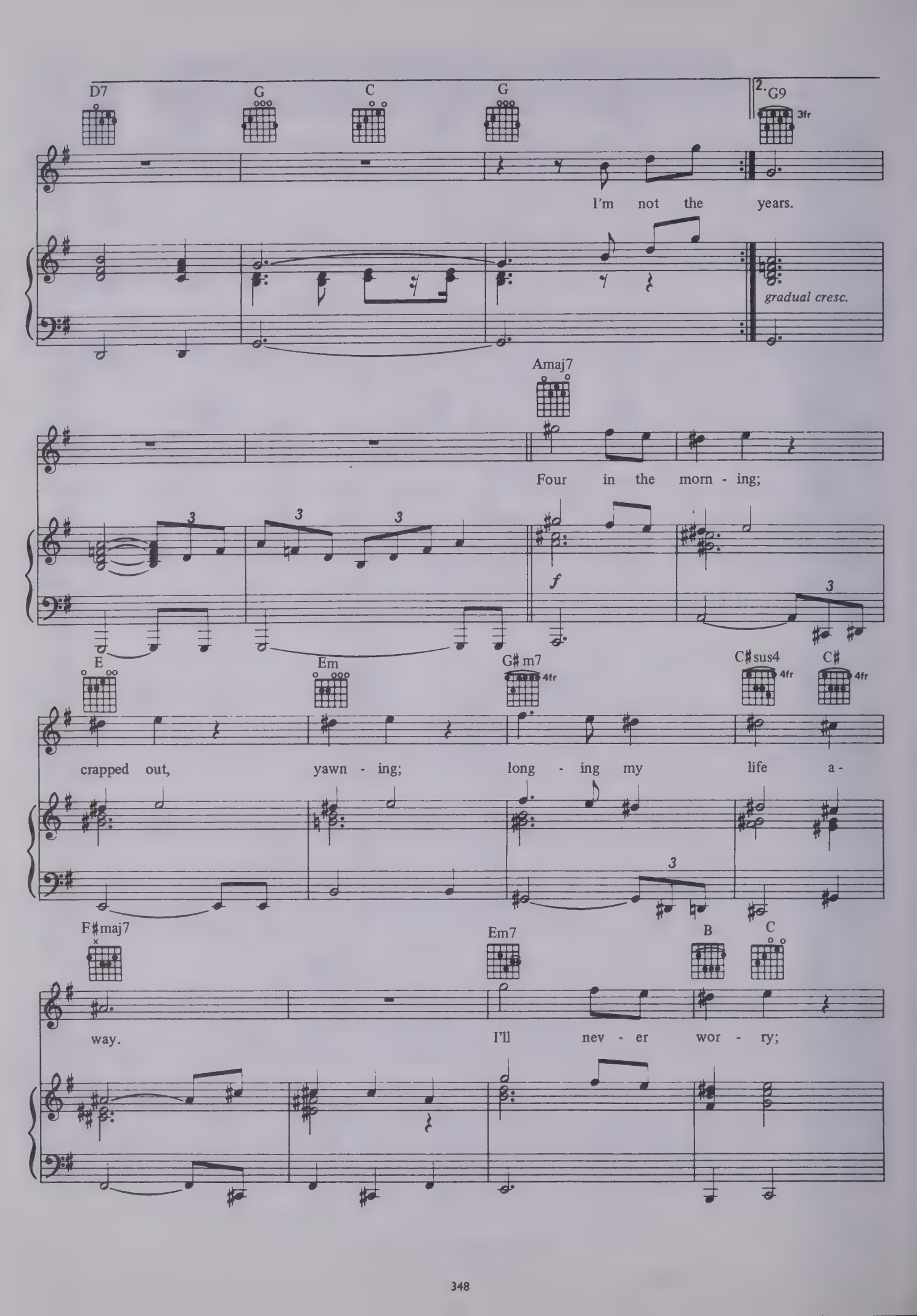
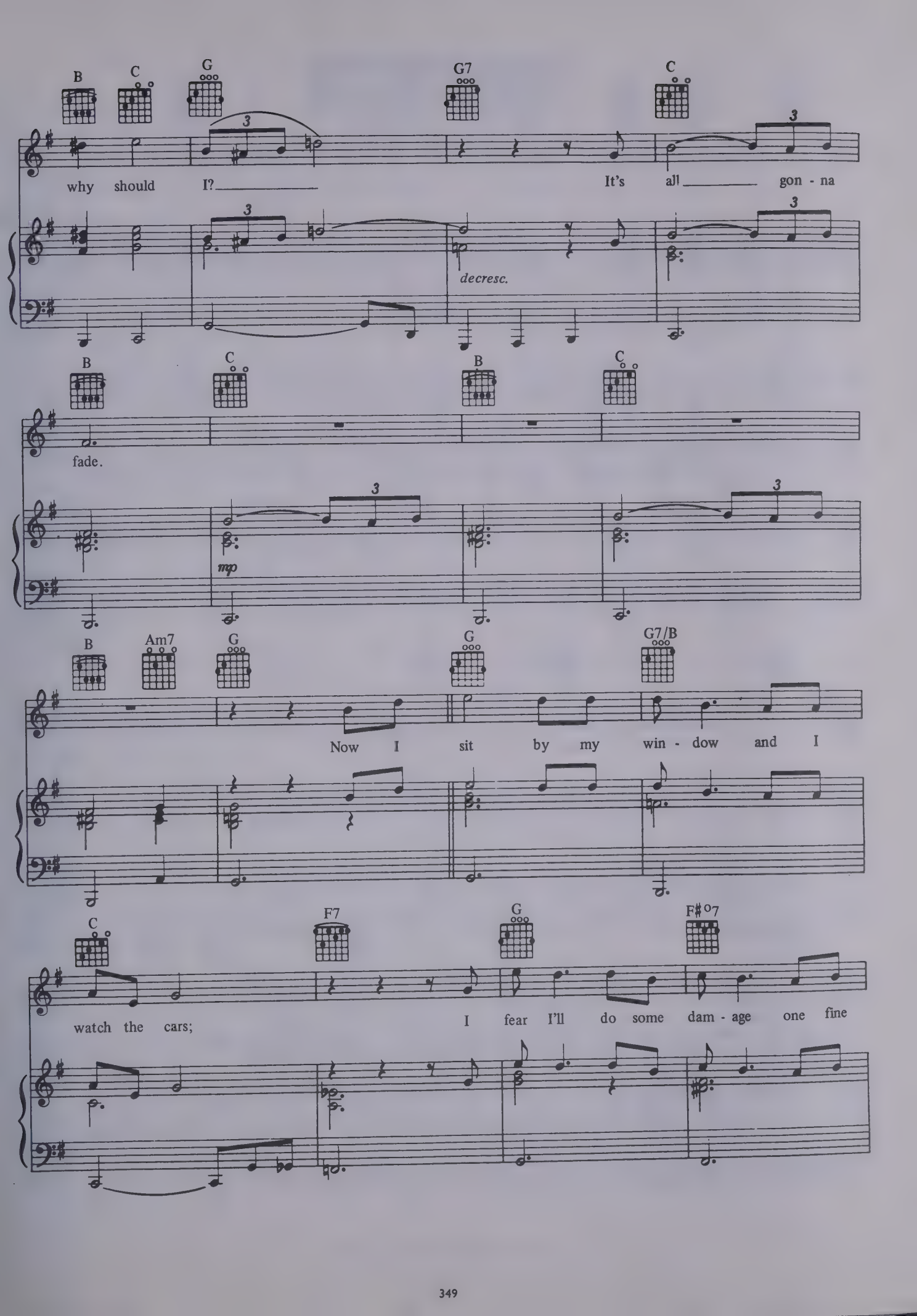
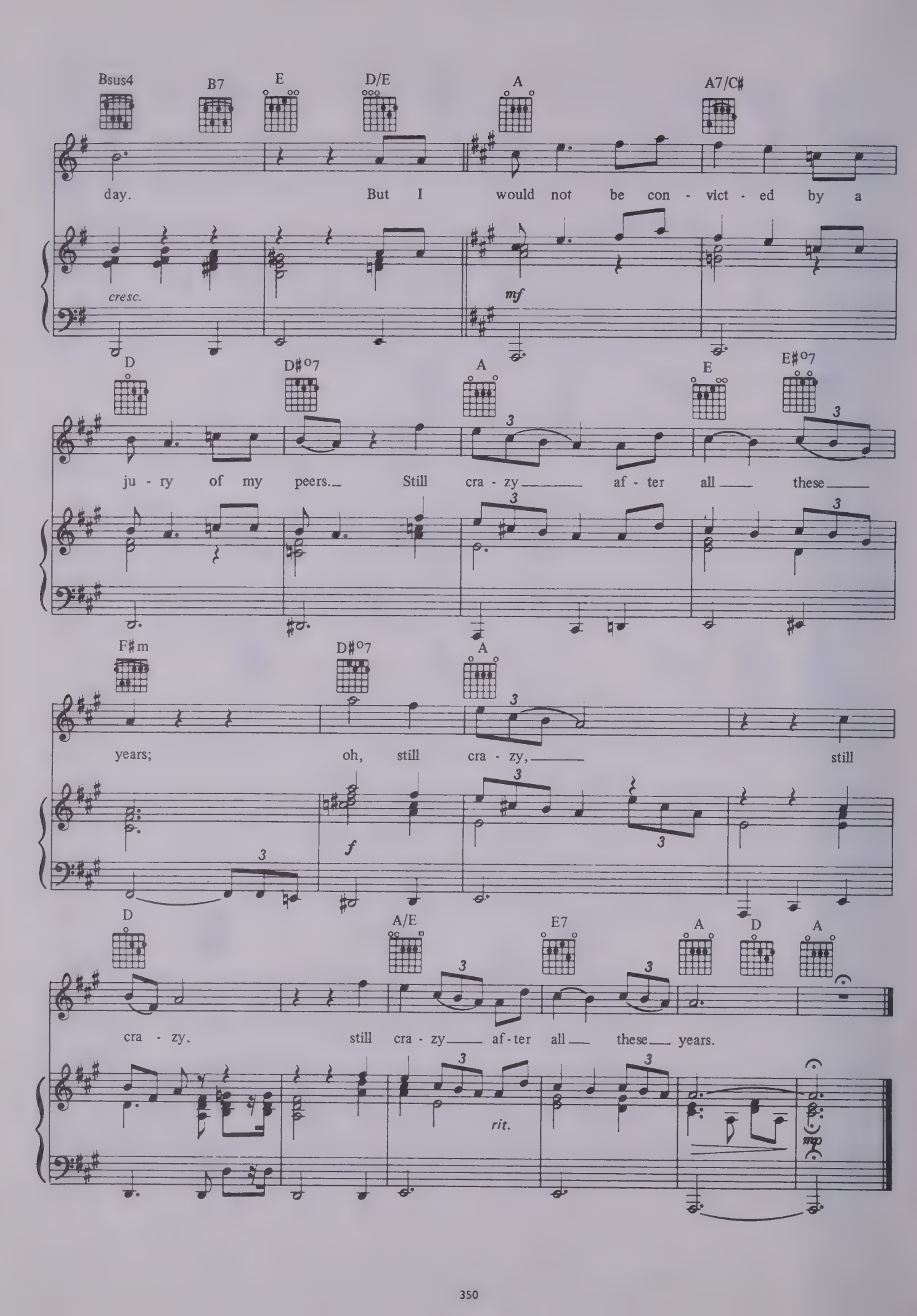

G
F#o7
Bsus4
B7
Em7
Ebm7
seemed so glad to see me, I just smiled. And we
seem to lean on old fa - mil - iar ways. And I
Dm7
G7
C
C#o7
talked a - bout some old times and we drank our - selves some beers.
ain't no fool for love songs that whis - per in my ears.
Still
G
D7
Em
C#o7
cra - zy af - ter all these years; oh, still
G/D
D7
1. Cm
3fr
cra - zy af - ter all these years.
mf

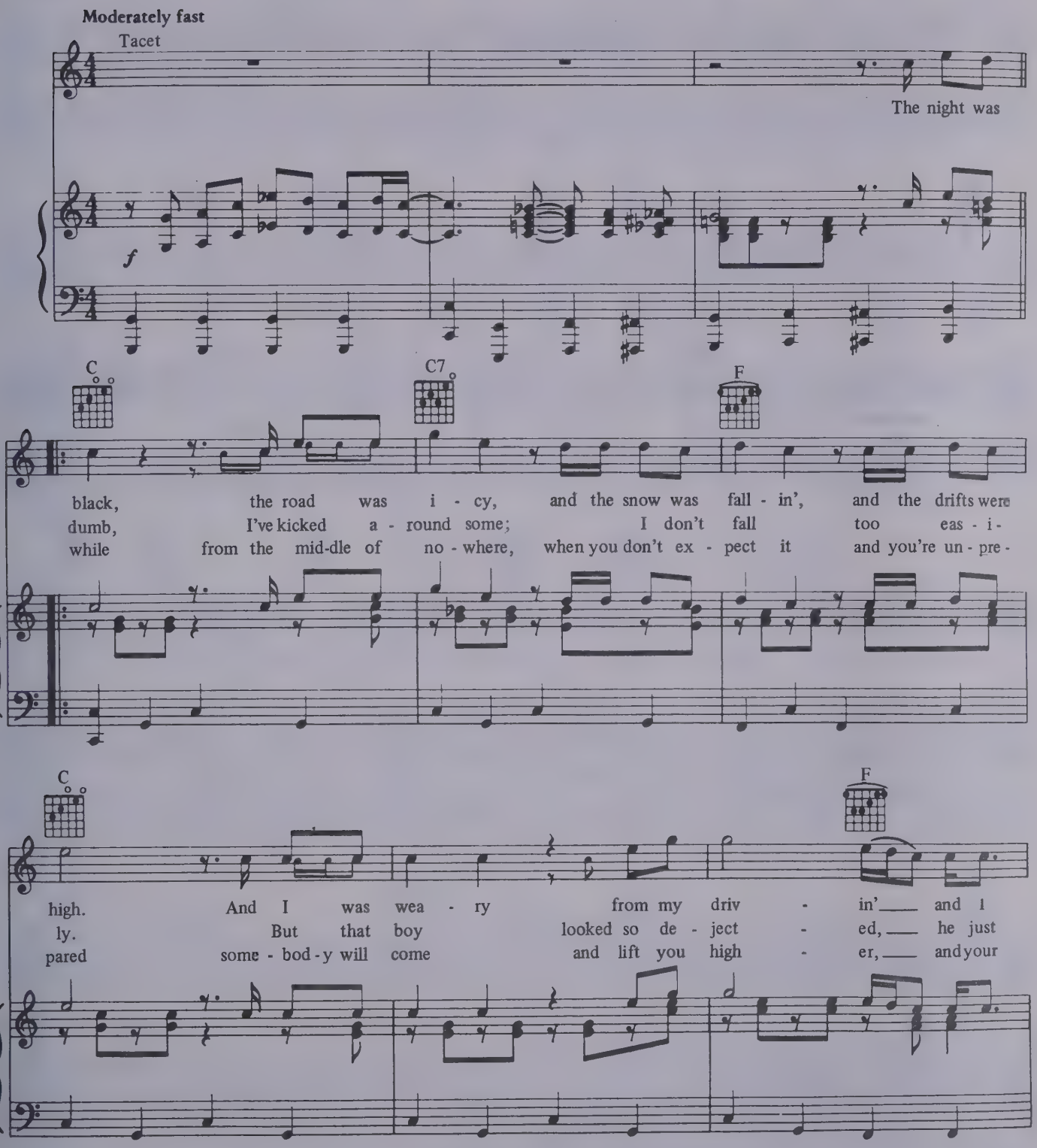

D7
G
C
G
2. G9
3fr
I'm not the years.
gradual cresc.
Amaj7
Four in the morn - ing;
f
E
Em
G♯m7
4fr
C♯sus4
4fr
C♯
4fr
crapped out, yawn - ing; long - ing my life a -
F♯maj7
Em7
B
C
way. I'll nev - er wor - ry;


B C G G7 C
why should I? It's all gon - na
decresc.
B C B C
fade.
mp
B Am7 G G G7/B
Now I sit by my win - dow and I
C F7 G F#o7
watch the cars; I fear I'll do some dam - age one fine


Bsus4
B7
E
D/E
A
A7/C♯
day. But I would not be con - vict - ed by a
cresc.
mf
D
D♯o7
A
E
E♯o7
ju - ry of my peers. Still cra - zy after all these
F♯m
D♯o7
A
years; oh, still cra - zy, still
f
D
A/E
E7
A
D
A
cra - zy, still cra - zy after all these years.
rit.
mp

Gone At Last

Words and music by Paul Simon.



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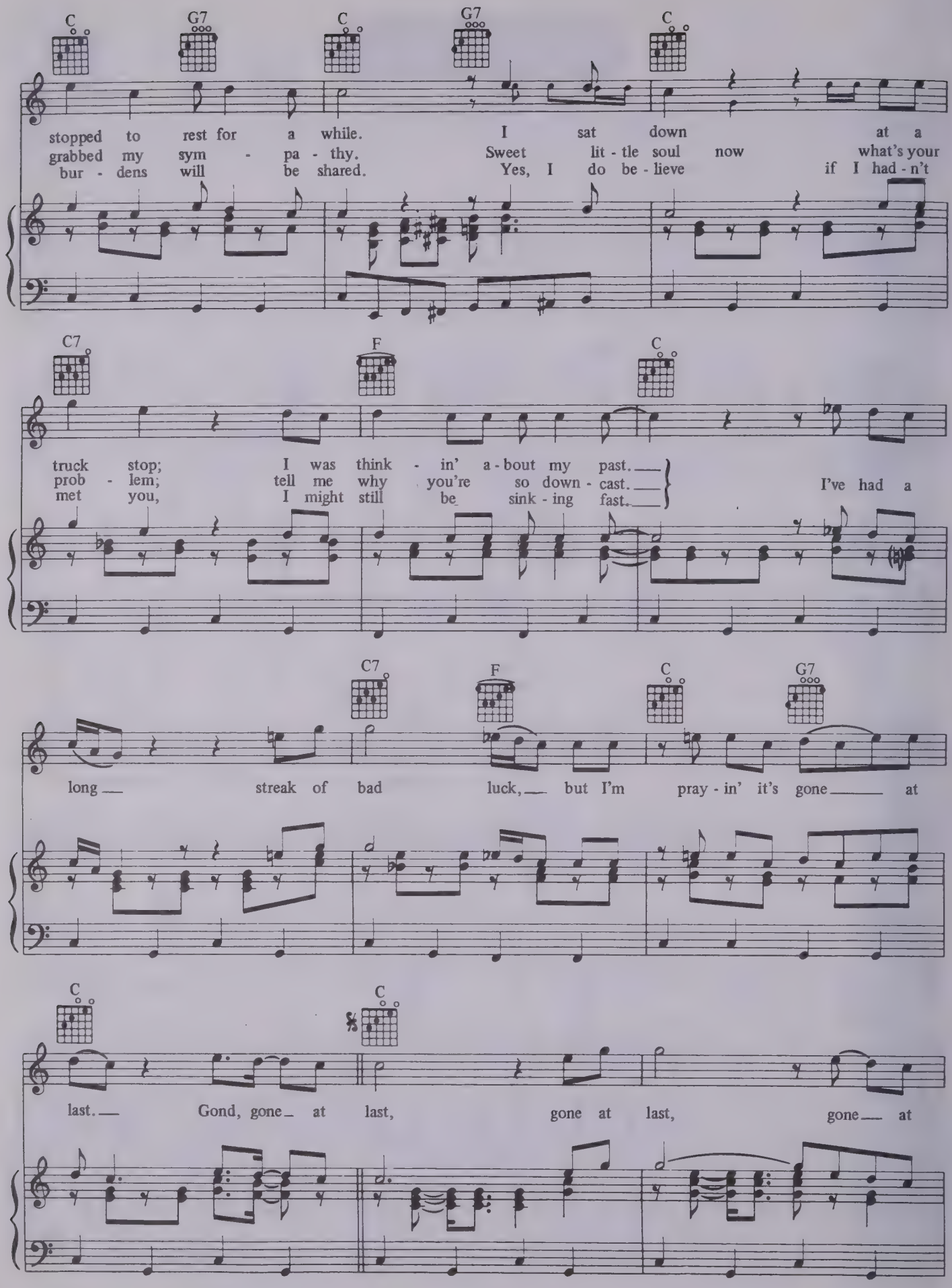
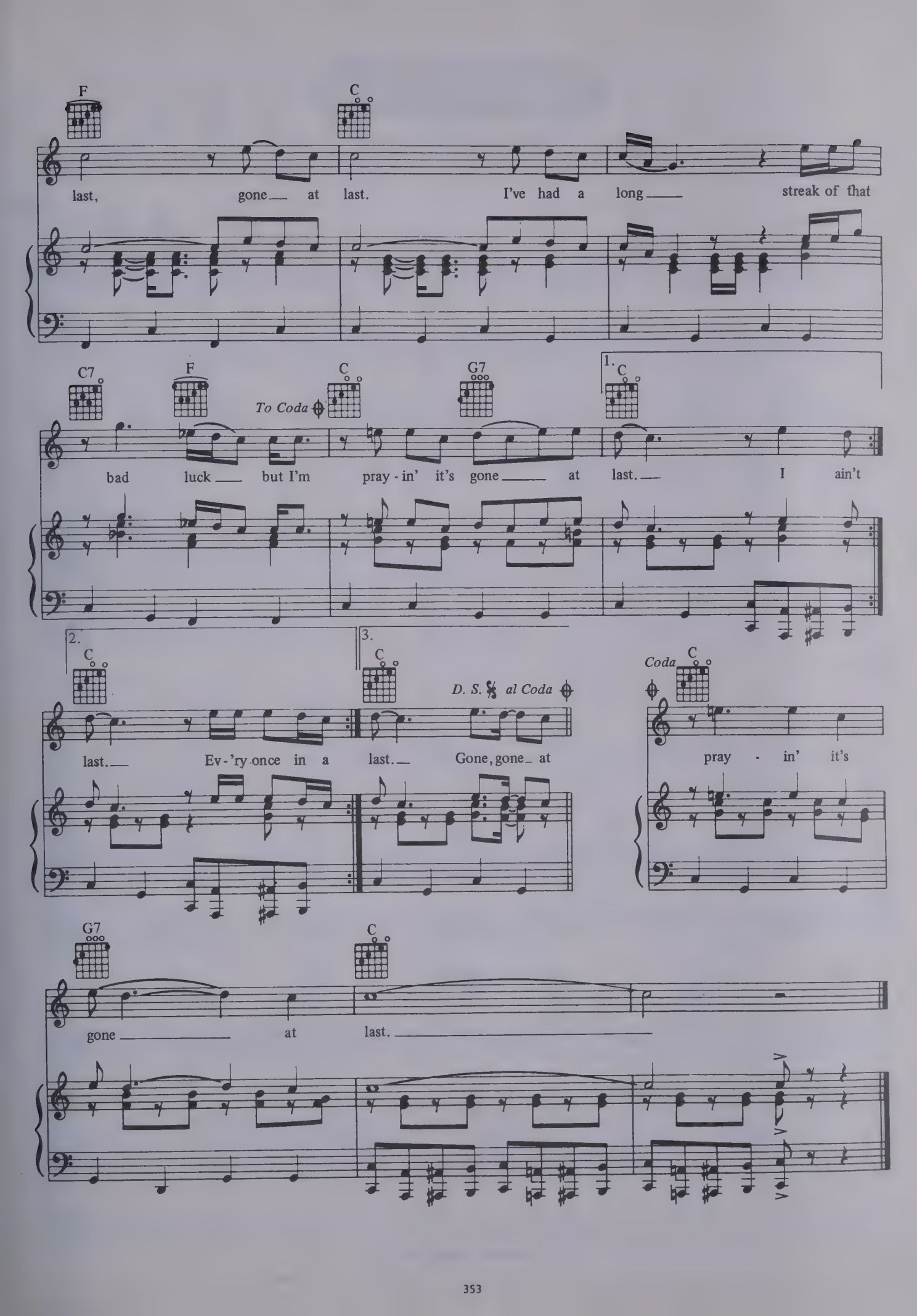
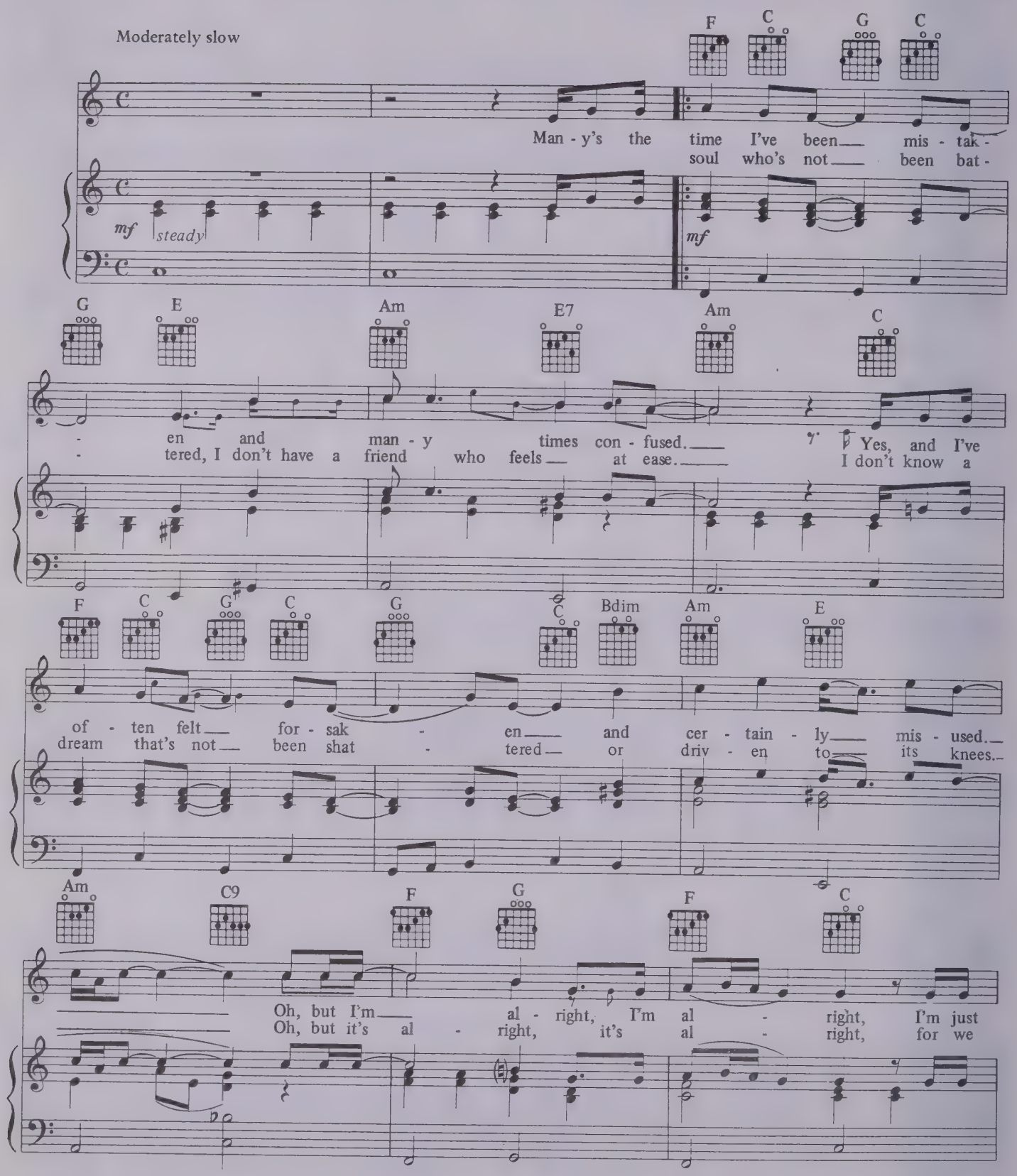

C G7 C G7 C
stopped to rest for a while. I sat down at a
grabbed my sym - pa - thy. Sweet lit - tle soul now what's your
bur - dens will be shared. Yes, I do be - lieve if I had - n't
C7 F C
truck stop; I was think - in' a - bout my past.
prob - lem; tell me why you're so down - cast.
met you, I might still be sink - ing fast.
I've had a
C7 F C G7
long streak of bad luck, but I'm pray - in' it's gone at
C C
last. Gond, gone at last, gone at last, gone at


F
C
last, gone at last. I've had a long streak of that
C7
F
To Coda
C
G7
1.
C
bad luck but I'm pray - in' it's gone at last. I ain't
2.
C
last. Ev - 'ry once in a
3.
C
D. S. al Coda
last. Gone, gone at
Coda
C
pray - in' it's
G7
C
gone at last.

American Tune.

Words and music by Paul Simon.



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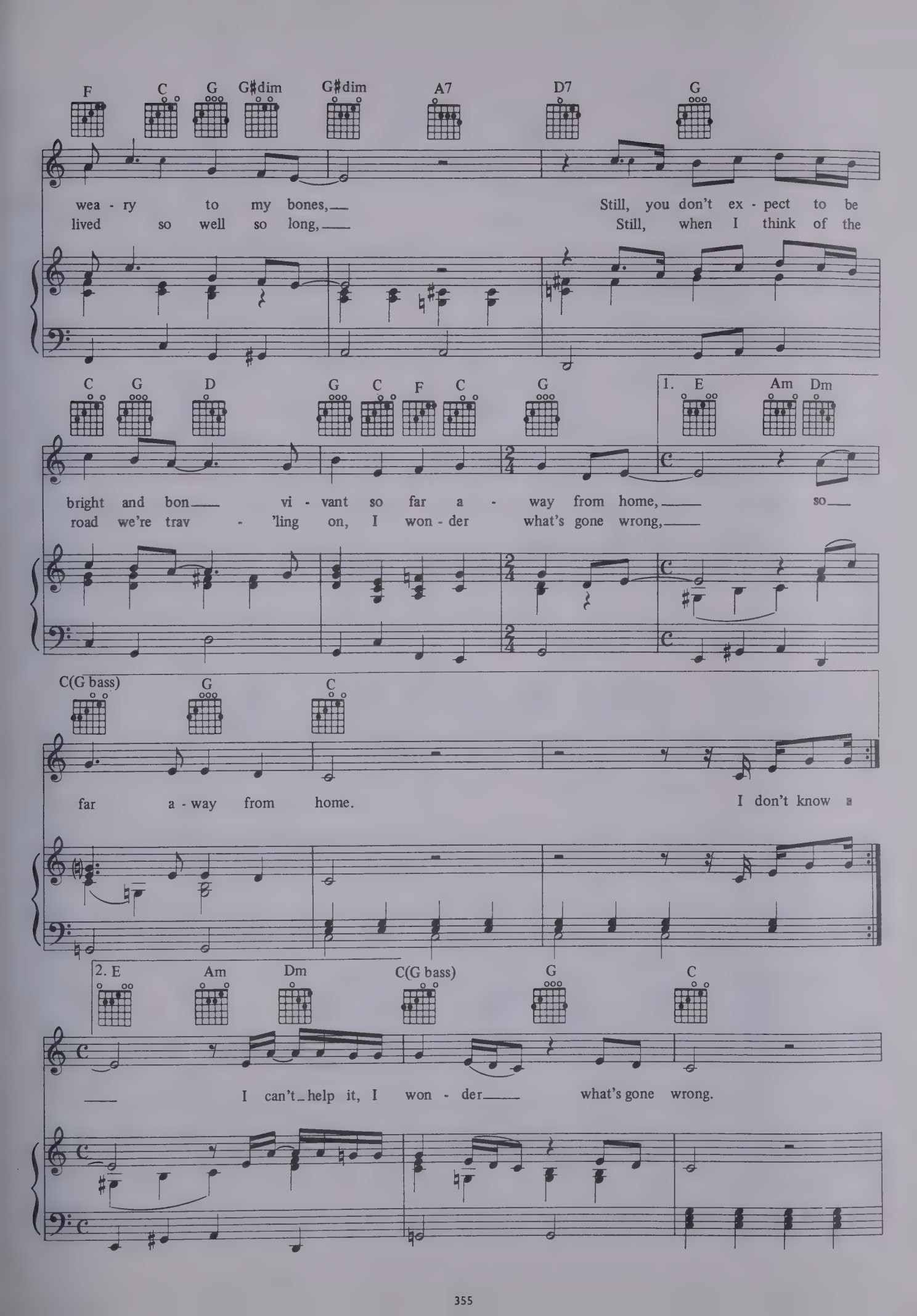
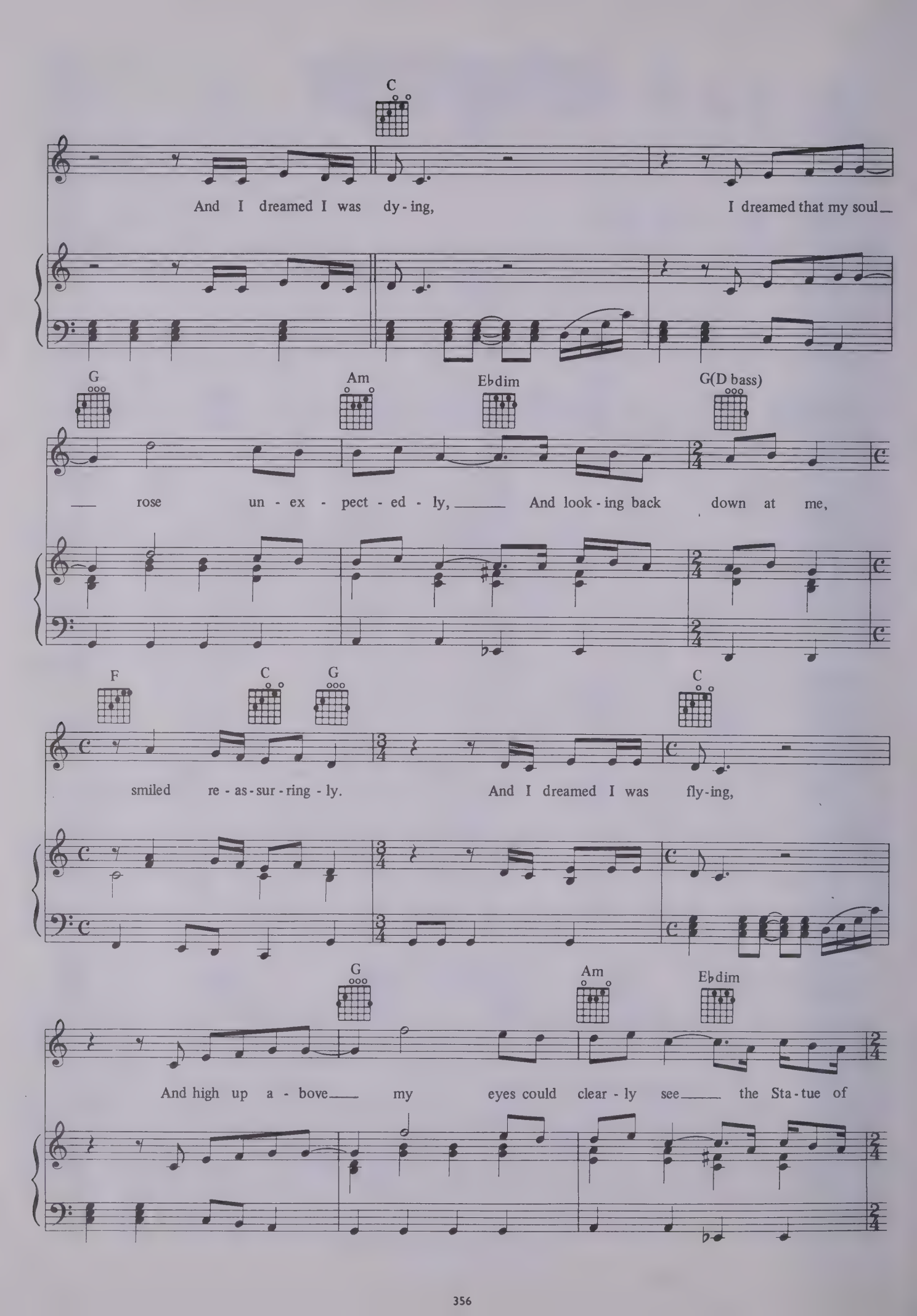
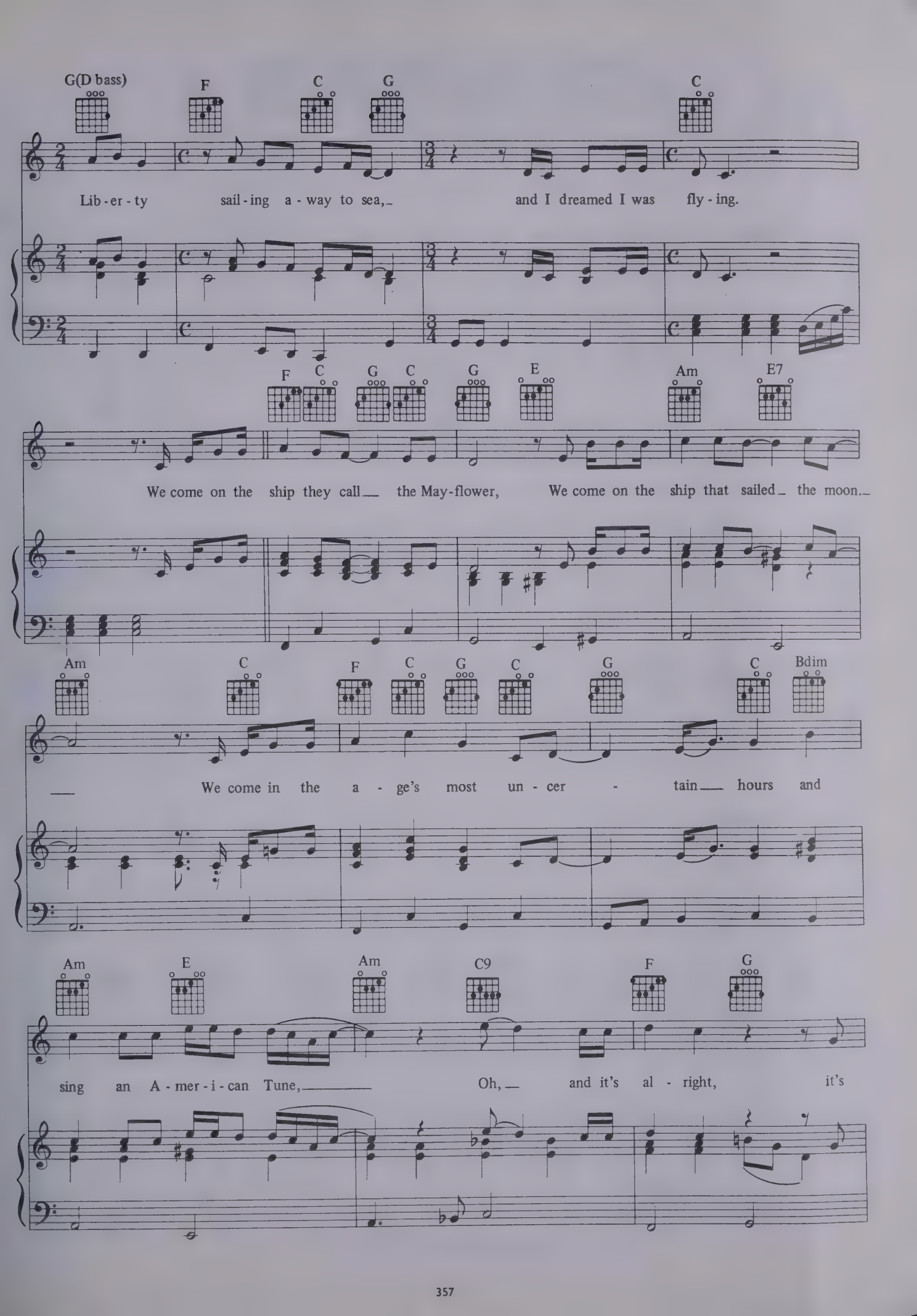
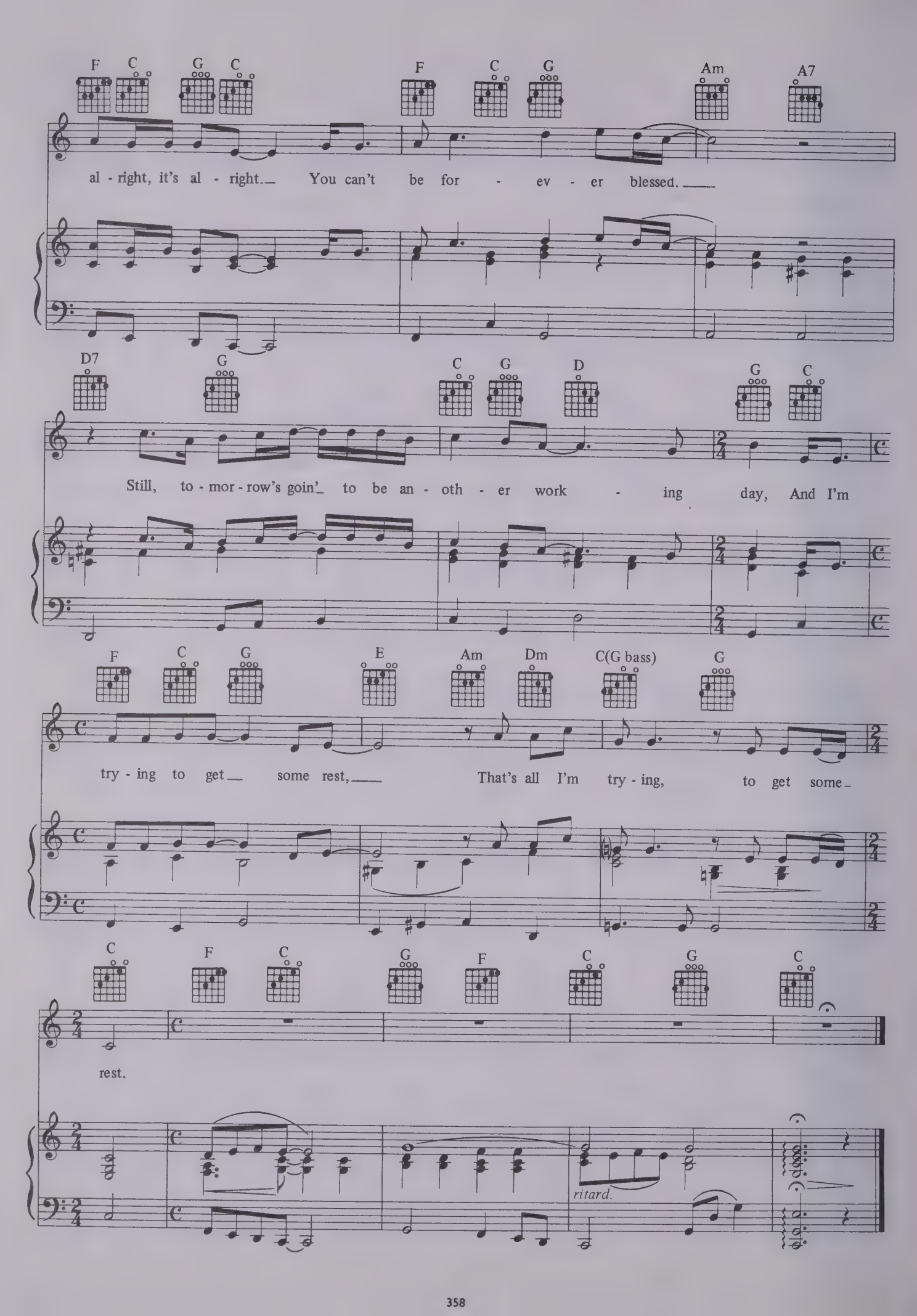

F C G G♯dim G♯dim A7 D7 G
wea - ry to my bones, Still, you don't ex - pect to be
lived so well so long, Still, when I think of the
C G D G C F C G 1. E Am Dm
bright and bon vi - vant so far a - way from home, so
road we're trav - 'ling on, I won - der what's gone wrong,
C(G bass) G C
far a - way from home. I don't know
2. E Am Dm C(G bass) G C
I can't help it, I won - der what's gone wrong.

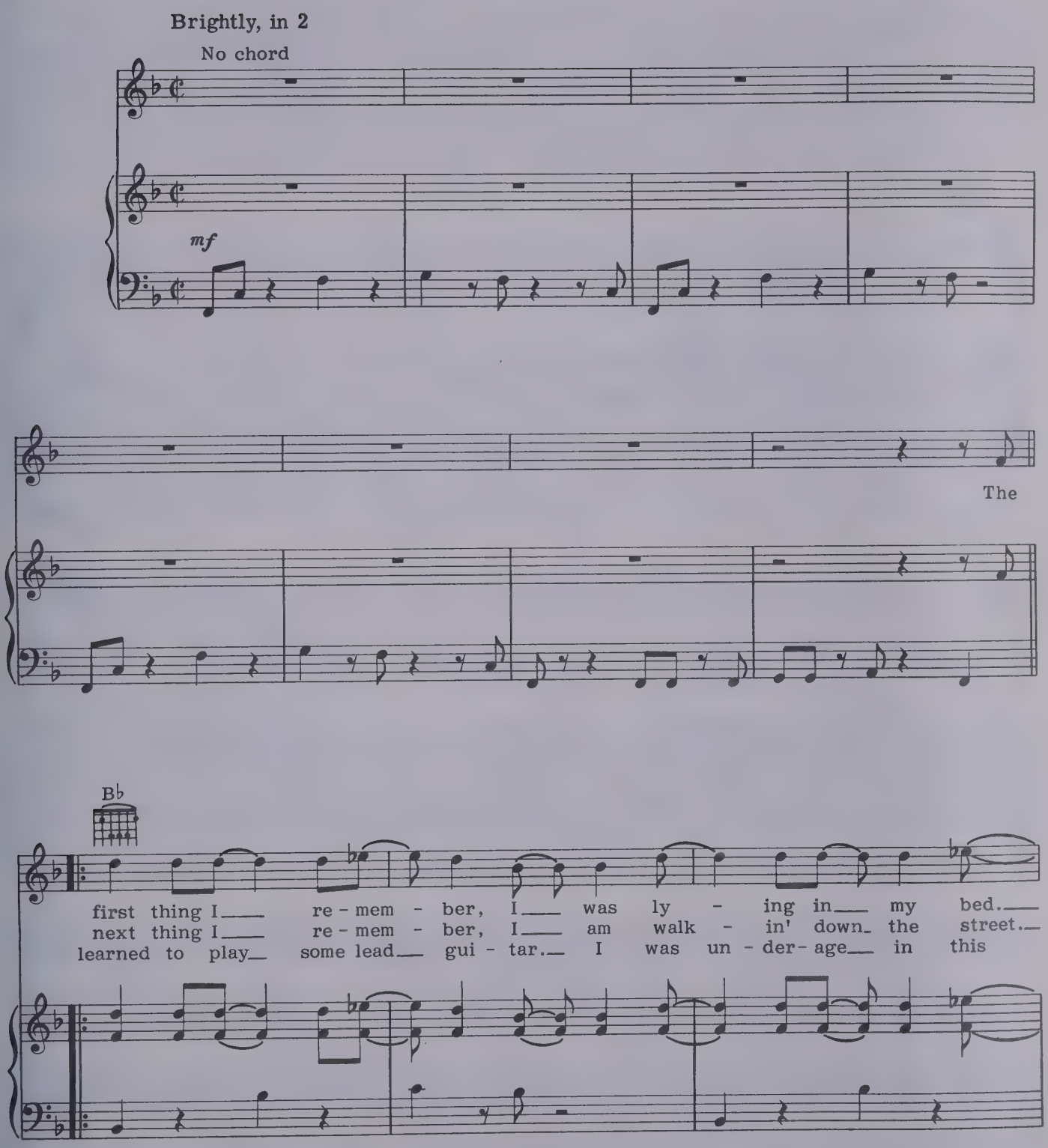

C
And I dreamed I was dy - ing, I dreamed that my soul
G
Am
E♭dim
G(D bass)
rose un - ex - pect - ed - ly, And look - ing back down at me,
F
C
G
C
smiled re - as - sur - ring - ly. And I dreamed I was fly - ing,
G
Am
E♭dim
And high up a - bove my eyes could clear - ly see the Sta - tue of


G(D bass) F C G C
Lib-er-ty sail-ing a-way to sea, and I dreamed I was fly-ing.
F C G C G E Am E7
We come on the ship they call the May-flower, We come on the ship that sailed the moon.
Am C F C G C G C Bdim
We come in the a-ge's most un-cer-tain hours and
Am E Am C9 F G
sing an A-mer-i-can Tune, Oh, and it's al-right, it's


F C G C F C G Am A7
al - right, it's al - right. You can't be for - ev - er blessed.
D7 G C G D G C
Still, to - mor - row's goin' to be an - oth - er work - ing day, And I'm
F C G E Am Dm C(G bass) G
try - ing to get some rest, That's all I'm try - ing, to get some
C F C G F C G C
rest.
ritard.

Late In The Evening.

Words and music by Paul Simon.



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I could-n't of been no more than one or two.
I'm feel - in' all right. I'm with my boys. I'm with my troops,
fun - ky bar. And I stepped out - side to smoke my - self a "J."

F

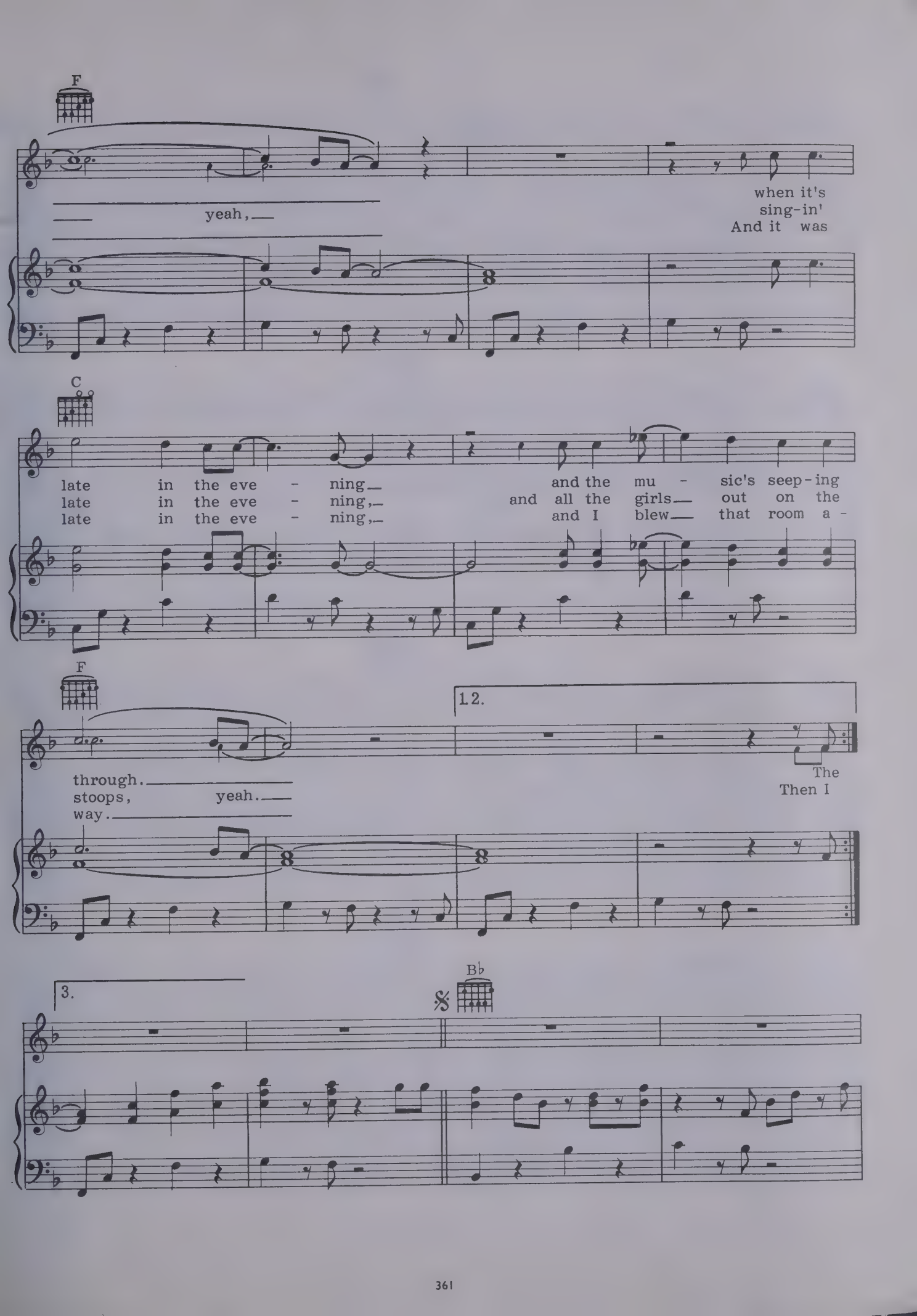
yeah.

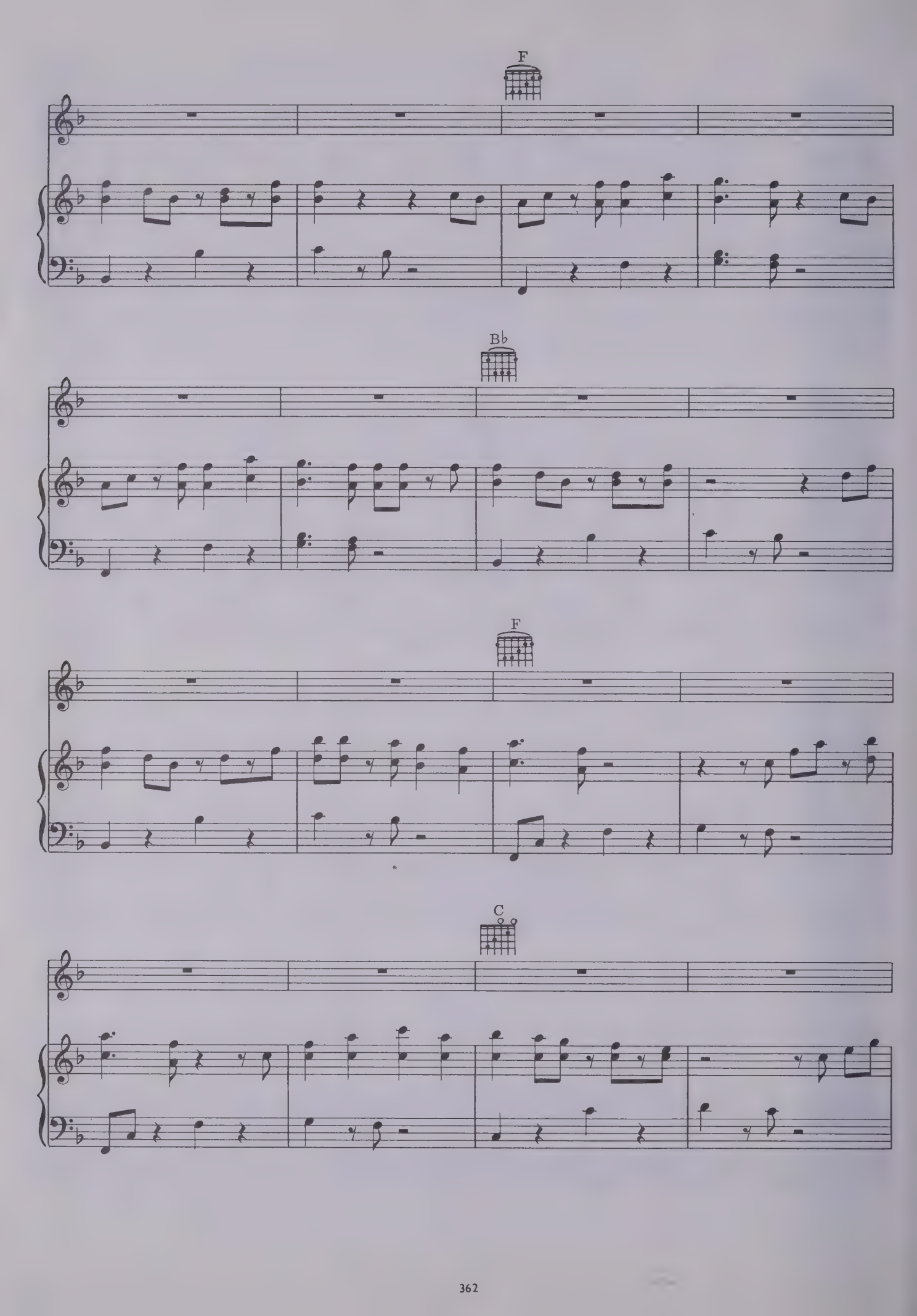
And I re-
And
And

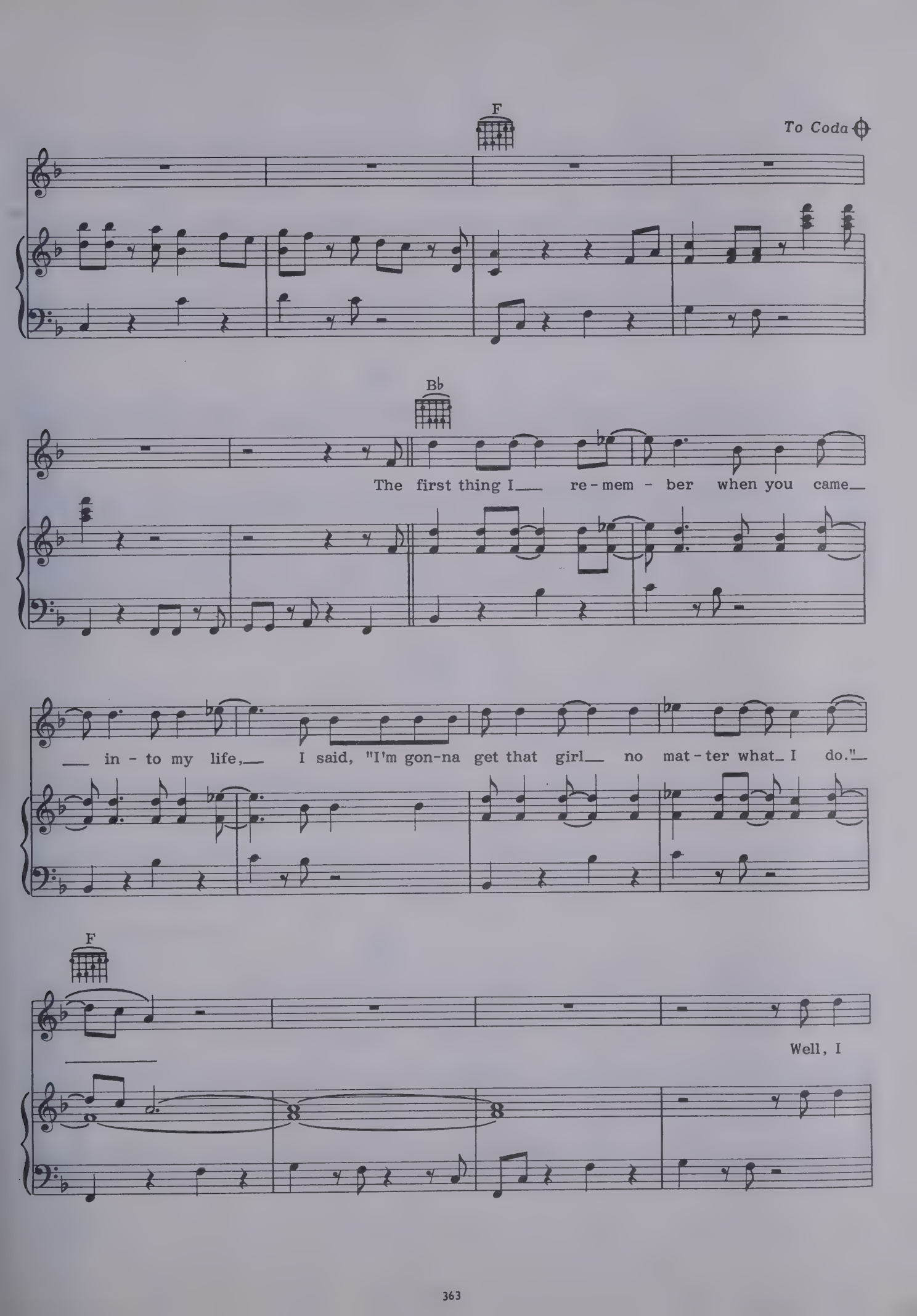
Bb

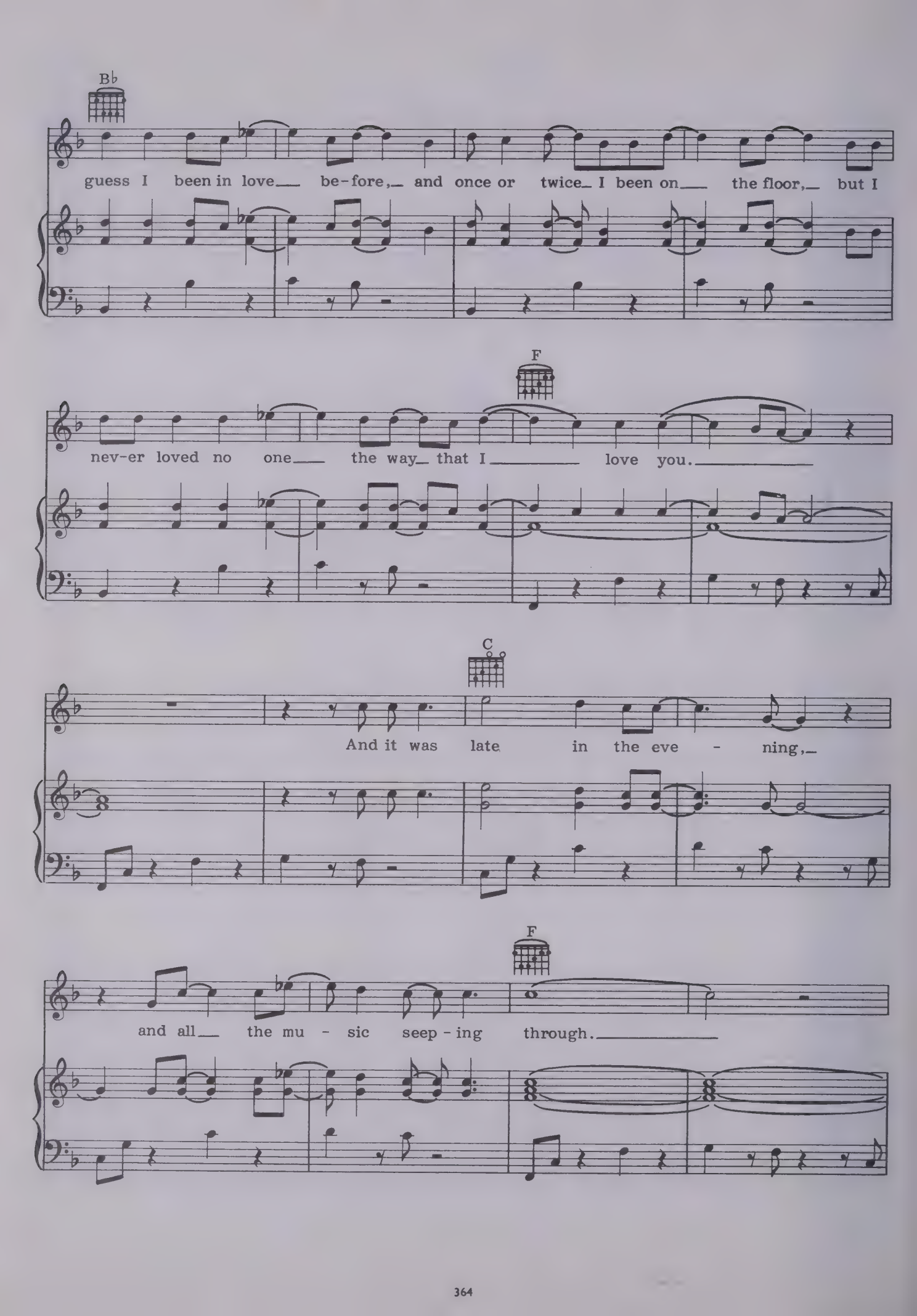
mem - ber there's a ra - di - o com - in' from the room
down a - long the av - e - nue, some guys were shoot - in' pool,
when I come back to the room, ev - 'ry - bod - y just

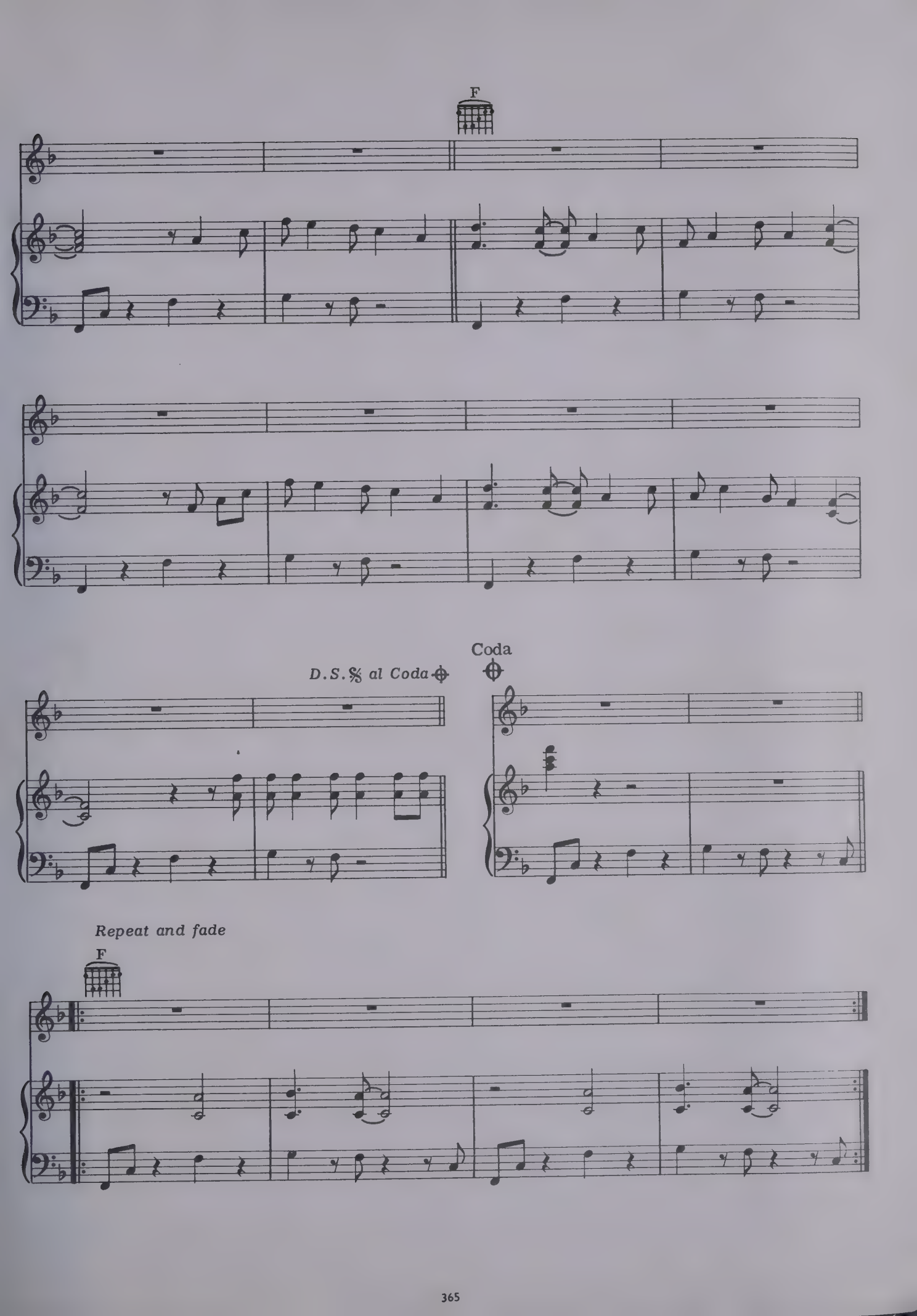
next door, and my moth - er laughed the way some la - dies do
and I heard the sound of a cap - pel - la groups,
seemed to move, and I turned my amp up loud and I be-gan to play.


F
yeah,
when it's
sing-in'
And it was
C
late in the eve - ning
late in the eve - ning,
late in the eve - ning,
and the mu - sic's seep-ing
and all the girls out on the
and I blew that room a -
F
through.
stoops, yeah.
way.
1.2.
The
Then I
3.
Bb


F
B♭
F
C


F
To Coda
Bb
The first thing I re-mem - ber when you came
in - to my life, I said, "I'm gon-na get that girl no mat-ter what I do."
F
Well, I


B♭
guess I been in love be-fore, and once or twice I been on the floor, but I
F
nev-er loved no one the way that I love you.
C
And it was late in the eve - ning,
F
and all the mu - sic seep - ing through.


F
D.S. al Coda
Coda
Repeat and fade
F

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